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June 24, 1950

TERROR IN WASHINGTON

Howard Whitman Reports on Crime in Our Capital

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THEATRICAL HISTORY was made the night Ezio Pinza opened in *South Pacific*. As always, great skill and experience won the acclaim of all. And, in fine whiskey, it is skill and experience, too, that have made smooth, sociable Schenley so popular.

ON HIS WAY HOME, Ezio Pinza buys a bottle of Schenley at his favorite dealer. He admires a display of other stars who prefer smooth, sociable Schenley. For everywhere you go, men who *know* the best and *want* the best, specify Schenley.

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Pour juice of ½ large lemon, 1 teaspoonful of powdered sugar and 1 generous jigger of Schenley in shaker. Add ice and shake. Pour into tall glass, add soda. Now, sit back and enjoy it.

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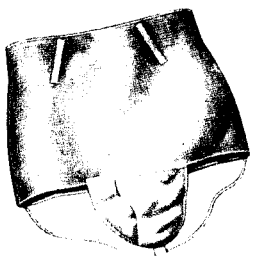

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June 24, 1950

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The Cover

Five years after he started tending the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad crossing at Meriden, Connecticut, 19 years ago, David F. Barry started a garden—a between-trains diversion typical of gate-tenders the country over, and one that brightens a generally dull job in usually drab surroundings. Artist Charlotte Joan Sternberg admits it's too early for the corn and too late for tulips but she likes to paint corn and tulips, so that's all there is to it.

Week's Mail

Memphis Censor

EDITOR: In You Can't See That Movie (May 6th), you have portrayed an admirable picture of bigotry, racial prejudice and senile narrow-mindedness in the person of Lloyd T. Binford.

I thank God that I don't need Gestapo methods to protect my morals.

HOWARD GIPSON, Riverside, Cal.

. . . What we need is more censorship, not less. Since Hollywood insists on making filthy, rotten pictures, we need some medium to check them before they come to the local theaters.

This Mr. Lloyd Binford must know more about conditions in Memphis and what pictures would prove harmful showing there than persons living thousands of miles away.

MRS. PHILLIP K. ROBERTSON, Dorchester, Mass.

. . . One large item Lester Velie neglected to mention in his article is the fact that Binford will exercise his abortive powers of censorship as long as the notorious Shelby County political machine remains in power. The censorship angle is merely another way for the machine to kick the people of Memphis in the teeth and make them like it.

WILLIAM W. KENDALL, Memphis, Tenn.

. . . Why shouldn't there be censorship? If you have children, do you let them do anything they want, even if you know it will be bad for them? Of course not.

Half the movie-goers in the country are youngsters or teen-agers on dates. The condition of the movies even with censorship is abominable. No wonder we have the juvenile crime we already do.

CECILY GARDNER GRUMBINE, Chicago, Ill.

. . . I have just finished reading your article You Can't See That Movie and am so boiling mad I'm seeing red. Since when can one man, Lloyd Binford, set himself up as a one-man censor board?

Memphis in your article sure doesn't sound like it was in America. I'm surprised at the people of that city for taking something like that for so many years.

MRS. RONALD E. GREEN, San Francisco, Cal.

. . . I shall be very disappointed if your office isn't flooded with protests against Lester Velie's solution to the movie censorship problem.

I quote one of Mr. Velie's rarer gems of wisdom: "But let the offending movie maker be punished after a trial in open court, and after it has been determined that harm has been done. Not in advance, before a film has ever been shown." This would suppose that for every movie there is an original audience whose morals are expendable.

I, too, love freedom, but not the freedom for perdition that Mr. Velie advocates.

DAVID KEENEY, Worcester, Mass.

. . . Why is Lester Velie so concerned over the Memphis censorship of a great deal of

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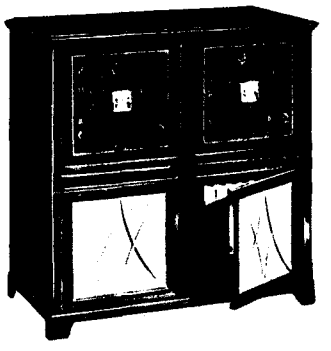

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Hollywood trash, yet utters not a word about the most fantastic censorship of our time: the vicious shocking taboo of Oliver Twist, a superbly produced film of a timeless classic? ED MATHER, New York City

Corum Fan

EDITOR: I have recently had the occasion to see Bill Corum in person and thus read the article by Bob Considine (The Kentucky Derby's Bill Corum, May 6th) with much interest. May I commend you on this very fine piece of work—both the story and the very expressive illustration.

I have long been a reader of Collier's and feel you should know of my enthusiasm.

HELEN STEIN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

All Aglow and Burned Up

EDITOR: Not in 20 years have I read anything with such smug satisfaction as your editorial Gabrielson Blows His Horn, May 6th. Believe me when I say I am all aglow inside. Paragraphs two and four in column three are of the vintage I served in a letter written July 11, 1949, to Hugh D. Scott, then national chairman.

The writer is not one in the higher ranks of the party. She is one of the work horses who tramp from door to door registering voters, and she has heard plenty of criticism. Therefore, you most surely can realize what it means to her to have such a criticism as your editorial offers appear in print. MAE SCOTT INGALLS, Pasadena, Cal.

. . . I don't know who wrote Gabrielson Blows His Horn, but instead of accusing Guy Gabrielson of "wordmongering" I think your writer qualifies for the charge.

I have a hunch that Mr. Gabrielson's call for an all-American policy is just about what this country needs. We innocent bystanders, the American people, are worried about the kind and caliber of the persons who have been shaping the policies of our State Department. Surely there are plenty of capable, unquestionably loyal American men of proved ability who could replace the tainted occupants of important offices in our government. Why shouldn't we clean house?

L. C. MCELROY, New York, N. Y.

Unilateral Landscape

EDITOR: Concerning your cover on the May 6th issue, will Artist Fred Eng please explain to my five-year-old son how the cows get into the barn without walking on the farmhouse lawn, through the garden or through the orchard?

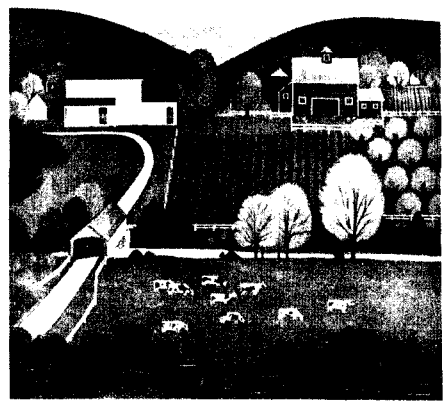
MABEL J. HAMILTON, Hicksville, N. Y.

Tell sonny that we at Collier's suspect that the cows and field in the foreground belong to a neighboring farmer.

. . . Your cover on the May 6th issue interests me greatly, but I would like to know whether such a place exists in Dutchess County, New York. I am referring to the covered bridge in the picture. Was this an artist's privilege or does that bridge really exist? If so, could you let me know through your column where it is located. I collect covered bridges—photographically.

ARTHUR H. BOEHM, Cambria Heights, N. Y.

Such a place does exist in Dutchess County. It is between Wassaic and Dover Plains, east of Poughkeepsie. And there used to be a covered bridge across the Ten Mile River at the spot which Mr. Eng painted. But, as all Dutchess County bridge collectors doubtless know, it has been torn down.



. . . Note these errors by the artist:

The rail fence is one continuous rail sagging between supports. The cows are rubber-stamp replicas. The farthest fence post is drawn as high as the nearer one.

The barnyard is wider at the far end. So is the cultivated field at its right. So is the field in the foreground.

The gap between fence and crop row widens with distance. The two sections of fence in foreground will not meet. The fir trees near bridge are all in the water.

The silo base is even with shed base yet is behind it. The cows cast no shadows. And they must be Lilliputians since they are just right to fit the barn door in the distance. The road shows travel by unicycle only.

C. H. CREED, Aberdeen, S. D.

If the artist's "primitive" style distresses reader Creed, we can only advise him to stay clear of Grandma Moses.

Timely Warning

EDITOR: Many thanks for There Will Come Soft Rains (May 6th). All my high-school social studies classes heard it today, with a warning of such a consequence should we fail in our job of achieving good human relations between countries and neighbors. Aside from the timely message, it was a superb piece of writing.

LEON D. NETTLETON, Harrison, N. Y.

Family Circle

EDITOR: To Happy Taxpayer (Week's Mail, May 6th)—Phooey! If we could take the Congressional, senatorial and Presidential friends, infants, wives, teen-age daughters and sons from our national payroll, billions would be cut from expenditures, thereby decreasing the huge taxes which Mr. America must pay. ELSIE BECK, Erie, Pa.

About Our Florida Article

In the article Florida's Struggle with the Hoodlums (March 25th), it was stated that a new newspaper—the Morning Mail—had just started in Miami. It was also stated that the ownership of the newspaper was mysterious, but that the writing was not, as a featured columnist on the newspaper was also a featured commentator on Miami radio station WMIE which is controlled by Arthur B. "Mickey" McBride.

Arthur B. McBride is the father of Edward J. McBride who is the exclusive owner of Continental Press Service. Collier's did not intend to imply that either of the McBrides owned or had any interest in the now defunct newspaper Miami Morning Mail.

The article also stated that Arthur B. McBride was a controlling stockholder of radio station WMIE that broadcasts detailed racing information in coded form, despite protests of the Florida State Racing Commission. What was meant was that in reporting racing results WMIE broadcasts the identification symbols of a racing scratch sheet in addition to giving the names of the horses. The Sun Coast Broadcasting Corporation, of which Arthur B. McBride is a stockholder, operates the radio station.

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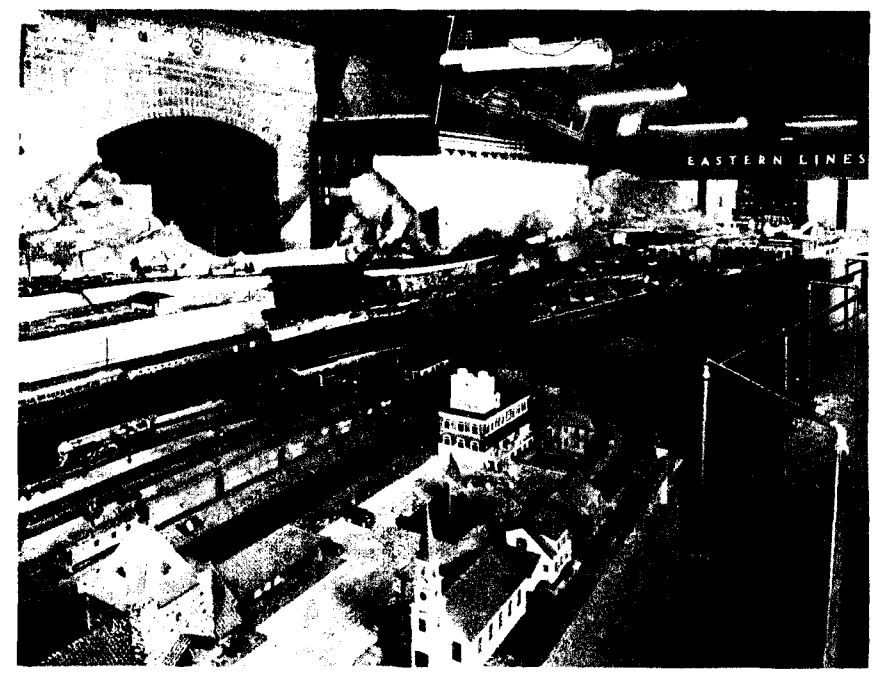

Hobby: 40 model trains run by remote control on 4,500 feet of track

One of America's largest and most complete model railroads is owned by the Westchester Model Club in Pelham Manor, New York. This miniature system occupies 2,050 square feet of space and has 85 locomotives, 670 freight and passenger cars, 4,500 feet of track and about 40 structures such as a terminal, a roundhouse, signal towers and bridges. At weekly meetings of the club, the model is put into full operation and 40 trains are run in accordance with a timetable. The performance requires 23 members at the controls and lasts one hour and 45 minutes.

* * * * * * * * *

On an estate in Bakhchisarai in the Crimea stands one of the world's most romantic fountains known as the Fountain of Tears which was erected long ago by a Tatar ruler to symbolize his sorrow over the death of his young wife. Its lone life-size figure has shed a tear —a single drop of water—once every minute for more than three centuries.

* * * * * * * * *

A strange murder case began with the discovery of the battered body of a young woman beside a country road near Sydney, Australia, on the morning of September 1, 1934. As her identity was still unknown after a week and the press was demanding results, the detective in charge of the case swore he would solve it. So he had the corpse made presentable, placed in a bathtub filled with a chemical preservative, put on exhibition and offered $2,500 to anyone who could identify the victim. Thousands came to see the body during the following 10 years. Besides having her picture, description and dental chart published regularly in the newspapers, the detective conducted investigations, one of which was the tracing of 3,000 girls who had not contacted their relatives for a long time. Finally, in 1944, the case was closed with the trial and conviction of the killer the husband of the victim, soon after the woman's name had been revealed by a dentist who had returned to Sydney and recognized her chart in a publication. Until then, the dentist had not heard about the murder because he had been living on an isolated farm—on "a vacation from civilization"—and had not read a newspaper or listened to a radio since leaving the city. By a coincidence, he had departed on the morning of September 1, 1934.

* * * * * * * * *

An incredible racket, carried on in Europe during the Middle Ages, was the sale of small empty boxes, each being guaranteed to contain something of religious significance. The purchaser had a choice of "contents," which included a finger of the Holy Ghost, rays from the Star of Bethlehem and peals from the bells of Solomon's Temple.

* * * * * * * * *

Bear's grease became so popular as a hairdressing for men, a century ago in England, that inexpensive substitutes flooded the country. To prove to their patrons that they used the genuine article, many London barbers had their grease made for them from a live bear which they would buy and exhibit in their shop window for several weeks before it was slaughtered. To follow this custom, yet save money, a few proprietors would periodically hide their animal, dye its fur a different hue and replace it in the window as a new bear.

* * * * * * * * *

According to old Chinese medical lore, each organ of the body had various relatives, relationships and preferences. As an illustration, the heart was said to be the father of the stomach, the son of the liver, the friend of the spleen and the enemy of the kidneys; while its favorite color was red and its favorite season was summer.

* * * * * * * * *

To service its 14 decks, the transatlantic liner Queen Elizabeth has 35 elevators, a number owned by fewer than 25 buildings in the entire world.

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recipe for coolness...

Wearing ice would be nice—but this is even nicer!

B.V.D. turns out frosty washable open mesh sportshirts in unusual patterns and subtle colorings, to keep you ice-cube cool all through the summer. Get your ice weave sportshirts by B.V.D. and turn a cold shoulder on the mounting mercury! All short sleeves.

1. Open mesh pattern with yellow diagonal on muted grounds.

2. Bold polka dots on *Q-Cumber cloth, a new lightweight crinkle finish fabric that needs no ironing.

3. Airy weave sportshirt of fine cotton in solid colors.

4. Distinctively patterned sportshirt of luxurious open weave rayon.

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BRAND

ice weave sportshirts

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***YOU SHOULD,** because... (1) sworn dental records show Amm-i-dent helped prevent cavities with 4 out of 5 users; (2) the Amm-i-dent formula can show published proof that it actually *reduced tooth decay;* (3) more dentists recommend Amm-i-dent than any other dentifrice.

**Trade Mark* *Amm-i-dent is available in Tooth Paste or Tooth Powder form*

When you're in NEW YORK, CALL JOE

By [illegible]

HANK KETCHAM

All of a sudden they all have friends in New York

WHEN I found out for sure I was going to New York, I got kind of excited and noised it around. All of a sudden it seemed as though everyone in town had a relative, friend or missing person they wanted me to look up.

Aunt Hattie called to say I simply must call on my third cousin, Joe, who was very prominent in ladies' lingerie. He hadn't seen me in my whole life, but was very anxious to meet me because he had heard about me from Aunt Hattie all through the years.

Then my barber found out. I told him to give me a good haircut so those New York barbers wouldn't think our town had nothing but hick hair hackers. It just so happened he had an Uncle Nick in New York that owned one of the finest Italian restaurants there, and he always treated his nephew's customers to the best in the house. I made a note of this.

Naturally, my wife's bridge club got wind of my trip. Florence Lash got real excited and told my wife I should look up a glamorous stage star she went to school with, because she has leading roles in all the Broadway musicals. I acted very disinterested, but wrote her name down quite legibly.

When I got down to the station to pick up my reservation, the ticket agent said, "New York, eh? My brother is in charge of the railroad's Eastern Division. Need a reservation coming back, just look him up and say Brother Bill sent you." Things were really looking up in the New York department.

Armed with these names and scores of others, to say nothing of a marble cake my stenographer was sending a New York traveling salesman she had once dated, I boarded the streamliner, my heart beating wildly with a sense of gay adventure.

After a busy business day in Manhattan, I decided to look up Cousin Joe. He would probably want to big-shot it around and take me to a fancy place for dinner and give me lots of lingerie samples to take home to the ladies. So I looked up the address of Joe's place of business and took a cab. When we stopped, the driver said, "This is Greenpoint. You want I should wait?"

The sign read: JOE'S CUT-RATE CORSETS, 79¢ AND UP. MAKE YOUR GIRDLE DOLLAR STRETCH FURTHER. "No, I'm not getting out," I said. "Drive me back to Lindy's." The next day I stopped on Fifth Avenue and bought Aunt Hattie and my wife some mighty fancy black lingerie from Cousin Joe.

It was with some slight misgivings that I looked up my barber's Uncle Nick the next night at dinnertime. But my desire for real Italian food got the best of my better judgment. Much to my delighted surprise I found Uncle Nick had one of the fanciest restaurants in the Fifties; and when he found out I was a customer of his nephew's, he put out one of the most sumptuous dinners I have ever eaten.

As I was finishing my spumoni, he said, "Did you bring it?"

"Bring what?" I asked.

"The two thousand dollars I loaned Luigi when he opened his barbershop."

"Check, please," I said. It cost me $14.80, but it was still a good dinner.

It was nothing more than my faith in the law of averages that persuaded me to look up Florence Lash's girlhood chum, the glamorous stage star. I ambled over to the theater where she was supposed to be starring and was more than amazed to find her name in lights. My faith restored, and thrilled to the gills, I went around to the stage door and persuaded the old boy in charge to slip the star a note I wrote on one of my business cards, "I'm a friend of Florence Lash."

Within three minutes he brought back her answer and I slipped him five. I looked at the card, and under my message, she had scrawled, "That's nice. Who's Florence Lash?"

I went back to the hotel and ate my secretary's marble cake.

I had no trouble getting a return-ticket reservation, but just out of morbid curiosity I asked the ticket clerk the name of the man in charge of the railroad's Eastern Division.

"Andrew J. Lemling," he replied. "Why?"

"Ever hear of a Wyman Paul Barstow?" I asked.

"You must mean old Wipe Barstow," he answered. "Sure. Swell guy. He has the shoeshine concession here."

"Tell him Brother Bill sends regards," I said.

When I got back home everyone was very pleased with the souvenirs and greetings I brought them from their friends and relatives in New York. I hope they never get back there to look them up for themselves. THE END

He brought back my card and I slipped him a fin

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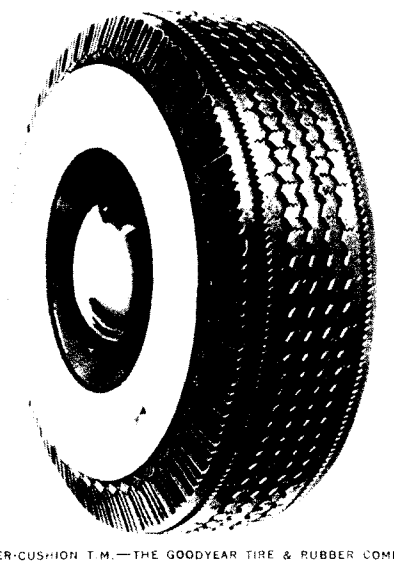

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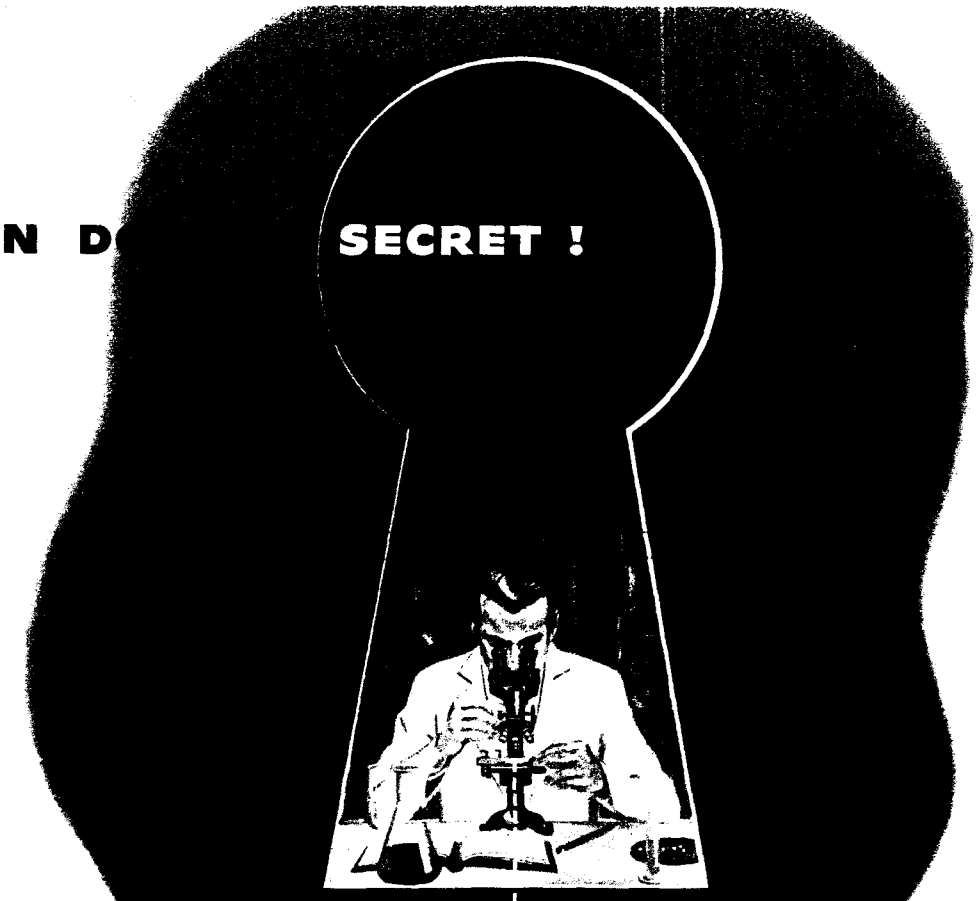

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PHIPPS *to the Rescue*

A NEW SERIAL

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

THE sunshine which is such an agreeable feature of life in and around Hollywood, when the weather is not unusual, blazed down from a sky of turquoise blue on the spacious grounds of what, though that tempestuous Mexican star had ceased for nearly a year to be its owner and it was now the property of Mrs. Adela Shannon Cork, was still known locally as the Carmen Flores place. The month was June, the hour noon.

The Carmen Flores place stood high up in the mountains at the point where Alamo Drive peters out into a mere dirt track fringed with cactus and rattlesnakes, and the rays of the sun illumined its swimming pool, its rose garden, its orange trees, its lemon trees, its jacaranda trees and its stone-flagged terrace. Sunshine, one might say, was everywhere,

He sniffed at the glass and showed his distaste. Phipps told him, "You will find it is excellent for the health"

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The movie queen's spicy diary was worth its weight in Goldwyns, and a merry lot of rascals were out to steal it. Smedley wanted the money. Jane wanted Smedley. Kay and Joe wanted each other. As for Phipps, the flawless English butler —his ways were inscrutable, and his left hand knew only too well what his right hand was doing

excepting only in the heart of the large, stout elderly gentleman seated on the terrace, who looked like a Roman emperor who had been doing himself too well on starchy foods and forgetting to watch his calories. His name was Smedley Cork, he was the brother of Mrs. Adela Cork's late husband, and he was gazing in a sullen, trapped sort of way at an object which had just appeared on the sky line.

This was a butler, an unmistakably English butler, tall, decorous and dignified, who was advancing toward him carrying on a salver a brimming glass that contained a white liquid. Everything in Mrs. Cork's domain spoke eloquently of wealth and luxury, but nothing more eloquently than the presence on the premises of this Phipps. In Beverly Hills, as a general thing, the householder employs a "couple," who prove totally incompetent and leave the following week, to be succeeded by another couple, equally subhuman. A Filipino butler indicates a certain modest degree of stepping out. An English butler means magnificence. Nobody can go higher than that.

"Your yoghurt, sir," said Phipps, like a benevolent uncle bestowing a gift on a deserving child.

LOST in daydreams, as he so often was when he sat on the terrace in the sunshine, Smedley had forgotten all about the yoghurt which his sister-in-law compelled him to drink at this time of the day in place of the more conventional cocktail. He sniffed at the glass with a shrinking distaste, and gave it as his opinion that it smelled like a motorman's glove.

The butler's manner, respectful and sympathetic, seemed to suggest that he agreed that there existed certain points of resemblance.

"It is, however, excellent for the health, I believe, sir. Bulgarian peasants drink it in large quantities. It makes them rosy."

"Well, who wants a rosy Bulgarian peasant?"

"There is that, of course, sir."

"You find a rosy Bulgarian peasant, you can keep him, see?"

"Thank you very much, sir."

With a powerful effort Smedley forced himself to swallow a portion of the unpleasant stuff. Coming up for breath, he gave the campus of the University of California at Los Angeles, which lay beneath him in the valley, a nasty look.

"What a life!" he said.

"Yes, sir. The world is full of sadness, sir," sighed Phipps.

Smedley resented this remark, helpful though he realized it was intended to be.

"A fat lot you know about sadness," he said hotly. "You're a carefree butler. If you don't like it here, you can go elsewhere, see what I mean? I can't, see what I mean? You ever been in prison, Phipps?"

The butler started. "Sir?"

"No, of course you haven't. Then you wouldn't understand."

Smedley finished the yoghurt and fell into a moody silence. He was thinking of the will of the late Alfred Cork and feeling how strange and tragic it was that different people should so differently interpret a testator's wishes.

That clause which Al had inserted, enjoining his widow to "support" his brother Smedley. There you had a typical instance of the way confusion and misunderstanding could arise. As Smedley saw it, when you instruct a woman to support somebody, you mean that you expect her to set him up in an apartment on Park Avenue with an income sufficient to enable him to maintain the same and run a car and belong to a few good clubs and take that annual trip to Paris or Rome or Bermuda or wherever it may be, and so on and so forth.

Adela, more frugal in her views, had understood the bequest as limiting her obligations to the provision of a bed, three meals a day and the run of the house; and it was on these lines that her brother-in-law's life had proceeded. The unfortunate man ate well and slept well and had all the yoghurt he wanted. But apart from that his lot these last few years had been substantially that of a convict serving a sentence in a penitentiary.

He came out of his reverie with a grunt. There swept over him an urge to take this kindly butler into his confidence, concealing nothing.

"You know what I am, Phipps?"

"Sir?"

"I'm a bird in a gilded cage."

"Indeed, sir?"

"I'm a worm."

"You are getting me confused, sir. I understood you to say that you were a bird."

"A worm, too. A miserable, downtrodden hey-you of a worm on whose horizon there is no ray of light. What are those things they have in Mexico?"

"Tamales, sir?"

"Peons. I'm just a peon. Ordered hither, ordered thither, ground beneath the iron heel, treated like a dog. And the bitter part is that I used to have a lot of money once. A pot of money. All gone now."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes, all gone. Ran through it. Wasted my substance. What a lesson this should be to all of us, Phipps, not to waste our substance."

"Yes, sir."

"A fool's game, wasting your substance. No percentage in it. If you don't have substance, where are you?"

"Precisely, sir."

"Precisely, sir, is right. Can you lend me a hundred dollars?"

"No, sir."

Smedley had not really hoped. But the sudden desire which had come to him for just one night out in the brighter spots of Los Angeles and district had been so imperious that he had thought it worth while to bring the subject up. Butlers, he knew, salted their cash away, and he was a great believer in sharing the wealth.

"How about fifty?"

"No, sir."

"I'd settle for fifty," said Smedley, who was not an unreasonable man and knew that there are times when one must make concessions.

"No, sir."

SMEDLEY gave it up. He saw too late that it had been a mistake to dish out that stuff about wasting one's substance. Simply putting ideas into the fellow's head. He sat for a moment scowling darkly, then suddenly brightened. He had just remembered that good old Jane had arrived in this ghastly house yesterday. It altered the whole aspect of affairs. How he had come to overlook such a promising source of revenue, he could not imagine. Jane Shannon was Adela's sister and consequently his sister-in-law by marriage, and if there was anything in the theory that blood is thicker than water, she should surely be good for a trifling sum like a hundred dollars. Besides, he had known dear old Jane since he was so high.

"Where's Miss Shannon?" he asked.

"In the Garden Room, sir. I believe she is working on Mrs. Cork's Memoirs."

"Right. Thank you, Phipps."

"Thank you, sir."

The butler made a stately exit, and Smedley, feeling a little drowsy, decided that later on would be time enough for going into committee of supply with Jane. He closed his eyes, and presently soft snores began to blend with the humming of the local insects and the rustle of the leaves in the tree above him.

The good man taking his rest. . . .

Phipps, back in his pantry, was restoring his tissues with an iced lemonade. He frowned as he sipped the wholesome beverage, and his air was tense and preoccupied. The household cat brushed itself insinuatingly against his legs, but he remained unresponsive to its overtures. There is a time for tickling cats under the ear and a time for not tickling cats under the ear.

When Smedley Cork in their conversation on the

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They watched the man who might have been a surrealist painter quarreling with the girl who looked as if she did beadwork

terrace had described James Phipps as carefree, he had been misled, as casual observers are so apt to be misled, by the fact that butlers, like oysters, wear the mask and do not show their emotions. Carefree was the last adjective that could fittingly have been applied to the somber man as he sat there in his pantry, brooding, brooding.

If he had had his elbow on his knee and his chin in his hand, he might have been posing for Rodin's Penseur.

It was on Jane Shannon that he was brooding, as he had been doing almost incessantly since he had admitted her at the front door on the previous afternoon. He was cursing the malignant fate that had brought her to this house and asking himself for the hundredth time what, now that she was here, the harvest would be. It was the old, old story. The woman knew too much. His future hung on her silence, and the question that was agitating James Phipps was: Were women ever silent? True, the balloon had not yet gone up, which argued that his secret was still unrevealed, but could this happy state of things persist?

A bell rang, and he saw that it was that of the Garden Room. Phipps made his way thither.

The Garden Room of the Carmen Flores place was the one next to the library and immediately below the projection room, a cheerful apartment with a large desk beside the French windows that looked on the swimming pool. It caught the morning sun, and for those who liked it there was a fine view of the oil wells over by the coast. Jane Shannon, seated at the desk with the tube of a Dictaphone in her hand, was too busy at the moment to look at oil wells. As Phipps had indicated, she was forcing herself to concentrate on the exacting task of composing her sister Adela's Memoirs.

Jane Shannon was a breezy, hearty, genial woman in the early forties, built on generous lines and clad in comfortable slacks. Rugged was a term that might have been applied to her face, with its high cheekbones and masterful chin; but large, humorous eyes of a bright blue relieved this ruggedness and rendered her, if not spectacularly beautiful like her sister Adela, definitely attractive. Her disposition was amiable, and as a mixer she was second to none. Everybody liked Jane Shannon, even in Hollywood, where nobody likes anybody.

She raised the mouthpiece of the Dictaphone and began to speak into it, if "speak" is not too weak a word. Her voice was a very powerful contralto, and Joe Davenport, a young friend of hers with whom she had worked on the Superba-Llewellyn lot, had often told her that, if all other sources of income failed, she could always make a good living calling hogs in one of the Western states.

"Hollywood!" boomed Jane. "How shall I describe the emotions which filled me on that morning when I first came to Hollywood, an eager wide-eyed girl of sixteen. Liar! You were nearly twenty. So young, so unsophisticated. Just a—"

The door opened. Phipps appeared. Jane held up a hand. *(Continued on page 73)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

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EVERYMAN'S MEAT:

The Heart of an Industry

Man is finally learning how to eat, after thousands of years, and meat researchers are showing him how. Their new discoveries, as we enter the Protein Age, point to an early life expectancy of 85

IT IS almost certain that human beings have been eating meat since time began, but it is the strange fact that meat has been the subject of more debates concerning its benefits, or lack thereof, or its downright dangers to the human system than any other food.

Izaak Walton once said that "meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men," and that was high praise indeed, coming from him; but others have differed. George Bernard Shaw is one who dissents to this day, remaining a stanch vegetarian, but aside from Mr. Shaw and a few other die-hards and faddists, it is rather generally conceded today that meat is the best food we have and that we ought to eat as much of it as we conveniently can.

This opinion has always been held by primitive peoples, who seem instinctively to take to the most nourishing diet. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the arctic explorer, once wrote that "the Mackenzie Eskimos . . . believe that what is good for grown people is good for children." Therefore, Dr. Stefansson said, the Mackenzie Eskimos feed their small children raw fish, rotten or otherwise, sometimes sauced over with rancid whale oil, which oil is prized highly in the igloos of all Eskimos who pretend to be gourmets.

The children are given this food as soon as they are able to chew. Raw fish, rotten or otherwise, sometimes flavored with rancid whale oil, is all the Eskimos eat. Literally all, and despite the fact that it's a revolting mess to you and to me, the Eskimos and their children thrive on it and enjoy it.

So, for that matter, did Dr. Stefansson, who lived with the Eskimos and on their diet to prove that man could eat nothing but meat and flourish on it. By so doing, he destroyed forever the archaic belief that a diet of meats alone had horrible consequences, one of them scurvy.

Dr. Stefansson ate the whole fish: bones, entrails, scales, everything—which gave him a balanced diet, as it does the Eskimos. This philosophy of "what's good for the grownups is good for the kids" may also have led Southern share croppers to a unique method of keeping their children happy while teething. Bacon or other pork side meat obviously is good for grownup share croppers; since they lack funds to buy rings or other equipment for teethers, they tie a piece of side meat to the leg of a table with a string and let baby bite down on it to heart's content. The string is to yank the meat back out of Junior's tender little tummy if he happens to swallow it.

This, also, is not likely to be attractive to your tastes or sensibilities, but the share croppers' children who are fortunate enough to cut their teeth on bacon are less apt to be afflicted with diseases of deficiency. You will probably be surprised, moreover, that these underprivileged share croppers, as well as the Eskimo primitives, were, in one way, more advanced in their ideas of infant feeding than you were only a few years ago. This is because their children were getting meat.

Fish is the equivalent of meat in the case of the Eskimos. It gives the children a rich supply of protein, and the protein needs of an infant, pound for pound of body weight, are three to four times that of an adult, because of growth requirements. In the case of the share croppers' children, they at least derive some protein from sucking and chewing the meat and getting the juices out of it, although the grownups pay tribute to the ancient fear that meat is bad for children by jerking the stuff from their stomachs when they swallow it.

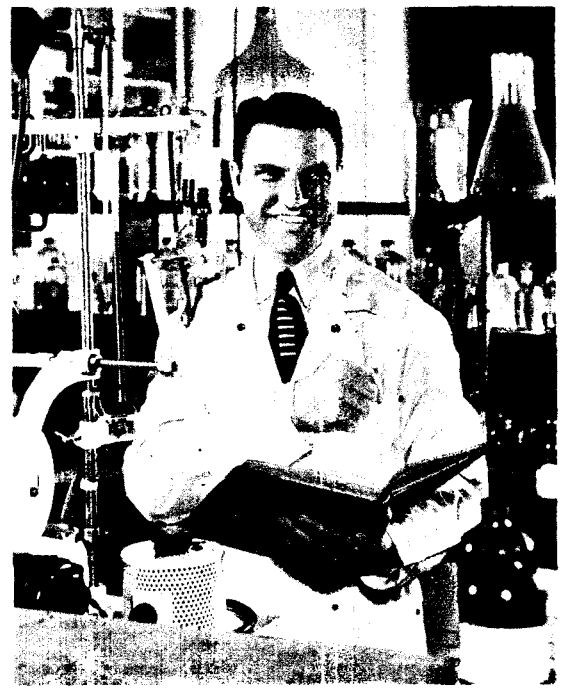
It is true, of course, that some of the more rugged cuts of pork might put a strain on baby's delicate innards, but this is not primarily the reason for the enforced regurgitation. It is, rather, the old, intrenched belief that meat—any meat—is bad for small children.

This belief, doctors now think, was simply a superstition surviving from the remote past, for there was, until the last five years or so, practically no medical literature on meat as a food for infants. The superstition had its origin, probably, when uncooked or spoiled pork or veal made a child sick, as indeed it would an adult; in any event, until early in 1945, it was generally believed that meat was dangerous for children under the age of a year and a half. That this belief has been proved false is due largely to the efforts of a young nutritionist at Swift & Company's research laboratories in the heart of Chicago's stockyards.

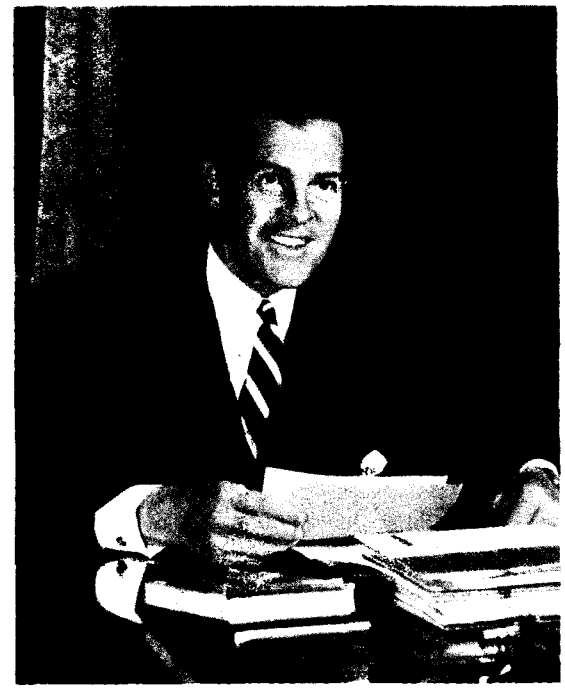
Dr. H. W. Schultz is a tall young man of athletic build with dark hair who comes from Iowa and who was educated at the Colorado College and the University of Iowa. He is still carrying on his

This Is the First of Several Articles

ALL MEAT PACKERS **ultimately benefit from one company's research, says F. W. Hoffman, president of Cudahy Packing Company**



PROOF THAT BABIES **will thrive on steak resulted from studies begun six years ago by Dr. H. W. Schultz of Swift & Company**



STUDYING THE BUSINESS **as he went along, Edward F. Wilson began as a stockyard worker, is now president of Wilson & Company**

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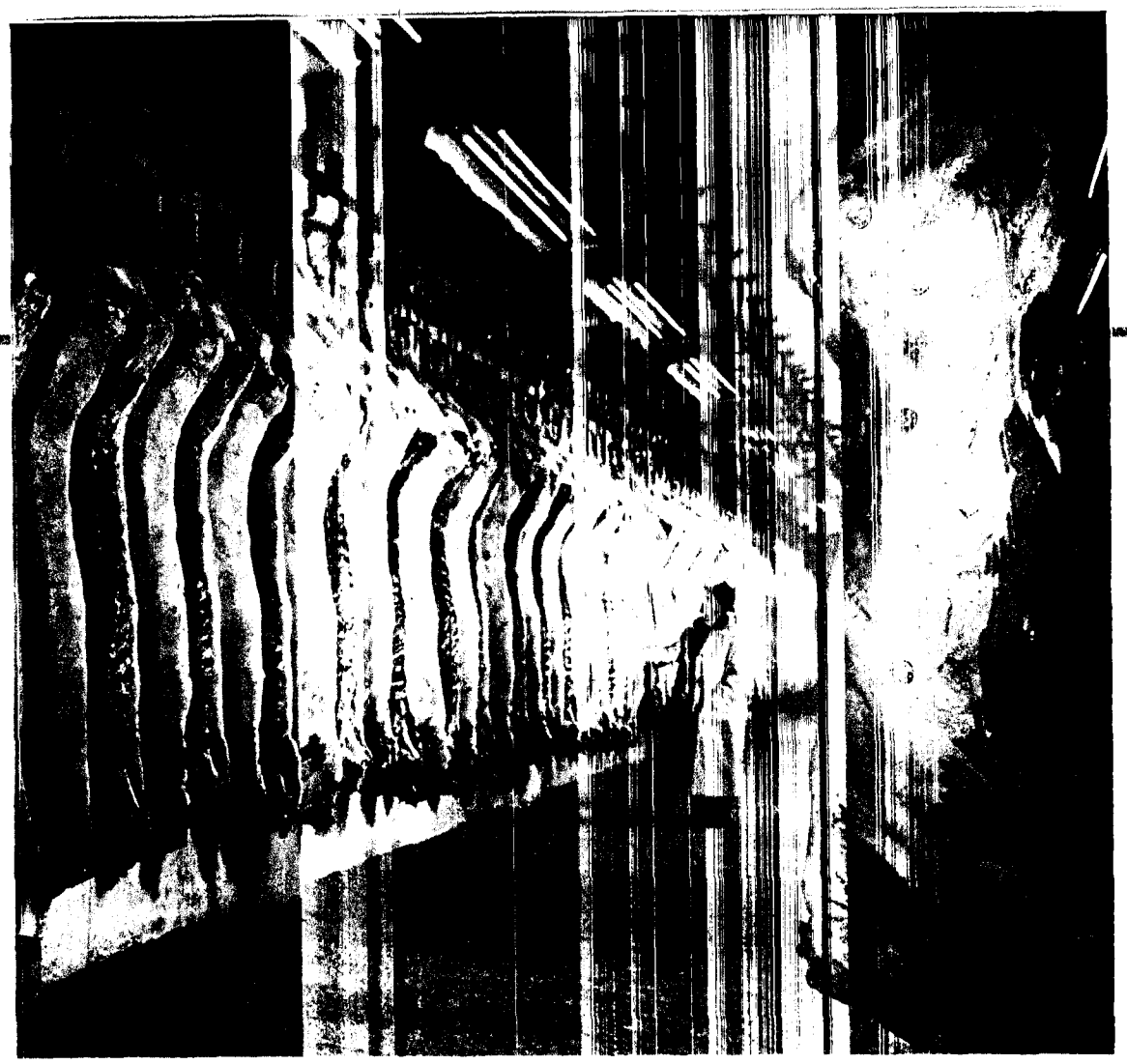
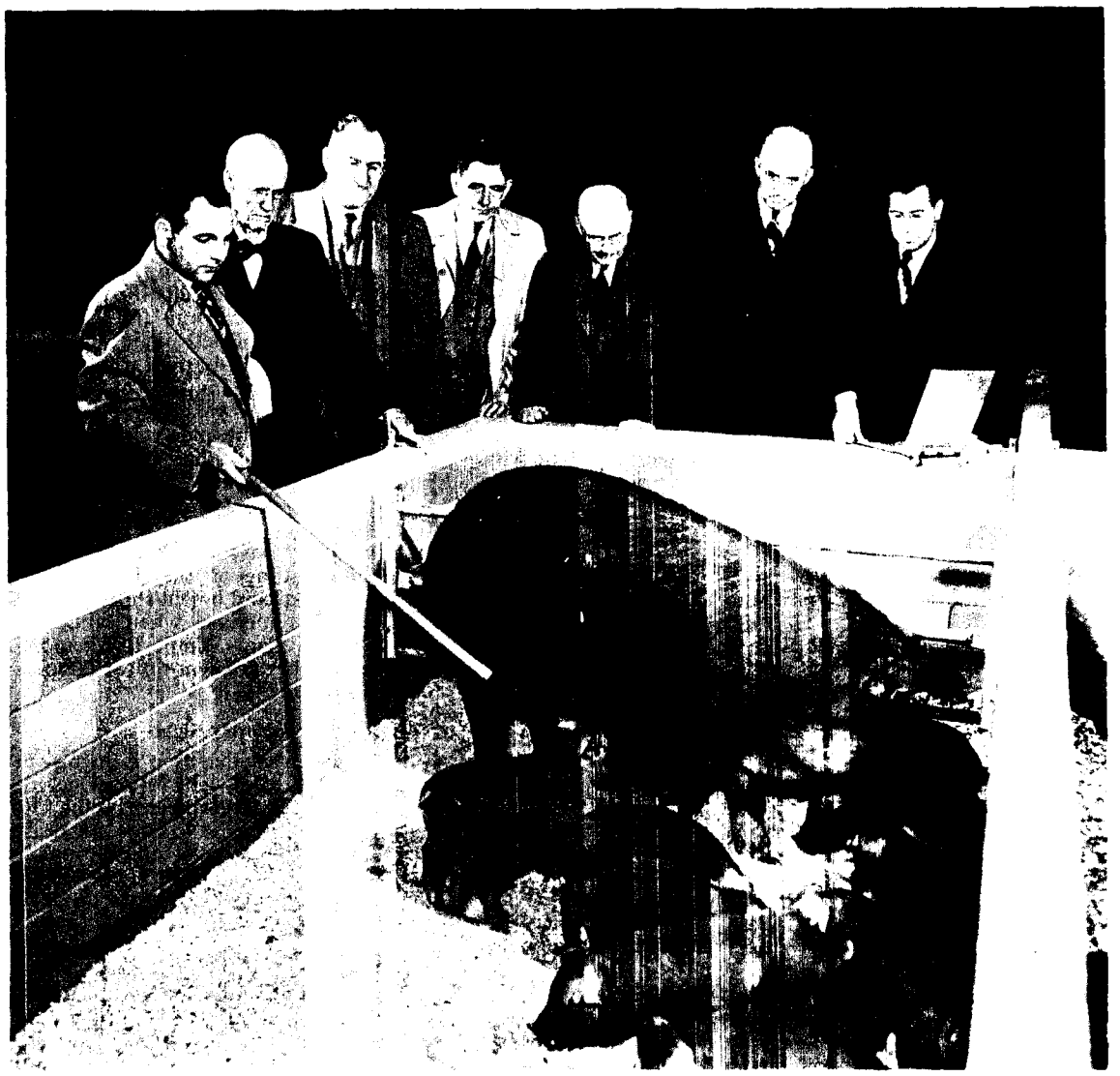


BEEF COOLER AT Armour & Company, a pioneer among the 4000 U.S. meat packers. Armour is a large producer of the pharmaceutical by-products of meat, including ACTH, the hormone from pituitary glands of hogs which has proved effective in treating some arthritics



MEMBERS OF THE research foundation established by Hormel inspect a hog raised for experimental purposes: (l. to r.) Dr. Lawrence E. Carpenter, Judge S. D. Catherwood, company president H. H. Corey, J. G. Hunting, M. F. Dugan, Park Doughtery, Dr. George Young

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY EDWARD RINKER AND VER KELJIK

By HENRY LA COSSITT

research on the subject of meat in the diets for small babies which he started in 1944.

"I was baby-sitting at home one night," Dr. Schultz says, "and I was scraping some meat for my child. That's a tedious job, as any parent who's done it knows, and it got on my nerves. So I got thinking."

Dr. Schultz was thinking that scraped, or strained, meat for small children would be a lovely product for Swift & Company to put on the market, as well as a great boon to parents, and he had another thought that stung him with excitement: Why, come to think of it, couldn't properly prepared meats be fed to children at any age? What was there in steak, for example, that was bad for even premature babies?

Dr. Schultz began work the next day. At the time he began his researches, this was the regimen for most children: milk at first; then orange juice and cod-liver oil added to milk; then cereals; then vegetables and fruits.

Of course all of these are excellent food. But it was not until the age of a year and six months that the feeding of meats began.

As has already been said, a baby, pound for pound of body weight, requires three to four times the amount of protein an adult does. Protein is the most important tissue builder and meat has a high protein value.

Dr. Schultz decided that his problem was simply to make meat—any meat—digestible to newborn babies. This he has accomplished with the aid of the Nutritional Fellowship System. This organization, which is over 50 years old, is used by all packing companies interested in research. The basic research and development is done by company scientists like Dr. Schultz. Then money is advanced to a scientist at some university, college or hospital, who makes clinical tests based on the original research.

Dr. Schultz wanted to find out, first, if babies could be fed meats; second, if they could utilize the nutrients in meats; and third, what the advantages of meat were for them. (A nutrient is a chemical substance regarded as essential to life.)

Experiments with Premature Babies

Researches at various places over the past five years have now proved the first two points beyond doubt and are still yielding data on the third. It has been shown, for instance, at the University of Rochester that even premature babies may be fed meats.

In these experiments one group of children was fed an institutional diet, an interim feeding previously used for prematures and designed to permit their supposedly delicate digestive systems to become accustomed to their new environment. Another group was given strained meats. One- and two-month-old premature babies were given, in effect, sirloin steaks the first day of their lives; not, of course, in the form of sirloin steak familiar to our tables, but strained sirloin steak. The digestibility of the meat proved the same as the digestibility of the interim formula and—this was vitally important—iron, a basic need of premature babies, was found to be more available in the meat diet and to be better absorbed by the babies who were given a meat diet.

It had been proved that babies of any age could be fed meat. It also was shown, at Rochester, that the babies could utilize the meat.

The question of utilization, or availability, is relatively new in dietetics. Availability of a nutrient in food is of paramount importance because it obviously makes no difference how rich a food is in a nutrient, if the digestive system is unable to extract it for use in the body.

Even before the Rochester experiments, six-week-old babies had been fed the newly developed meats, and some advantages *(Continued on page 60)*

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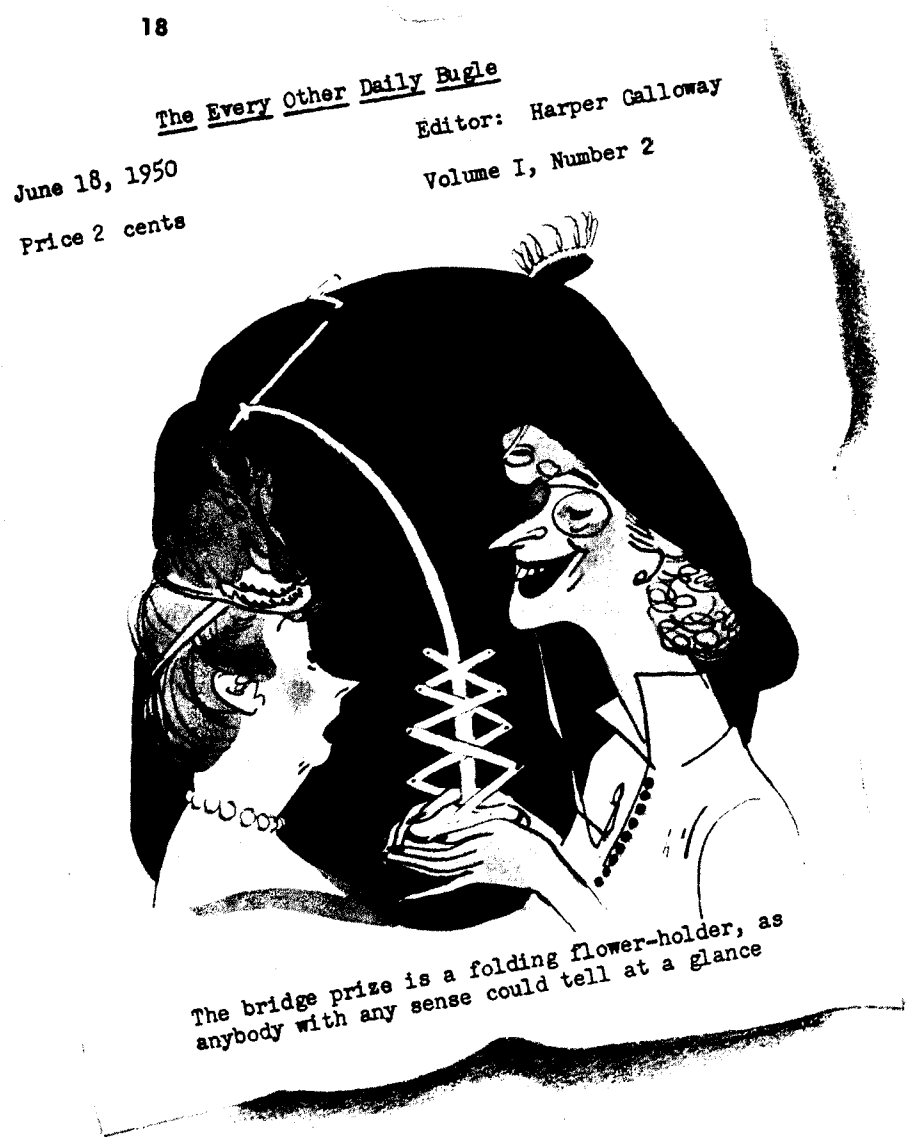

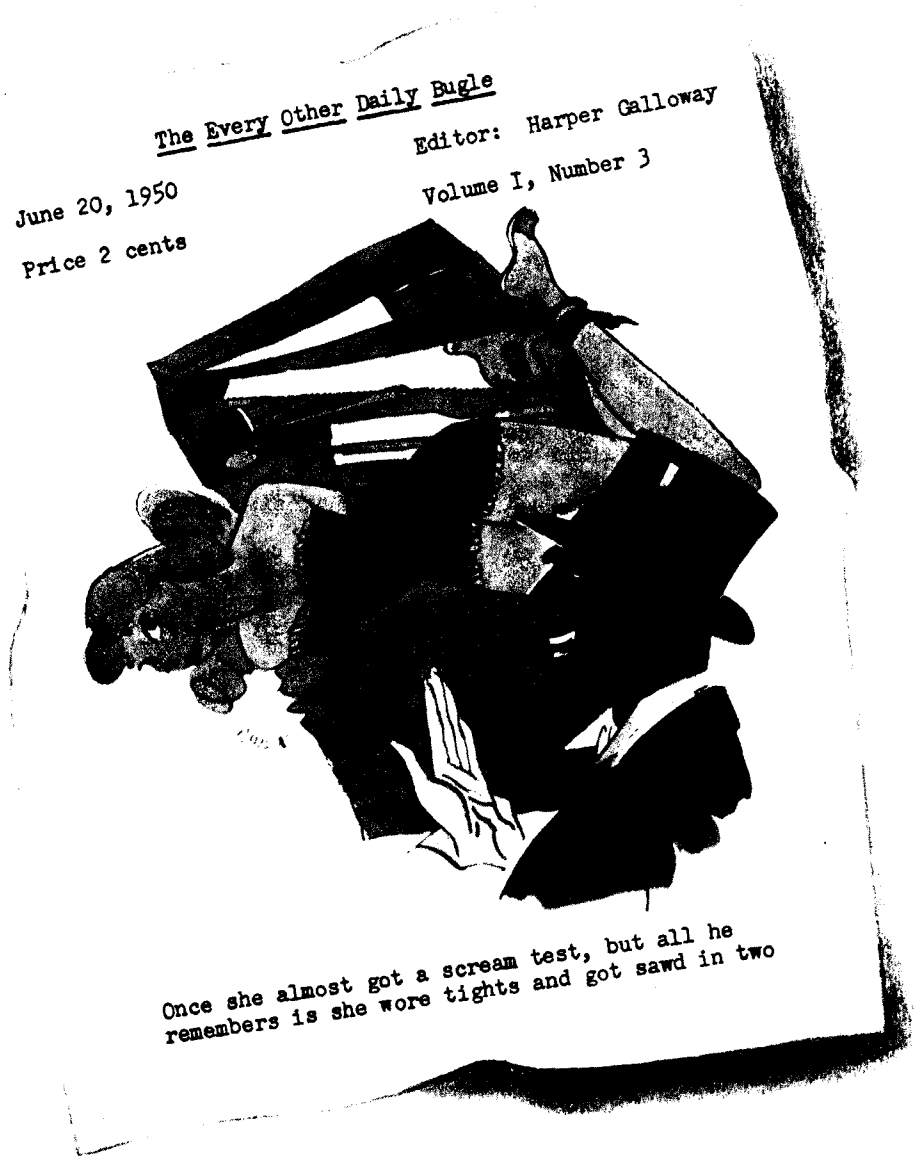

How I got to

By ELOISE BARRANGON

The Every Other Daily Bugle

June 16, 1950 **Editor: Harper Galloway**

Price 2 cents **Volume 1, Number 1**

Any News?

If anybody has done anything or knows anything, please call Harper Galloway. I got this old mimeograph at the Swap Shop so I can make fifteen copies at once, one for every family in Sycamore Hills. My mother says it is better than last spring when I kept snakes. I had some pretty good mean-looking ones until one night somebody left the top off the box a crack and they all got away.

Anxious

Baxter Canfield has taken his medical exams and is waiting to hear. He's been studying on the G I bill ever since he got out of the Navy. Bax is growing a mustash so as to look more mature and serious-looking. Mrs. Ambrose says Bax looks serious enough since he and Glenna Reed had a row and broke up after going steady all the way through high school and college.

Engaged

Glenna Reed has announced her engagement to Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair, who has been coming around ever since last February after she had a fight with Bax Canfield. Mrs. Ambrose says it's a caution how thin that girl has gotten, you can practicly see her bones. Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair is a lot older than Glenna but he has a neat yellow convertible with white side-walls. Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair asked Chuck Wallace to scrub his white side-walls when he was parked outside Glenna's house. Chuck worked for two hours and Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair gave him a dime. Chuck asked me what to do with the dime and I said he ought to spit on it and give it back but the ice-cream man came along so there went the dime.

New Arrival

The population of Sycamore Hills was increased by one a week ago last Wednesday at three A.M. when Mrs. McAdams rushed off to the hospitle and had a baby. Now Mr. McAdams parks his car nose first in his driveway instead of facing out like a fire engine. People under sixteen are not aloud in the hospitle. I could probly have got in being tall for thirteen years two months but Mr. McAdams said you can't see the baby except through a glass window, so I might as well wait till tomorrow when they are bringing it home. A whole mess of packages are stacked in the McAdams' hall from the Diper Service and the Baby Shop and a baseball bat and glove Mr. McAdams bought when he heard it was a boy.

Having a baby almost next door is exciting in the middle of the night. I hope somebody else will have a baby soon. I asked my father and he said nobody looked likely except Mrs. Talcott and with her it's probly too many choclate eclairs or maybe something that went wrong with her glands.

A Party

The Wednesday Afternoon Bridge Club met at Mrs. Quinby's yesterday. She had two tables and they ate choclate pie with whip cream on top. Mrs. Nugent won the prize. I asked Mrs. Nugent what it was and she said it was an anything prize. You try to figure out what it is and it could be anything.

Vacation

Joe Scully is home from college for the summer vacation. Edwina Van Blarcom is home from finishing school. Mrs. Ambrose says Edwina may be finished but she sure doesn't look as if she had ever had any fun.

Chuck Wallace and Tom Lockridge leave for camp a week from Tuesday. My father says he can't afford camp for me on account of that piston-ring job and all the valves and having to get two new tires. I do not care about missing camp which all they do is play baseball and soccer and go swimming and take hikes and all stuff like that which is all right if you are good at athaletics but to me it is more interesting to do something with your brain.

A Gala Evening

Mr. and Mrs. Witter Van Blarcom gave a dinner for their daughter Edwina last Friday. There were ten people there, including the Talcotts and the Quinbys. They ate shrimp cocktail, some sort of soup, chicken Tettrazinni, and fancy ice cream. Edwina played piano and they showed movies after of their trip to Mexico. Mrs. Van Blarcom wore a long black lace dress and Edwina wore her blue taffeta formal. The men wore evening clothes with tails on their jackets. They had those little canapes and sherry wine to start with. Edwina played something by Bach.

Mrs. Scully says the Van Blarcoms were sure putting on the dog with all that fancy stuff and boiled shirts in June and she can remember when Mrs. Van Blarcom was plain Minnie Brinker, before her brother got sent up for tampering with the mails.

A Lovely Sight

Mr. Peebles' linden tree is in bloom and it is a beautiful sight for anyone going down Rosedale Avenue past the Utleys and around the corner on East Drive. The Utleys took a table out under the tree yesterday and ate their supper there. Mr. Peebles said they behaved like a pack of gypsies.

A Mystery

Nobody knows much about the people that have moved into the house between us Galloways and the McAdamses except that their name is Estabrook and Mr. Estabrook doesn't ever seem to do any work. They have a colored girl who comes in by the day and her name is Emma Wade. But ever since one day she

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go to camp

was washing the dishes when he was trying to sleep Mr. Estabrook calls her Decibel. She says Mr. Estabrook sleeps every day until noon. Then he puts on an old pair of pants and a swet-shirt and sits out on the porch with his feet on the railing all afternoon. He has a pad of paper in his lap that he makes doodles on. He mixes cocktails for himself and Mrs. Estabrook before dinner and then he doodles some more in the evening while she listens to the radio or plays idiot's delight. Mrs. Estabrook is sure pretty. She's about the prettiest woman in Sycamore Hills. But she sure has a shrill voice when she gets annoyed.

Lost

Kathy Lockridge has lost her turtle. She had it in a pan of water and pebbles on her back porch. It must of climbed out and ran away. It is about the size of a silver dollar but has claws that wiggle and a head that sticks out. It has its name Myrtle painted on its back. Whoever finds it, notify Kathy Lockridge.

The Every Other Daily Bugle

June 18, 1950 **Editor: Harper Galloway**

Price 2 cents **Volume 1, Number 2**

A Correction

Mr. Utley says that linden tree does not belong to the Peebles'. He says his grandfather planted the seed when he, Mr. Utley, was a little boy. Mr. Peebles says Mr. Utley's grandfather may have planted the seed but if so he planted it on his, Mr. Peebles', property.

Shopping Trip

Glenna Reed has got back from a shopping trip to the city to buy her troosow for when she gets married to Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair on June 28. She bought a suit and three dresses and a neglishay and a pile of shoes and hats and stuff to go with them. Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair has given her a dimond ring. A big one.

Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair owns a big apartment house with a pent-house on top. They are going to live in the pent-house. Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair bought the apartment house in a smart deal and made all the old tenants get out because he was going to put in petitions and make twice as many apartments. Anybody that wanted to stay had to pay him five hundred dollers for changing the arciteck's plans. And the new tenants had to pay him for the remodeling. He made so much money, no wonder he has a new car and can buy Glenna a big dimond ring.

Doctor Avalible

Bax Canfield passed his medical exams, he's a real doctor now. He is going to go to Cleveland to be an intern at a hospitle for a year. I asked him if he was going to get married and he said you couldn't expect a girl to wait around while he spent another year interning and then maybe not enough money to get married on for a while longer. He said the only girl he wanted to marry liked luxuries and expensive presents. He said the size dimond he could give a girl. they'd just use to cut glass with.

A Retraction

Mr. Talcott called my father and said he ought to look up the law of libel before that boy Harper goes around printing anything about anybody's figure. So I have to take it back. So here goes. Mrs. Talcott does not look as if she was going to have a baby. Not much, anyway.

Mystery Solved

Mr. Estabrook says that there isn't any mystery about what he does for a living except maybe it's a mystery he has lasted this long and day after tomorrow he expects to have a lovely ulcer. Mr. Estabrook is in the advertising business and he writes singing comertials for television. Mrs. Estabrook used to do something or other on the stage before they were married. Mr. Estabrook said one of the things she did: she was the front end of a lady who got sawed in two in a magic show. Right now Mr. Estabrook is working on a comertial to advertise a kind of plastic upholstery. He is not happy about it.

McAdams Baby Home

The McAdams baby came home from the hospitle yesterday. He is awfully cute. Mrs. McAdams has to drink a quart of milk a day and eat a lot of meat and potatoes and vegetables. She says, "just call me Elsie." They are naming the baby Androcles after Mrs. McAdams' uncle who has a prosprus feed-and-grain business in Erie, P. A., and after all, they can call it Andy. Mrs. Estabrook went next door to see the baby and took it a little duck that rattles. She asked could she hold the baby. She called it "Wuzzums, wuzzums." He is sort of rinkled and squinty and when he cries he gets red all over. He got to crying in the afternoon when Mr. Estabrook was out on his porch with his feet up, doodling. After a while Mr. Estabrook went in the house and slammed the door. Mr. Estabrook says babies should come equipped with a small plastic muzzle.

Hot-Dog Roast

The Scullys had a hot-dog roast out in their backyard yesterday. Mrs. Scully made potato salad and a big cherry pie. Joe Scully built the fire and sat out in the hammok playing hot licks on his clarinet. Edwina Van Blarcom was out in the terris next door but she didn't seem to notice the hot-dog roast. She was reading a book.

A Correction

Mrs. Van Blarcom says her brother was never in jail for tampering with the mails. Mrs. Scully says, well, if it wasn't her brother it was her uncle.

Not Burglers

Those strange men that have been going around with a sort of stand that they set up and look through are not burglers studying the lay of the land. They are surveyors who are measuring off Mr. Peebles' and Mr. Utley's property line to see who does the linden tree belong to.

Prize

Mrs. Quinby says the bridge-prize Mrs. Nugent *(Continued on page 62)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

The Every Other Daily Bugle

June 22, 1950 Editor: Harper Galloway

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The tree-men said it was a good thing the branch broke so they could see how rotten it was inside

The Every Other Daily Bugle

June 22, 1950 Editor: Harper Galloway

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Then Bax let go with a right to the jaw, and Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair sat down in the gutter

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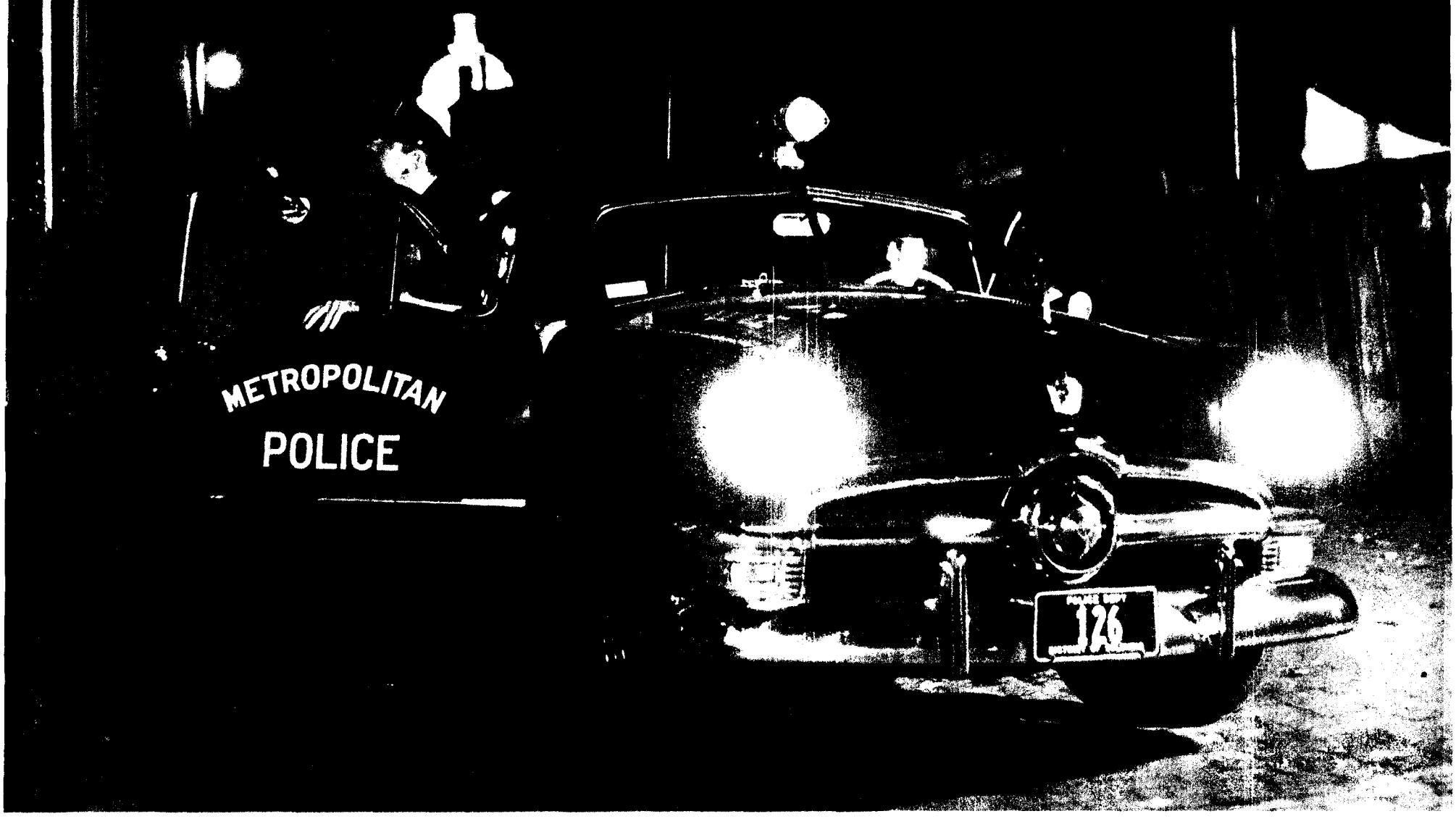
Terror in Washington

By HOWARD WHITMAN

The nation's capital leads in crimes of violence among major U.S. cities



Within sight of the Capitol dome, Patrolmen George L. Patterson and Richard A. Jordan answer an emergency call

For Public Service

This article on the District of Columbia is another of Collier's reports on Terror in Our Cities. This series was cited by Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalism fraternity, as one reason why Collier's won that old and distinguished organization's annual award for performing "outstanding public service in magazine journalism . . ."

DURING 1949 in Washington, D.C.—the showcase of the United States—4,314 men, women and children were criminally mauled or wounded with brass knuckles, bricks, pistols, shotguns, cleavers, hatchets, ice picks, knives, iron pipes and other deadly weapons. Most of this violence occurred within 25 blocks of the floodlighted luster of the Capitol. For two years straight the capital city has run up the worst record in the nation for aggravated assault, causing the Washington Post to admit gravely, "The clear implication is that the citizen in the street is more in danger of molestation in Washington than in any other major city."

What Chicago was to the gangster era, Washington bids fair to become in the new era of hoodlum crime: the era of the mugging and yoking, the street assault, the wanton murder, the rape and the psychopathic sex crime.

"We've reached the point where it is risky for women and girls to be on the streets after dusk," declares Georgia Congressman James C. Davis, chairman of the House Subcommittee to Investigate Crime in the District of Columbia. When an eleven-year-old girl, Carol Bardwell, was slashed to death as she went bicycling in Rock Creek Park, the Washington Times-Herald demanded:

"What kind of a town is this, that a little girl can't ride her bike in the park on a bright, sunshiny Sunday without having her throat cut by a maniac? . . . a woman can't walk (in the parks) by day free of the fear of rape and murder? . . . a man never knows but what he will be held up for his money and lose his life as well!"

Comparisons of crime statistics often are odious (there are too many variables), but Washington's Metropolitan Police Department recently drew up a comparison of its own at the request of Congress. It set Washington alongside eight other cities of comparable population. In major crimes reported to the F.B.I. for the fiscal year 1949, Washington led the field with 21,334. The other eight cities ranged from 18,575 down to 5,507. They averaged 10,720—approximately *half* the Washington total.

Washington is everybody's city. It is governed by Congress, partially supported by tax money from all over the United States, visited during an average year by 4,000,000 Americans and probably by twice that many this year because of the year-long sesquicentennial celebrations. Moreover, Washington is host to envoys from all over the world. It ought to be America in Sunday best. There is no sense—especially these days—to putting our worst foot forward. That's precisely what Washington does with its *deadly dozen*—its record of 12 crimes of violence per day.

Frank C. Kelley, a fifty-six-year-old family man, went to a meeting at Washington's Central High

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

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Put the Cops Back on the Beat

School the evening of March 11, 1947. It was a meeting devoted to physically handicapped children; Kelley was interested because he had an invalid daughter at home. He didn't know, of course, that at the very hour the meeting adjourned three hoodlums were huddled in the shadows on Eleventh Street, N.W., near Euclid Street. One of them had a gun (stolen in a burglary the day before). With vicious, amateur recklessness typical of the era of hoodlum crime, the three had agreed among themselves to "stick up the first guy who comes along."

Kelley happened to be the "first guy." He was walking home from the school. The command, "Stick 'em up!" must have hit him like something out of a nightmare as he walked along, thinking, perhaps, of what he had learned at the meeting to help his invalid daughter. He reacted as many a man might to a sudden stick-up in the dark. He ran.

The old-fashioned professional thug (a menace, indeed, but much less a menace than the modern hoodlum) would corner his quarry so he couldn't run away. He "cased" a job—went after the man with a payroll in his pockets. He didn't pick on "the first guy who comes along." He did his best not to hurt his victim, especially not to kill him. He didn't want a murder on his hands.

But the hoodlums who held up Kelley were strictly new-style—amateur, ruthless, bungling, with no more respect for a human life than they'd have for a cur that got in their way. As Kelley ran, one of the three thugs raised the stolen pistol, leveled it and squeezed the trigger. Kelley went down on the sidewalk, skidded a little and lay dead—his neck pierced by the bullet.

"The poor fellow's daughter was an invalid. He wanted to help her. Now she's an orphan," one detective observed sardonically.

On March 18, 1948, at 6:40 P.M., a woman in the northeast section of Washington, near the National Arboretum, reported to police that her nine-year-old daughter was missing. The child had been in front of the house playing. Her father had come home from work, dinner was ready—and the little girl had suddenly disappeared. Neighborhood searching parties set out to look for her.

At eight o'clock they found her. Some neighbors and her uncle found her near a fence of the Arboretum. "My God, she's dead!" one of them gasped. Her little body, naked and blotched with mud and blood, lay partly covered by leaves. Her uncle took her up in his arms. A thin moan came from her lips. She wasn't dead. "Thank God!" a neighbor said.

Apparently she had been left for dead. The brutality visited upon her was horrible to see. Her left leg had been snapped. Her right eye had been gouged and injured severely. Her right ear was cut; her body was lacerated in several places. She had a brain concussion. She had been raped.

Miraculously, the little girl lived.

Last August 20th, a twenty-seven-year-old housewife drove her car to Thirteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, S.E., early in the morning and waited there for her husband, who was returning from a Marine Corps base in North Carolina. She dozed off in the car. A blow upon the face awakened her and she heard the terrifying words, "Keep quiet! Don't say a word!"

She was pummeled into powerlessness and a car cushion was forced smotheringly over her face. Then she was ravished. Her assailant seized her pocketbook and her car keys as he ran off, leaving her in a paroxysm of shock and terror.

Such cases as these have rocked Washington steadily since the war. "It's becoming a regular hoodlum-town," one citizen remarked. "I wouldn't let my wife go out after dark for anything," said another. "I'm mighty careful where I go myself," added a third. I spent a few evenings in the gloom of the police line-up watching the procedure and I knew just what they meant. The parade of hoodlums is enough to make any *(Continued on page 52)*

View of Clothesline Alley. Some of the worst slums in the country exist in the District of Columbia. Remove them, say sociologists, and you have gone a long way toward curbing crime

Left to right: U.S. Attorney George M. Fay; Congressman James C. Davis of Georgia, chairman of the House unit studying crime in the capital; Congressman Walt Horan of Washington State

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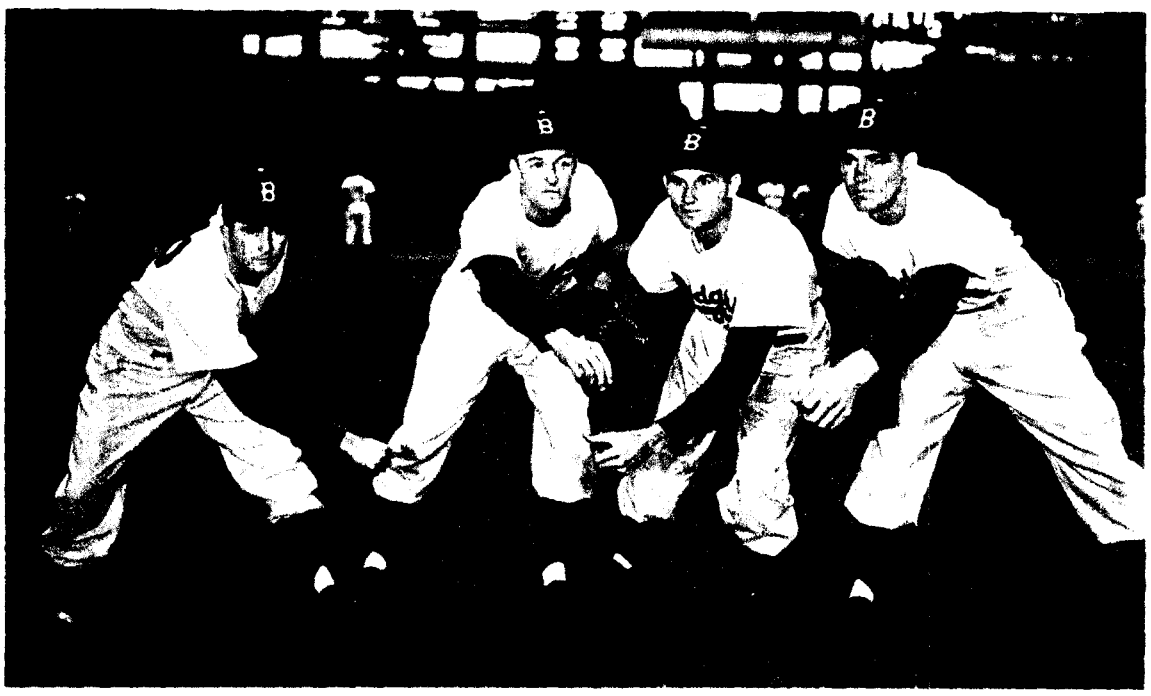
Duke Snider stops to get instructions from Manager Shotton as Eddie Miksis, Gene Hermanski and Jim Russell look on



Four Flatbush flingers: (l. to r.) Erv Palica, Clarence Podbielan, Preacher Roe and Joe Hatten. The Dodgers always have a wealth of young pitching talent on the roster

Don Newcombe, giant right-hander, promises to become an all-time great

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HUGH BRODERICK AND RALPH ROYLE

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The Dodgers Ain't No Accident

By TOM MEANY

Operation Pennant makes Brooklyn "The Borough to Avoid" year after year

OY RICHARDS is a chunky little man who operates a newsstand hard by Ebbets Field.

Its location is such that he sees more Brooklyn fans than anybody in the world, a distinction which may or may not be enviable. Dodger lovers, disgorged by subway and surface lines, must pass his kiosk on their way to Mecca. And Roy, who gets them going and coming, chants to them in singsong snatches of doggerel about their heroes.

Go past Roy's stand any afternoon or evening this summer and you'll hear cheerful jingles about the Dodgers. The chances also are very good that you will be able to catch Richards at his dual duty of peddling papers and optimism in early October when the World Series is being played.

It was not always thus with either Richards or the Dodgers. In midseason in 1943, when Branch Rickey was just getting his teeth into the job of running the Dodgers, the Brooklyn clients were just getting their teeth into Rickey. Dolph Camilli, regarded as the greatest thing to reach Brooklyn since the bridge, had been sold across the river to the hated Giants. Joe Medwick had preceded him there. Flatbush was in revolt.

Fans, first having paid the standard price of admission to invade Ebbets Field, held up homemade placards of protest. Most of the sentiments thereon, however humbly scrawled, were forthright. They bore messages such as "Go Back to St. Looie, You Bum!" and "Rickey the Wrecker!" For business reasons, Mr. Richards couldn't desert his post to attack the Mahatma personally but he decorated his stand with a crepe-draped photo of Leo Durocher and flaunted banners from his coign of vantage. One, more touching than the others, cried in black and white: "Oh, Mr. Rickey! What You Done to Us!"

Brooklyn was inclined to take a dim view of Rickey's machinations in those early days. The Dodgers finished a distant third that season and in 1944 wound up a horrendous seventh, just 42 games out of the pennant race. That winter, Manager Durocher embarked on a USO tour of North Africa and Italy, perhaps in the belief that the inconveniences of a trip to the front would take his mind off the Dodgers.

One rainy December afternoon Durocher paused to speak to a detachment from the 85th Division, bogged down in the mud of Highway 65 between Florence and Bologna. The Lip was explaining how he happened to finish seventh, a discourse at which he had become rather deft since he had been delivering it three or four times a day for weeks on end.

"Is there any hope for the future?" blurted a doughfoot plunked in the sodden straw which served as the tent's flooring. He was referring, of course, to baseball prospects in his native Brooklyn and not to the stalemated Italian campaign.

"I'll tell you, Mac," Leo answered, "I worked for Mr. Rickey before and I know how he operates. He'll eventually bring a pennant to Brooklyn. I don't know whether it'll be in a year, in two or in five. I just hope I'm around when that first one arrives, because I know that there'll be plenty more after it."

Durocher spoke with an unconscious gift of prophecy. He wasn't around when the first one arrived, having been banished from on high, but his prediction that the gravy train would continue rolling is being borne out. Less than two years after Leo made his prediction on the rain-drenched hillside in Italy, the Dodgers tied for the 1946 National League pennant and then bowed to the Cardinals in the first play-off in history.

The next year, while Durocher was sitting this one out at the suggestion of Baseball Commissioner Happy Chandler, the Dodgers won under Burt Shotton. They made threatening gestures at the top of the stretch in '48 but folded, and last year they came home first. This spring they were picked as shoo-ins for the flag by a whopping majority of baseball men throughout the country.

At about the same time that Durocher was talking to the troops in Italy, Branch Rickey was presiding over a mass press conference in Brooklyn. He seemed even less disturbed over 1944's dismal showing than Durocher and he expressed unbounded—and unexplained—optimism over the future.

"All I can see for Brooklyn in the years to come," quoth the Mahatma, "is pennants, pennants and more pennants."

"You don't suppose," murmured a skeptical scribe in an aside, "that what he means is penance, penance and more penance?"

Rickey hadn't taken the writers wholly into his confidence, possibly because he didn't consider them good security risks. He merely told them the results he anticipated, without revealing his plans for achieving those results.

Early in 1943, a few months after he had succeeded Larry MacPhail as top man on the Flatbush totem pole, Rickey unfolded the outlines of a campaign which amazed his board of directors, in itself no mean feat since the Dodger directorate properly assumed it had reached the saturation point in amazement during the reign of Larry MacPhail.

Rickey took the Dodger directors to an oratorical mountaintop and unfolded a dazzling prospect. It was a brilliant plan, with only two discernible drawbacks. One was that the country was engaged in the greatest war in history, the other that it required $50,000, cash on the barrelhead, to start the wheels moving.

In those early days of 1943, baseball magnates were dropping scouts from the payrolls and shuttering up most of their farm clubs with "Closed for the Duration" signs. Why scout a teen-ager when Uncle Sam already had him *(Continued on page 64)*

Branch Rickey is one of the few best judges of playing talent in America

Board meeting of the Brooklyn brain trust, with the Mahatma in charge. Rickey himself estimates the annual production costs of the Dodger "chain gang" at $500,000

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The CANDY KID

By DOROTHY B. HUGHES

Aragon had known all along that the candy was too valuable to eat. Now at last he was to find out why . . .

The Story: It was in the criminal quarter of the border town of Juárez that JOSE ARAGON first became involved with the secret of DULCINDA FARRAR, whom he thought of as the Candy Kid; and it looked as though the secret was going to be unraveled in the same rowdy little city across the Rio Grande. At Dulcinda's request, Jose picked up a package at a shop owned by SEÑOR PRAXITELES, also known as EL GRECO, and had it sent to Santa Fe, where Jose and his cousin, BEACH ARAGON, lived. The package contained a bottle of perfume and a box of candy; but it was obviously more valuable than its contents would indicate. It was stolen from Jose by FRANCISCA, an engaging little Mexican girl whose parents had sold her to Praxiteles; then it was mysteriously restored.

At least two deaths were somehow connected with the fatal package—the murder of a man named H. E. TUSTIN in Juárez; and the murder of Jose's own cousin, Beach. Dulcinda's brother, TIM FARRAR, and a gangster called RAGS RAGSDALE were interested in the package; so was CAPTAIN OZZIE HARROD, a border patrolman. CANARIO, a Juárez street musician, had at one time or another been bribed by almost everyone concerned with the whereabouts of the package. Beach's death occurred shortly after a visit he made to the home of ALVIN STRUYKER, a technician at Los Alamos, the Army atomic research center; and Jose was convinced that more was at stake than a mere matter of smuggling luxury goods across the border. ADAM ADAMSON, a close friend of Aragon, was not directly involved in the affair of the package; but he knew at least part of its sinister history. LOU CHENOWETH, owner of a hotel in El Paso, had been in love with Adam for years. Francisca once again stole the package and fled to Juárez. At Jose's home near Santa Fe, Dulcinda finally was ready to tell Jose the true story of the package—and why her brother Tim was willing to commit murder to obtain it.

CONCLUSION

THE clouds were mounting higher. You could see the darkness in them. Jose said, "Begin at the beginning, Dulcy. You were in Mexico and Tim made a mistake. Whom did he kill, the girl or the boy? Or was it the old man?" Jose was remembering Captain Harrod's account of the unsolved murders.

She shook her head, "I don't know—"

"Don't start that. He said a him or a her."

"It was the girl. But he doesn't remember." Her voice was under her breath. "He doesn't know what he did that night."

"He says. You decided to get him out of it." He didn't try to keep the contempt from his voice. "Because he was your little brother. How did you know what to do? You picked a sucker and said, 'I need help'?"

She didn't defend herself. She said flatly, "Tim had a friend. He worked in the office of one of the big export companies. He knew what to do."

"Who was he?"

"The name would mean nothing to you."

"What is the name?"

"Luis de Vaca." The heat before the storm was oppressive. She pushed her hair away from her face. "Luis told me to take Tim to Chapala, to a friend of his there. Ragsdale. I was to leave Tim with Rags who would see him to the border."

"Then what?"

"Then I went back to the city and waited until Luis could make the arrangements for Tim to cross the border safely."

"How much did the arrangements cost you?"

"He wanted five thousand dollars. I couldn't raise that much." She remembered the hopelessness. "He agreed to arrange it for one thousand, if I would carry a package across the border for a friend of his." She said defiantly, "I suspected it was smuggling but I didn't care. I had to help Tim."

"A murderer."

"I don't know. He doesn't know. How could I let him go to prison?" She believed she was right. Tim was her blind spot.

"Then you picked a dumb Mexican to do the dirty work."

She had the grace to flush. Or it was the heat. "Only because I was afraid to go back to that dreadful Señor Praxiteles. That is the truth. No harm could have come to the Mexican. He could have proved he was hired for an errand."

"He might have had a rough time. But okay, he didn't. And you told the truth as far as it went. He wasn't smuggling the package across the border; he had a receipt. He was only smuggling what was in the package. What was it?"

"I don't know." It was truth or he didn't recognize truth.

"Let's get on with it." As he spoke, thunder quivered in the sky.

"Mr. Struyker called me the afternoon I arrived. He was pleasant. He said he understood I had a package for him and he'd pick it up after dinner. That was agreeable. But I was worried. Because the package hadn't arrived. I didn't know what had happened to you. But it worked out all right. The package was there by seven. When Mr. Struyker came for it, I gave it to him." A blast of thunder split the yellowing sky.

He said, "We'd better move inside. It's coming fast." The first drops were falling as they ran toward the house. "I have to see to the windows. The library's there."

"Let me go with you."

"Afraid of storms? Or just afraid?"

She didn't answer but she followed him. If Francisca were near, the clatter of Dulcinda's heels was an advance warning. He thought he saw a shadow in the bedroom corridor but it was no more than a trick contrived by a half-opened door.

"Now that the hatches are battened, I'll get more beer and we'll carry on." Again she followed him. Almost as if she were the *sorbita*. The kitchen door had blown open, it banged in the wind, and the rain laid wet fingers across the floor. He made it fast. "Maybe you're afraid accidents come in threes." He uncapped two bottles, brought out fresh glasses. The others were outside in the rain. "You needn't be afraid for yourself. You're on the safe side of this. Now, it's different with me." He led her back to the library. "I'm next. Only I'm not superstitious."

He put her in the big leather chair. It fit Adam yesterday; she was slight in it. The world outside had darkened under the lowering sky and sheeted rain; the room was twilit. Too dark to watch her face. He turned on a mellow lamp.

She said, "You have a nice home."

"Yes. I like it."

"Have you always lived here? When you were a little boy?"

"I was born here."

"I suppose you had a sand pile when you were a little boy. I always wanted a sand pile. I read about one in a book once. We used to go to the seashore some summers but that was different. A sand pile would be something you could touch, something small and your very own." A smile came to her lips. "Do you know what Tim always wanted? A red wagon. There's no room for a wagon in an apartment. That was when we lived in New York. We were very young. In Paris we lived in a hotel. When we weren't at school."

He was brusque. "And you gave Struyker the package?"

AGAIN she pushed back her hair although there was no heat in the air now. It was chill as death. "Yes. He called me from the lobby and I came down and gave it to him. He thanked me and went away. In about an hour he returned. I had joined Tim and Rags in the cantina."

"Where were they when you gave Struyker the package?"

"They'd gone down earlier. They didn't know why I was waiting upstairs."

He leaned toward her, not believing. "You mean they don't know about the package?"

"No. I didn't tell Tim that part of it. I didn't want him to know. He had enough to worry about."

If this were true, Tim would have had no reason to kill Beach. Nor would Rags. It left only Struyker or an accident. "You joined them in the cantina," he reminded her.

"Yes. And Beach was there and a lot of his friends kept coming and going from the table." She was trying to remember the sequence. "And then Mr. Struyker came back. That was when he met my brother and the others. And invited all of us to visit Los Alamos today. When he had an opportunity to speak privately to me, he told me it was the wrong package. He seemed quite disturbed."

He'd taken the package and gone away. It was an hour before he returned, "quite disturbed." Struyker wasn't the end of the trail. He was just another of the messenger boys. It didn't take an hour to open a package and find it wrong. But to deliver it to someone who would know its wrongness, and to return, would consume an *(Continued on page 65)*

They slid down the embankment. He heard the shouts of the police. "Keep going," he told Francisca. "We've got to cross"

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

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Ann tried several times to purr, and failed, and tried again, and suddenly succeeded. She lay there purring just like a happy kitten

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I Like It This Way

By JACK FINNEY

It's not easy to convince your wife that you love her. It's not easy—but it's awfully important

"I'M LONELY," Ann Masik said. She dropped the Sunday magazine section to the floor and got up from the big easy chair. She crossed the room and sat down on the edge of the couch. "It's lonely over there," she said to her husband, and she stretched out face down beside him, her forehead on her folded arms, her pleasant face hidden, her dark hair glossy in the late-afternoon light. "Move over." She nudged him with a hip.

Charley Masik laid his magazine down, moving back on the couch; he put an arm around Ann.

"Scratch my back," she said. She nestled down into the cushions.

"Okay." He pulled her blouse out and slid his hand underneath it. "Call your directions."

"Up a little . . . little farther over. No, the other way. There," she murmured, "that's fine."

Charley smiled. "You sound like a kitten. You might purr a little; show some appreciation."

"Don't know how. No, stop! No tickling."

"Have to have a little fun."

"And cut *that* out, too. Now, stick to your scratching."

"Okay." He lay back on the cushions, his hand moving slowly under the thin cloth of her blouse.

"I love Sunday," Ann murmured, "when you're home."

Charley smiled.

"Don't you?" she said, raising her head to look at him.

"Sure."

For a moment Ann was silent, then she lowered her head again and, her voice muffled, her face hidden, said, "Charley?"

"Yeah?"

"That little leather box on your dresser. The one you keep your keys and change and things in."

"Yeah."

"Edith gave you that, didn't she?"

"Yes, I guess she did," Charley said casually. For a moment he hesitated, then he said, "I mean, yes, she did." He smiled down at Ann. "But, hell, Annie, I never think about that. It's just the box I put money and stuff from my pockets in when I change clothes at night; I never even think about where it came from." He looked at her curiously. "Why?"

"Just wondered." She shrugged a shoulder.

"Want me to get rid of it?"

"No. Don't be silly." She arched her back up against his hand. "Scratch some more."

"Okay. What about that purring?"

"I don't know how."

"It's easy." He began to make a sound like a purring cat.

"How do you do that?"

"Touch the roof of your mouth with your tongue toward the front." He opened his mouth and showed her. "Then just breathe out hard and try to say 'prrrrr.' Sort of roll the r's."

Ann tried and failed, making a spluttering sound, tried again several times, then suddenly succeeded. She lay there purring like a happy kitten.

With his finger Charley traced a half circle on Ann's back. "What's that?"

"C."

"Right." He poked her with a forefinger. "And that?"

"Period."

"Right." He traced a zigzag line, then poked again.

"M, period."

"Right. Charley Masik. That means you're branded. Now you're my woman, see?"

"I'd better be. Now rub my back." Ann resumed her purring as Charley began to massage her back. Then she said, "Write some more. Only do something harder."

"Okay, I'll do a whole word. Try to get it all at once." His finger moved rapidly over her back.

"Charley!" She raised up suddenly, glaring at him. "Now, cut that out!" Then she grinned.

"I'm shocked that you even know the word."

"Anyone who knows you knows all the words. Rub some more."

"Your back is beginning to wear away. You're essentially a sensualist."

"What?"

"I could never say it again. Look—how about a drink?"

"All right. Put some lemon in mine."

"I was going to offer you the privilege of making them."

"No, you do it so much better than poor little ol' me."

"Okay. I'm a sucker for flattery." He got up, tickling Ann suddenly and moving quickly out of her reach; then he walked to the kitchen.

WITHIN a few minutes he returned, carrying two highballs, and he sat down on the edge of the couch and handed one to Ann.

She took it and sat up. She tasted her drink, staring absently ahead, then she looked at Charley and smiled. "We have fun, don't we?"

"Yeah, we do."

"We really haven't done anything all day. Just lounged around. But it's fun; the kind of Sunday you like. At least I do."

"Me, too."

"Really?"

"Certainly." He glanced at her. "Did you think I didn't?"

"I just wondered. It's so different from the kind of life you used to lead. Isn't it?"

"Sure. Different and a million times better."

For a moment she was silent, then impulsively she said, "Charley? Did you ever—" She stopped.

He grinned. "Go ahead. I know what you were going to say, I think."

"Well—oh, this is silly, *(Continued on page 57)*

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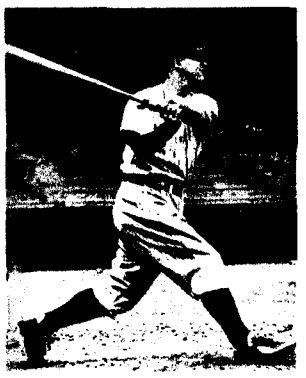
The Greatest MANAGER-

Barrow's All-Time Team



first base—GEHRIG

second base—LAJOIE

third base—J. COLLINS

shortstop—WAGNER

left field—COBB

center field—SPEAKER

right field—RUTH

catcher—BRESNAHAN

pitcher (l)—WADDELL

pitcher (r)—YOUNG

Concluding MY BASEBALL STORY

By EDWARD G. BARROW

With JAMES M. KAHN

Through a long and distinguished career devoted to the national pastime, The Man Who Built the Yankees, Ed Barrow, earned wholehearted recognition among many top observers as "the greatest executive the game has ever known." Just turned eighty-two, he has known or personally worked with just about all the great baseball personalities of his lifetime. Considering Ed Barrow's unique range of experience and his proven ability to judge talent, his selections of the outstanding stars of all time, included here, will have unusual significance for fans everywhere

VI

IN BRINGING to a close the story of my life in baseball, I want to offer my opinions on the greatest players I have seen and the greatest teams. Also, I want to name my greatest manager. He is Joe McCarthy.

Aside from his other abilities, which are considerable and outstanding, Joe McCarthy is the best manager I have ever seen when it comes to handling young ballplayers. He has great patience with them, and has a way which is unmatched in giving a young fellow confidence.

This was one of Miller Huggins' failings. The Mighty Mite certainly ranks with the great managers of all time. He belongs in any group that includes John McGraw and Connie Mack. But there was something about Hug that frightened young ballplayers. In developing young talent, McCarthy never had an equal.

Joe McCarthy's lot when he first took over the Yankees with the start of the 1931 season was not an easy one. It was several years before McCarthy had a complete hold on his team and was able to put his stamp on it. But when he did he had unprecedented success. His record of winning eight American League pennants with the Yankees and seven world championships, and never being out of the first division, speaks for itself.

Warren Brown, the Chicago sports columnist, put me on to Joe McCarthy. I met Warren, then sports columnist for the Herald & Examiner and currently with the Herald-American, at an outdoor fight in New York late in the 1930 season. Warren was sitting on a secret and was uncomfortable.

He knew that McCarthy, then manager of the Cubs, and a close friend, was not going to return to Chicago. McCarthy had told him so early that year. Knowing also that William Wrigley, the chewing-gum millionaire who owned the Cubs, intended to replace McCarthy with Rogers Hornsby, the Cub second baseman, Brown was fearful that a blowoff would come in Chicago while he was covering a fight in New York and that he would be beaten on his own story.

Happily for Brownie, he wasn't. But he told me then what he knew, and I gave him another secret to share. I told him we were going to get a new manager to replace Bob Shawkey.

"You'll never get anyone better than McCarthy," Brown said.

In late September, just before the season ended, McCarthy quit as manager of the Cubs and Hornsby was named to succeed him. Brown got his scoop.

"Greatest three-way parlay I ever had," Warren said later. "I popped the story: McCarthy quits as manager of the Cubs—Hornsby will be the new Cub manager—and McCarthy will manage the Yankees."

Brown had to wait a little while for the third horse in his parlay to come in. But not too long. The Athletics and Cardinals played the World Series that fall. I sent Paul Krichell to Philadelphia to find McCarthy and tell him I wanted to see him. He came to New York and we had a meeting with Colonel Ruppert at the colonel's apartment at 1120 Fifth Avenue.

That was a pretty funny meeting. McCarthy laid down his terms and we started to talk it over. Every so often Ruppert would excuse himself, beckon to me to come into the next room, and we would have a private conference. He must have done this a dozen times. Finally Joe said, "Colonel, those are my terms. After all, you're the one who asked me to come up here."

And he started for the elevator.

Ruppert called him back, and McCarthy was signed.

Later I said to Joe:

"What would you have done if the colonel hadn't called you back?"

"I'd have kept on going," McCarthy said. "I started out of there and I couldn't have done anything else."

Ruth resented the appointment of McCarthy, and this remained a trying situation until the Babe quit the Yankees in the winter of 1934-'35 and signed with the Boston Braves as vice-president, assistant manager and outfielder. McCarthy didn't have an easy time until he quit.

In 1933 we offered Ruth the managership of the Newark club, our top farm team. In the same year Frank Navin of Detroit asked Ruth to see him when the season was over to discuss managing the Tigers. Ruth had arranged to go to Honolulu that fall for a series of exhibition games. He didn't stop off in Detroit. When he came back he found that Navin had obtained Mickey Cochrane from the Athletics to be his manager. I don't think Ruth had a right to be upset. But he was.

During those first few years after McCarthy's arrival, things were uncomfortable. The team was not united. There were "Ruth factions," and "McCarthy factions." Mrs. Ruth and Mrs. McCarthy didn't speak. Ruth and McCarthy hardly said a word to each other. Eventually the Ruths and the Gehrigs didn't speak—and only made up when Lou was dying and his old teammates came back to honor him on Gehrig Appreciation Day, July 4, 1939.

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The All-Time TEAM

Through it all I never heard McCarthy complain, and we never discussed it, though the situation was quite obvious. The Babe finally settled things himself while he was working as a reporter during the 1934 Series by announcing that he would never sign another Yankee player's contract. In 1935 he went to the Braves, thereby relieving a situation for which I had no solution—and for which, even now, I could give no answer if I had to.

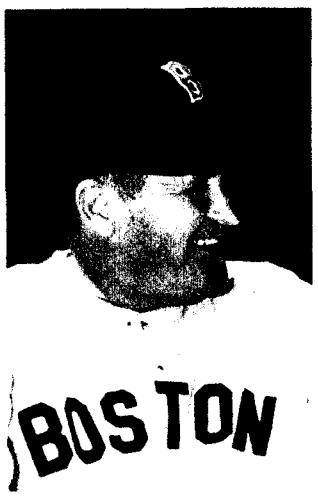
He was such a popular figure that I don't know what we would have done with him. He said he wouldn't be a player any more; and he couldn't stay as a Yankee coach. I had prepared a "provisional" contract for him for 1935—a contract calling for a token $1 a year and with provisions to pay a more logical sum depending on what the Babe eventually would do. He never signed it. Before he did, he had agreed to go with Judge Emil Fuchs and the Boston Braves. But I repeat, I don't know what we would have done if the Babe hadn't solved the situation himself.

During that trying winter of 1934, McCarthy offered to quit. Joe never told me this himself, but Colonel Ruppert did. During the winter baseball meetings, when the subject of what was going to happen to Ruth in 1935 was a very lively topic, McCarthy called Ruppert into an adjoining room at our suite in the Hotel Commodore in New York and said:

"Colonel, I don't want you to be embarrassed on my account. Don't worry about me. If you're having any problem with Ruth, I'll quit. I'll get along."

"McCarthy, you're not going to quit. You're my manager," Ruppert said.

I don't know whether this incident has ever been printed before, but that was Joe McCarthy's stand.



Barrow's All-Time Manager
JOE McCARTHY

In the years that followed we had some of the greatest teams in Yankee history: for example, the four-time pennant winners of 1936-'37-'38-'39—the only team in the 50-year history of the American League ever to win four straight times. The Babe was missed by the fans at the Stadium and he always will be missed, because he was the greatest personality baseball has ever known. But with this new era came new stars, though McCarthy, now in firm command of the club, always handled it as a team.

McCarthy never allowed one man to rise above the others—at least, not in the clubhouse or on the bench or in the observance of his rules. They were all Yankees.

Foremost among the "new" Yankees, of course, was Joe DiMaggio.

If DiMaggio had not been injured so often, and had not faced the necessity of serving in the Army for three years during the best period of his career, I have no doubt that by this time he would have established his right to be in the "all-time outfield" with Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb. He is one of the greatest outfielders I have ever known, and it may yet be that he will achieve all-time ranking. But he has not been able to play through season after season as Cobb and Speaker did. Still, it was this very tendency to injury, even at the beginning of his career, which was behind his coming to the Yankees.

DiMaggio was a sensation from the time he stepped off the sand lots of San Francisco and into the Pacific Coast League with the San Francisco club. Many clubs were interested in him, but were frightened off by the report that he had suffered a knee injury while playing shortstop for the San Francisco Seals.

It was while we were gathered at a minor-league meeting in French Lick, Indiana, in the fall of 1934 that I made the decision to gamble on DiMaggio.

The whole Yankee family was there—Colonel Ruppert, Joe McCarthy, myself and the scouts, Krichell, Johnny Nee, Joe Devine, Gene McCann and Bill Essick. Devine had been watching DiMaggio right along. He said he was outstanding. I had dispatched Essick to look over DiMaggio also. Essick had poked around on his own and found that DiMaggio had not hurt his knee while playing shortstop, but had injured it getting out of an automobile.

"I think he's worth a chance," I said, and on Essick's recommendation we bought him for $25,000. I consider that the best deal the Yankees ever made.

There is only one player who might challenge that for value received. He is Phil Rizzuto, whom we got for 20 cents.

In '37 we inaugurated player tryouts at the Yankee Stadium as a supplement to our farm system. I have never been very strong for the farm system, but since I was in it I did not want to overlook any opportunities of getting young players. I instructed Krichell to follow the example of the Giants and the Dodgers in having aspiring big-leaguers show up at the Yankee Stadium to demonstrate what they could do.

We went into the farm system in 1932. As I say, I was opposed to it. In the fall of '31 Krichell, Gene McCann, McCarthy and myself had gone up to the brewery to call on Colonel Ruppert with the idea of talking him out of the idea. He had been reading about what Branch Rickey was doing with the Cardinals' farm system, and was very agitated that we might be missing something.

We talked him out of it. McCarthy wasn't keen for the idea either, and between us we were convincing.

On the way back from the brewery I said:

"Well, I guess we took care of that."

But a couple of weeks later I was astonished to get a phone call from the colonel.

"I've just bought the Newark club," he said.

Max Steuer, the famous criminal lawyer, who also was attorney for Paul Block, owner of the Newark club, had walked into Ruppert's office one morning at eight-thirty and sold him the Newark team and the ball park.

"Well," I said. "I don't think much of it, but since you've got it, you're going to have to get someone to run it for you, because I've got enough to do with the Yankees."

We got the man that winter during the minor-league meetings, at West Baden Springs, Indiana. He was George Weiss, the present general manager of the Yankees.

Sitting in the hotel lobby with Ruppert, I saw Weiss, then general manager of Baltimore in the International League.

"There's the fellow to run your minor-league clubs," I told the colonel.

At the time I was pretty sore at Weiss. Some years before, Weiss had been running the New Haven club in the Eastern League and had booked the Yankees for an exhibition game. On the day of the game, for some reason which I don't recall, Ruth didn't show up with the rest of the *(Continued on page 36)*

Barrow's All-Time Yankee Team

first base—**GEHRIG**

second base—**LAZZERI**

third base—**ROLFE**

shortstop—**CROSETTI**

left field—**MEUSEL**

center field—**DI MAGGIO**

right field—**RUTH**

catcher—**DICKEY**

pitcher (l)—**GOMEZ**

pitcher (r)—**RUFFING**

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THE PEST

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

Joe was really my cousin—but not to me. To me he was my kid brother. It had always been that way, and that's the way I wanted to keep it

I WAS about through mowing the lawn when Joe the Pest showed up. He was plenty big enough to help mow the lawn, but you think the folks ever made him help? Not the Pest. He had an easy life, that kid. He jumped the wicket fence where it sags, and sprawled in the shade on the cut grass. He knew how to spend a hot afternoon—just find where somebody mowed a lawn and go lay on it. Some life, I thought.

"Sam," he said.

"All right," I said. "That's me, Pest. They call me Sam."

"Listen," he said. "Listen, Sam."

"Sam the handy man," I said, making the lawn mower whine along the edge of a flower bed. I was sweating and I had blisters. Somebody ought to invent a lawn you could mow in the winter, when it's cool. Why is it all the work piles up on a guy during vacation? I looked around, and the lawn was in pretty good shape. If they didn't like the shape it was in, okay, let them get someone else to do it—like the Pest. I was satisfied. I quit.

"Sam," the Pest said, "can I go fishin' with you tomorrow, huh?"

"You know the deal," I said. "A kid that ain't big enough to help a guy mow a lawn ain't big enough to help him go fishing, for free."

"Okay," he said. "You can have the agate, then." He flipped it on the grass, a milk aggie, a big one his real father sent him. It wasn't no good to him—he couldn't shoot marbles for sour apples. I picked it up, and he looked a little sad. "It oughta be worth more'n jist *once*."

"Look, Pest," I said. "This ain't no bribe, it's a *gift*." I would've said more but I saw Dad coming up the street from the depot where he is the agent, walking with his head down like he was thinking about something. "Suppertime," I said. "Go help Mom, you gold brick."

He got up and went in the house, and I took the lawn mower around to the smokehouse and got ready for supper.

Right away I knew something was wrong about supper, but I didn't know what it was. Joe was doing what he always did with his milk, taking a mouthful and then running it back in the glass so he'd still have almost a full glass when he was through with eating, and Dad wasn't paying him any mind. Usually Dad would get on him about it, but tonight he just ate and didn't say a word. I thought maybe him and Mom'd had a fuss and were still in the pouting state, but she kept giving him worried looks, so that couldn't hardly be it.

Finally he pushed his chair back and lighted a cigarette and looked at the Pest. "Got a telegram from Al today," he said.

Getting a telegram from Uncle Al was usually good news, because it meant he was coming for a visit, and he always brought presents for all of us —especially for Joe. He was Joe's real father, Uncle Al was.

Mom didn't say anything. She put her fork down and sat there just looking at Dad, and after a while he said, "Al's married."

Mom kind of gasped. "I knew it!" she said. "I *knew* it, Dennis. I've had a feeling for a long time, not hearing from him like this."

They were both looking at Joe, so I looked at him, and I couldn't see anything interesting about him. He was just eating. When he saw they were looking at him he stopped chewing and grinned a little.

"What?" he said. "What, Mama?"

She knocked over her water glass and got up from the table and beat it into the kitchen. Catch me or the Pest pulling a stunt like that and you know what we'd get. Joe's grin was a little uncertain now.

"What'sa matter, Pop?" he said. "I didn't do nothin'." He acted guilty. He was such an ornery little character that even when he hadn't done anything *lately* he probably felt guilty about something he'd done *recently*. I guess eight is the dangerous age in a kid. That's when half the stuff you want to do turns out to be something you shouldn't—or shouldn't let nobody find out about, anyway. I don't remember how it is to be eight. It's tough enough being almost twelve. My gosh, the stuff you're not supposed to do no matter how old you are!

"Is Uncle Al coming to visit us?" I said, and Dad said, "That's about the size of it, Sam."

I said, "How long will he be here?"

"Just long enough," Dad said. "Just long enough, Sam."

I was too tired from mowing the lawn to figure that one out. I was through eating, so I got up from the table and turned on the radio. I've got the listening habit, even in the summer. Joe went on eating, and pretty soon Mom came in and started clearing the table. Her eyes looked red, but I was too tired to figure that one out, too. Joe pushed his plate away and polished off his milk, and I'll bet that's a real treat, drinking milk you already had in your mouth fifty times. I'll bet that's great, drinking old stale secondhand milk like that. He got up from the table and looked at Mom.

"What'sa matter, Mama?" he asked her.

SHE sat down on her chair and put her arms around him. "God love you!" she said, and she looked at Dad with her face all twisted up. "When is he coming, Dennis?" she asked Dad, her voice all shaky.

"Tomorrow on the twelve-ten," Dad said. "*They'll* be here tomorrow on the twelve-ten, Helen."

"Lemme go, doggone it," Joe said.

"I almost hope there's a train wreck, Lord forgive me," Mom said.

"There won't be." Dad sighed and rubbed his eyes like they were tired. "You've known it would happen, sooner or later, Helen."

"No," Mom said. "If he could get along eight years without a woman, he could get along forever. It isn't fair, Dennis."

"He couldn't very well get married in the Pacific," Dad said, "or in the hospital, could he? You must have figured as soon as he got on his feet again— It was inevitable. Al's not a monk."

"Lemme *loose*," Joe said.

Mom turned him loose, still looking at Dad. "It isn't fair," she said. "It isn't fair, Dennis."

"Don't tell *me*," Dad said. "Tell Al. You think I like it, Helen?"

"Probably some floozy," Mom said, sounding mad. "I'll bet some little chippy married him just for his disability pension."

I got up and went outside, and Joe followed me, scowling. It was beginning *(Continued on page 45)*

I picked up the agate and held it in the palm of my hand. "Look, Pest," I said. "This ain't no bribe, it's a gift"

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LEN OEHMAN

GISELLE

By MIKE DETZER

I HEARD the story of Giselle from a French sailor I met in a bistro one night in Paris a year after V-E Day. This French sailor was very friendly to me, and I bought him a lot of drinks. It was worth it just for the sake of hearing him tell about Giselle.

The sailor never did tell me her last name, but he said she was beautiful. "Majestic" was the word he used, being careful to let me know that his standards of beauty were higher than those of American GIs and their pin-up girls. He did quite a lot of gesturing when he described her charms in detail, so it wasn't hard to get the point.

Giselle—so the sailor said—was only sixteen years old when the Germans first came to Paris on June 14, 1940. Until then, Giselle had lived in a small hotel, a *pension,* in one of those highly respectable but no longer elegant suburbs south of the city. The hotel was owned by her father. The girl had worked there, helped her mother with the dusting and the making of beds, carried wine to the suites of the wealthier guests, set the long table and stacked dishes in the old kitchen.

Giselle had a happy life. She loved the little hotel, and she loved its people. She had never known harshness or brutality in her whole life—until the Nazis came.

The hotel was far from the Arc de Triomphe and for several days the family did not hear the goose step of victorious Nazi boots. Giselle's father disappeared to fight in the underground. The girl and her mother stayed, but there was no trade to keep them busy. The heart of the great city had been ripped out and Paris was like a city of the dead. Her citizens walked numbly through the fog of rumor created by the suave Nazi officialdom and the collaborationists.

Then, one Sunday morning, a tall officer hammered on the hotel's big front door, gave the remaining guests an hour to vacate, and told the proprietress to prepare for a new tenant. Later the tenant himself came. He was a colonel, a florid man whose wheeze and paunch were no credit to a self-styled race of supermen. Behind him were two servants and the colonel's blond, brittle-faced wife.

The woman took charge at once. She sat down in the best chair, lighted a perfumed cigarette, and glanced coolly around the room.

"Dispose of those two," she told an orderly, pointing with the cigarette at Giselle and her mother. "No, wait a moment." She hesitated. "I think I'll keep the girl to wait on me. She'll make an interesting young playmate for our gallants."

The orderly grinned.

"For our young lieutenants," the colonel's lady said sharply, and the orderly's grin vanished. "Put the old one out of here, and mind your place." . . .

For the next two years, Giselle ate whatever food was left by the colonel's orderlies, she washed the frail lingerie of the colonel's lady, and, as many nights as she dared, she bolted the door of her small attic room against the colonel's staff. She learned, of course, how to hate.

She hated until her insides shook from hating. She hated until she had to fight constantly with herself to keep from spitting, yelling, killing.

In the spring of 1941 she saw her father's body lying in a gutter, and there was too much hate in her to let her cry. Occasionally she visited her mother, now living with friends in a tenement in the city.

She hated until her insides shook from hating. Giselle had to fight with herself to keep from killing

That was the surface of her life—but only the surface. The real story is buried in the records of the resistance movement and in the memories of Giselle's comrades. Giselle was only a bit player in the drama of the underground; what she could learn in the colonel's household was seldom of great importance. But it helped a little.

When the Gestapo discovered her at last and came to the hotel, the colonel's lady made them wait downstairs while she meted out her own punishment to Giselle. It was a mistake. The colonel's lady used a vial of acid, but the French girl went out a window and over the rooftops. The acid left her face raw with burns.

Then Giselle began to follow the underground road to safety; her scars had made her useless as an agent. She went south, slowly, still weak, suffering from the acid and the anguish in her soul, over the mock border into Vichy France, and finally, God knows how, across the Mediterranean to the new American beachheads in North Africa. More than a year after her flight from Paris, she arrived at Fighting French headquarters in London.

In England, they grafted new skin until Giselle's scars were vague and only added to the nobility of her face. She worked at a minor clerical job in French headquarters, she fell in love with a young French officer, and her story should have ended there.

But one night soon after D day, a buzz bomb hit a building near the apartment where Giselle lived. The window shattered in her room; fragments of glass lodged in her eyes and she was made permanently blind.

When she left the hospital, her French officer guided her to a church and married her, and as soon as Paris was free again he took her home to wait in the old family hotel until he was demobilized. Her mother was there already, thin and hungry and bitter and old. Soon the war ended.

GISELLE'S husband stayed in the army for some time after the German surrender. He was promoted to major, and sent to new duty in the battered city of Berlin. There, in the French zone, he found a house and sent for his wife.

He was happy and proud as he led Giselle carefully up the high stone steps and into the living room. It was their first real home, even if it was in a hated city.

"Nine rooms," he explained gaily, "and the former mistress of the house comes with it. I wish we could have a French girl to help you about, but you'll have to use this German woman. Frau Brunig," he called, "come here."

"Ja, Herr Major."

Giselle heard familiar footsteps coming into the room. First she was afraid, and then the hate came back. "I know that voice," she said.

The colonel's lady got down on her knees when she saw Giselle and groveled on the floor.

"Mercy," she begged, "have mercy, please God."

Giselle walked over toward the woman's voice, felt for the woman with both hands, and slapped the colonel's lady in the face.

"Mercy, mercy!" the woman kept pleading hysterically. "I'm just an old widow now—have mercy—"

Giselle stepped back and struggled with the hate. Her lips quivered slightly, but her eyes held the proud blank stare.

"I'll call the War Crimes people," her husband said.

Giselle was silent for a long moment.

Then she said, "No. Let her stay."

But how she said it, in mercy or revenge, I'm not sure. The French sailor didn't say. He just repeated that she was a majestic woman. THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT

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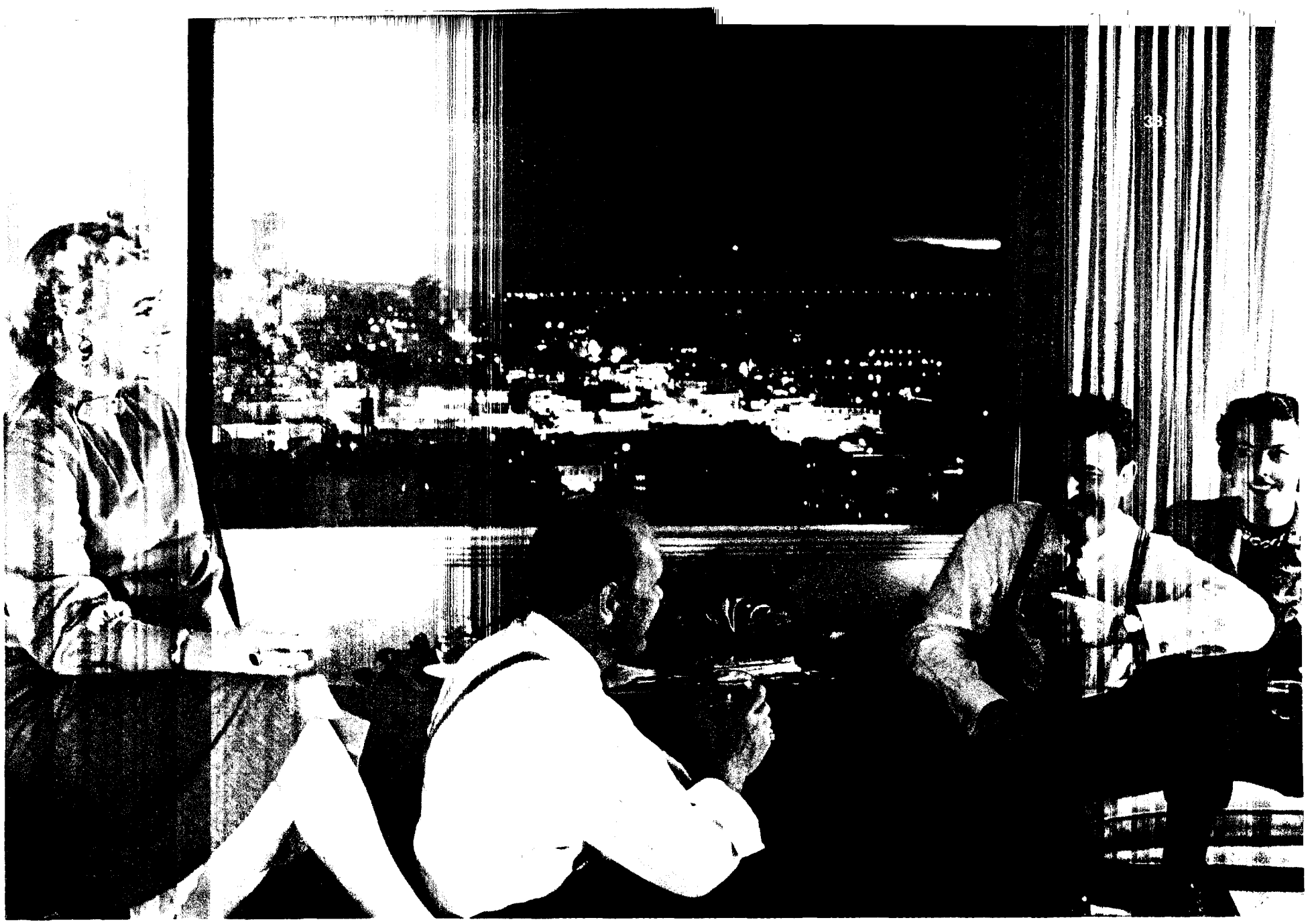

In Caen's apartment (l. to r.): Mrs. Norma Bundsen, her husband Jerry, the columnist's aide, Caen and his date Pat Knudson

Young MR. SAN FRANCISCO

BY BRUCE MANNING

A 34-year-old man on the go, Herb Caen writes a daily column with love to the city by the Golden Gate, and now rates as one of her most influential citizens

A CITIZENS' committee, organized to save San Francisco's rattling but revered cable cars from extinction, conducted a sentence-completion contest a few months ago. When the entries were opened, not one judge's eyebrow was hoisted in astonishment on finding that a goodly number of them were variations of the following theme:

"San Francisco without its cable cars would be like San Francisco without Herb Caen."

"As a matter of fact," said Mrs. Hans Klussmann, chairman of the cable car committee, "we would have been astounded if Herb Caen hadn't been mentioned in any of the entries. After all, it was in his column that we first read the city was planning to replace our beloved cable cars with busses. And since then Herb has helped our campaign with many favorable mentions. *(San Franciscans would rather lose their Bridges—including Harry—than see the cables put out to pasture.)* I don't think we'll lose this fight with 'Mr. San Francisco' on our side."

One might expect that the "Mr. San Francisco" title would be worn by a man of advanced age and accomplishment. Caen, on the contrary, is only thirty-four, and his sole claim to fame is the breezy gossip column—Baghdad-by-the-Bay—which he turns out six times a week for the San Francisco Examiner.

Despite his comparative youth, there is no doubt that the tall, trim, buoyant-spirited Caen is the caliph of the city he chooses to call Baghdad-by-the-Bay. His picture, easily identified by a shock of wiry brown hair and a nose of such prominence that a news magazine once labeled him "parrot-beaked," smiles down all over town from billboards advertising a brand of whisky. The same face can be found on posters splashed on the side panels of the Examiner's 100 gray-and-black delivery trucks—the only advertisements ever to appear on the trucks of William Randolph Hearst's oldest and most conservative newspaper.

Caen caricatures hang in many bars, night clubs and restaurants, the managers of which are unanimous in saying that "one mention in Caen's column and business is good for a month." And for the ultimate in cashing in on the columnist's name, a downtown theater manager once billed a film on his marquee as "Slattery's HurriCAEN."

All this publicity and tribute, of course, stem from the fact that Caen's column, since its start in 1938, has increased in popularity to the point where it now is a breakfast-time habit for thousands of northern Californians.

Like many other man-about-town columnists in cities outside New York—Cedric Adams in Minneapolis, Irv Kupcinet in Chicago, Neal O'Hara in Boston and Matt Weinstock in Los Angeles, to name a few—Caen serves as a one-man chamber of commerce. He's a guy in love with his city. Herb boosts the town whenever possible and delights readers with his brand of chauvinism. *(Isn't it nice that the kind of people who prefer Los Angeles to San Francisco live there?)* *(Continued on page 39)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

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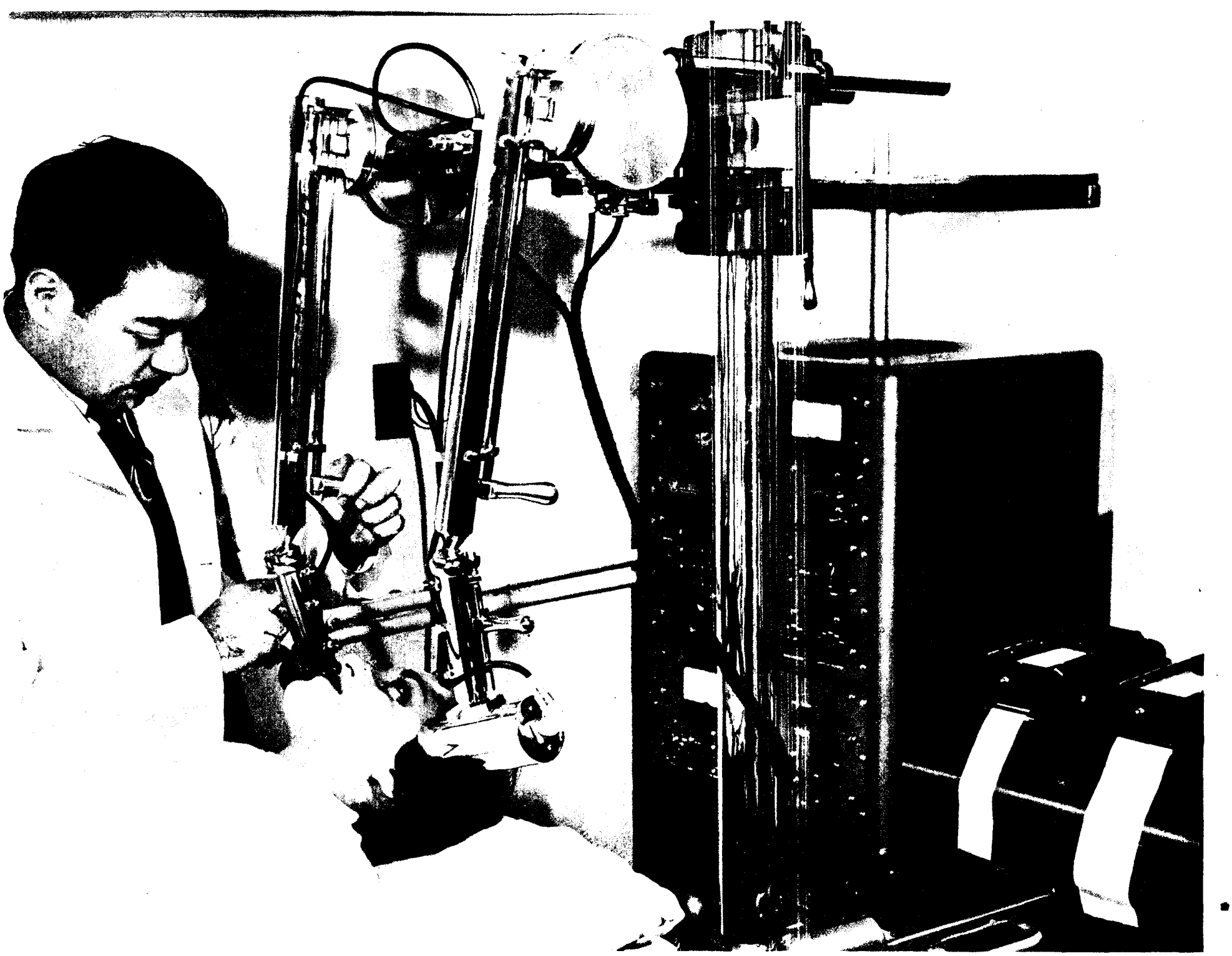

CHICAGO PHOTOGRAPHERS

Close-up of doctor and patient putting the Isotron to use. At present, this machine is the only one of its kind

Into the Mysteries of the Brain

By HERB BAILEY

Doctors at Northwestern University have developed a new atomic foe of disease. The Isotron, which detects and locates brain tumors, makes possible quick and accurate diagnosis at last

AT THIS moment, several thousand Americans —from babies to grandparents—are going about their normal activities unaware that a piece of tissue, no bigger than a kitten's eyeball, has taken a long-term lease on their brain cells. On the basis of past records, only a scant 10 per cent will survive the invasion in good shape.

The majority of these victims will be plagued by confusing symptoms ranging from hiccups to failing eyesight. By the time these symptoms are diagnosed it will be too late—too late for the doctors to do anything except make an opening in the patient's skull to relieve pressure on the brain and postpone death for a few months. Some will die without knowing about their grim visitor, otherwise identified as brain tumor, one of our deadliest and most insidious diseases.

Why are the odds so appalling? First, the marauding tumor usually develops slowly, and without telltale signs, frequently establishing an ineradicable foothold in the brain tissue before it is detected. Second, because of its inaccessible position within the bony skull case, diagnosis is a tricky and difficult process.

A patient suspected of having tumorous tissue may have to endure dozens of tests and prolonged observation before a decision is hazarded. Up to now, a specialist utilizing the finest diagnostic aids could achieve only 80 per cent accuracy in detecting the presence of a growth. And then, he could not be sure of determining its exact location within the brain.

Is there any hope for lowering these lopsided odds? The answer to that question lies in the Radioisotopic Laboratory of Northwestern University Medical School. A small group of doctors in this laboratory, which was established through the aid of a grant from the Atomic Energy Commission, have brightened the gloomy outlook with a strange, blinking, swivel-armed instrument called the Isotron Brain Tumor Detector. The Isotron is a thousand-pound, electronically equipped machine that literally "maps" a patient's brain and supplies a dependable diagnosis within two hours.

With the new Isotron, the Northwestern doctors feel they have licked the problem of detecting and locating brain tumors. On the basis of clinical tests with more than 200 patients, the machine has boosted the level of diagnostic accuracy to 95½ per cent. It has practically obliterated the bugaboo of speculation and guesswork *(Continued on page 71)*

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What a picture! With romance in the air, it's camera time

Color snapshots say it's "something special"

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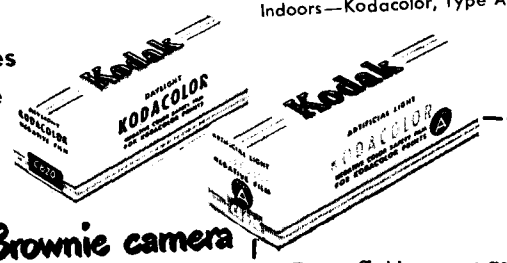

Wonderful gift for any occasion—a Kodak or Brownie camera

Tear off this corner as a reminder to get some Kodak Film. Size . . . . . .

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The Greatest Manager—The All-Time Team

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

players. It was the only exhibition game in his whole career with the Yankees that Ruth ever missed.

With Ruth absent, and a big crowd out to see him, Weiss wouldn't pay off the money that had been guaranteed us. I was mad then and I didn't get over it for many years. But when I saw Weiss walking across the lobby in West Baden Springs, I told Ruppert that he was the best man for the job. He took over, and subsequently built up a fine farm system for the Yankees.

To supplement this we had the tryouts at the Stadium, and Rizzuto was among the very first group of youngsters who showed up.

I had been a little scary about the whole thing, and before they started I had called Krichell from my downtown office.

"What are you feeding these kids?" I asked.

Paul must have thought I was roaring about treating them too well, because he said:

"Feeding 'em? I'm not feeding 'em anything."

"Well, *you* wanted something to eat when *you* played ball," I said, "so you better give them something, too."

It was agreed that we would give each candidate who showed up for a tryout two sandwiches and a bottle of milk.

Rizzuto was signed out of that first turnout. Since he had only one sandwich and a bottle of milk, we always figured that we got him for 20 cents. That makes him a bigger bargain than DiMaggio.

Incidentally, we got Rizzuto after the Dodgers and the Giants, at their own tryouts, had passed him up for being too small.

Bill Terry, then manager of the Giants, is reputed to have told him: "Beat it, boy, and buy yourself a shoeshine box."

This Deal Was No Barg in

Everything wasn't always rosy, though. We got some great ballplayers, and also suffered some great disappointments. The biggest was the deal for Lynn Lary and Jimmy Reese, which cost us $125,000. I bought them from the Oakland club of the Pacific Coast League. They were the most sought-after ballplayers in the minors, and when I bought them, Commissioner Landis called me on the phone and said:

"What are you trying to do—corner all the good ballplayers?"

Neither ever amounted to much in the big leagues, and it remains the most disappointing deal I ever made. In fact, I've got to be ashamed of it.

But over the years we made many a good one.

Joe Page may be the greatest relief pitcher in Yankee history. Certainly, I don't remember anyone who has been better over a period of time than he. But there was one fellow who was the greatest finisher for one year I have ever seen. That was Wilcy Moore.

The newspaper fellows used to say I got him out of a Sears, Roebuck catalogue. It wasn't as bad as that, but I did discover him while reading the Sporting News, the baseball weekly. Buried among the averages of the old Sally League—the South Atlantic League—was a right-hander by the name of Moore who had won 30 games and lost only four for the Greenville club—and he had an earned-run average of 2.86 a game.

I sent Bob Gilks to find out about him.

Gilks turned thumbs down on him.

"He can't pitch," Bob said. "And anyway, he says he's thirty, but he must be forty."

"I don't care," I said. The Greenville club had asked only $3,500 for Moore. "Anybody who can win that many games—even if he were in the Epworth League—is worth what they're asking for him." And I bought him.

He won 19 games that year, in 1927, and a game in the World Series besides. For one year, he was the best relief pitcher baseball ever saw.

At one time we also had Leo Durocher, now the manager of the Giants.

Krichell watched him play at Hartford, then owned by Jim Clarkin.

"I saw the best fielding shortstop I've ever looked at," Krichell told me. "If he only could hit."

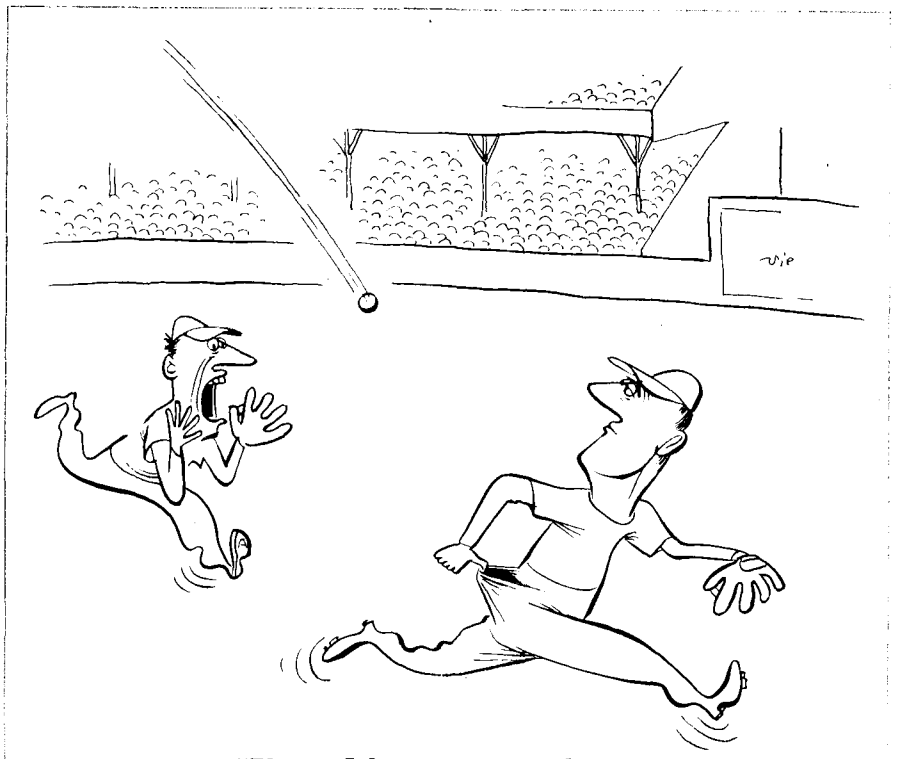
"Get him," I said. "We'll teach him to hit." We paid $6,000 for him.

We never did teach Leo to hit, though he tried hard to learn, batting left-handed for a while, and then right-handed.

One day he said to Miller Huggins:

"Well, I've tried hard and I've made it. I'm a .400 hitter now—.200 left-handed and .200 right-handed."

Leo never did learn to hit and I sold him to Cincinnati a couple of years later for $10,000.



COLLIER'S — **"Please, Johnston . . . just because we're ahead 5 to 3 . . ."** — VIRGIL PARTCH

One of the great Yankees must always be Lefty Gomez, the backbone of the pitching staff of some of Joe McCarthy's finest teams.

When I bought Lefty from the San Francisco club of the Pacific Coast League in 1929 he was a nineteen-year-old kid standing six feet, one inch and weighing not more than 160 pounds. He was as skinny as a reed.

We sent him to St. Paul for more seasoning and had his teeth fixed and put him on a milk diet to fatten him up. He had a terrific fast ball, but didn't appear to have the stamina to last out a season in the big leagues.

"You put on 20 pounds," someone said to him, "and you'll make 'em forget Lefty Grove."

When Gomez came back to the Yankees with a new set of teeth and 20 additional pounds, he couldn't get anybody out.

"I put on the 20 pounds," he said, "and almost made 'em forget Gomez."

That was typical of Lefty. He had a great competitive spirit, a great sense of humor and a great winning temperament. The Yankees never had another left-hander like him. I must rank him as the best Yankee southpaw of them all, because he spent his whole career with the Yankees. Herb Pennock, who was undeniably one of the greatest the game has ever known, had 10 years with the Athletics and the Red Sox before he achieved greatness with the Yankees. In striving to keep the Yankees up on top, I drove my scouts hard, combing the minor leagues, the independent leagues and the colleges. I don't think any big-league club ever had the success with college ballplayers that the Yankees had.

We not only got Lou Gehrig from Columbia, but Johnny Murphy and Hank Borowy from Fordham; Charlie Keller from the University of Maryland, Red Rolfe from Dartmouth, Johnny Broaca from Yale, Vic Raschi from William & Mary, and Charley Devens from Harvard.

Devens, who was also a good football player at Harvard and came from one of Boston's old social families, quit after only a couple of years to go into banking in Boston. I hoped to the last that he wouldn't. Charley was a bit of an oddity on the Yankees. Most of the players had never been that close to a Harvard man before. But he was extremely popular, extremely likable, and, if he had decided to stay in baseball, would certainly have been one of the greatest of all right-hand pitchers. He had everything, including a winning temperament and a fine disposition.

Krichell handled most of the college scouting. Paul has finesse. He also has a good deal of humor, and never got over the bawling out I gave Johnny Nee when Johnny was scouting through the South for us one year, leisurely covering his territory in his automobile.

"Get out of that thing," I said, "and take the train. What are you selling—lightning rods?"

I never wanted to miss out on anything simply because I was too late. That's why I rarely wrote letters or sent telegrams. Whenever I could I used the telephone.

In the matter of signings Colonel Ruppert always handled the Babe himself, though after discussing it with the colonel I would make out Ruth's first contract. It has been said and written many times that the celebrated signings at the Ruppert brewery, which used to receive national attention, were staged for publicity purposes. This wasn't so. There was never any necessity to stimulate publicity for the Babe. He was a "newspaper natural." But his contracts involved large sums of money, and the colonel enjoyed these periodic excitements. Otherwise, he always left all contract negotiations to me.

Some of the least troublesome and best-behaved players on the ball field—the ones who had angelic dispositions in the public mind—were among the toughest to sign. Bill Dickey was one. I always had trouble with him. And gentle-mannered little Frankie Crosetti was another. He was a villain, several times holding out to the very last day before we started training. One year, after I had had many discussions with him, by letter and by phone, I finally gave in—and then, after all was settled, he laid down one more condition—I had to pay his wife's railroad fare from his home in San Francisco to the Florida training camp!

Charlie Ruffing was another shrewd dealer, but I was fond of him, and he knew it. One winter I got him on the phone at his home in Chicago after he had returned several contracts.

"Listen, you squarehead," I said. "Stop this nonsense and sign your contract or I'll punch you in the nose."

"I don't think you can do it, Ed," Charlie said. "I think I can lick you."

This was all in jest, but Ruffing didn't fool when it came to trying to get all that he thought was coming to him.

Holdouts After a Big Season

Along these lines, the most amusing of all my signing experiences goes back to the winter of 1927—the year of the greatest of all Yankee teams. Everyone had had a big season that year—that was the campaign in which Ruth hit his 60 home runs, and we beat the Pirates four in a row in the World Series. Everyone, it seemed, was holding out. I was having trouble with Meusel, Hoyt, Dugan, Pennock, Lazzeri, even Earle Combs. And there was still one other, Gene Robertson, a cocky little third baseman we had obtained from the St. Louis Browns as a utility infielder. Gene was only a substitute, but he had caught the fever. He sent his contract back to me several times. Finally, I got pretty irritable about it and wrote him to the effect that everyone was demanding the limit, and that if every demand was granted there soon wouldn't be any money left in the club treasury.

Robertson signed his contract and returned it with a note.

"I herewith hasten to return my signed contract," he wrote. "I do not want to be pointed out around New York next summer as the man who broke Colonel Ruppert."

The year after Colonel Ruppert died, Joe DiMaggio held out for $50,000. I got up to $30,000 and we finally settled for $32,500. Mrs. Barrow told me to give it to him. She was always on the side of the ballplayers.

Lou Gehrig never wanted to do business with Colonel Ruppert. He always preferred to talk contract with me. When I lived in Larchmont, Lou lived in another New York suburb, nearby New Rochelle. He used to come over on Sunday nights with his wife Eleanor, and we would have many a pleasant evening together. Sooner or later Lou would get me off and we would talk contract. We settled our business that way. I felt that I had lost a son when Gehrig died.

I was elected president of the Yankees on January 17, 1939. Colonel Ruppert died on January 13th, and at a meeting of the board of directors four days later the colonel's brother, George, who was vice-president, was proposed as president. He declined, nominating me instead, and issuing the following statement:

". . . Since the performance of many of the active executive duties has in the past devolved upon Mr. Barrow, I feel that out of consideration for the able and loyal services rendered by him for many years and in deference to the interests of the club that now must be served, it would be of the best benefit to the club if I should decline the office and permit the duties and obligations

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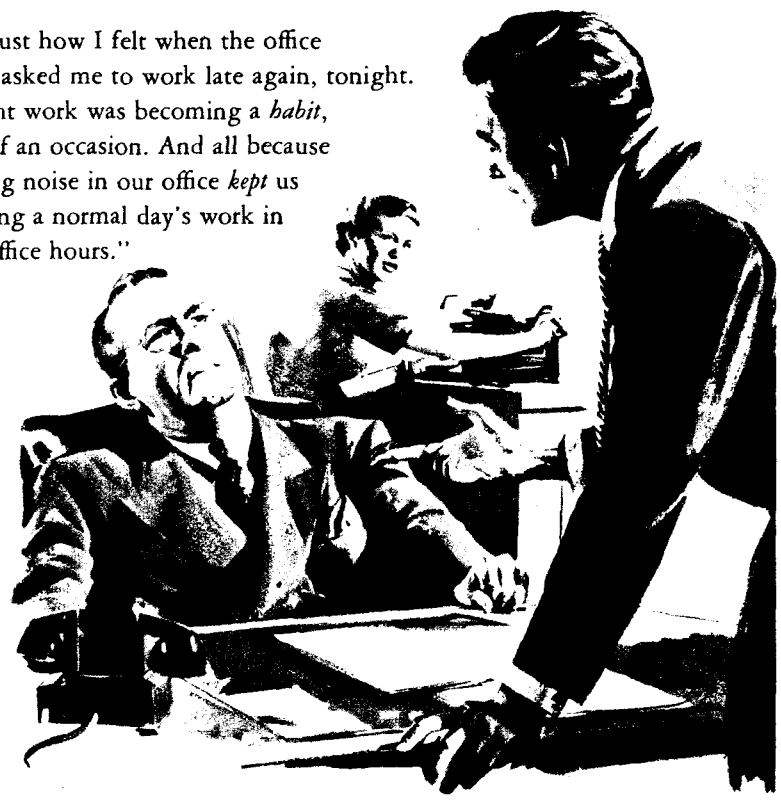
"OK, Boss...You call my wife!"

"That's just how I felt when the office manager asked me to work late again, tonight. This night work was becoming a *habit*, instead of an occasion. And all because distracting noise in our office *kept* us from doing a normal day's work in regular office hours."



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of president to rest upon the broad and capable shoulders of Edward G. Barrow."

This was a great day for me, and I must say that I was proud. Mrs. Barrow and I had an extra cocktail that night before our dinner. It had been a long pull from clerking at the old Staley Hotel in Pittsburgh, and managing the Wheeling club in the old Iron & Oil League.

And it was a sad day when I resigned as president on February 21, 1945. Larry MacPhail and his partners, Dan Topping and Del Webb, had bought the club from the Ruppert heirs for $2,900,000 and MacPhail took over as president.

Jim Farley at one time had seriously been interested in buying the Yankees. He had the necessary financial backing, from people like Jesse Jones. But it was wartime, things were uncertain, and Jim didn't pursue his original interest. By the time he was ready to resume negotiations the club had been sold.

I would have enjoyed working with, and for, Jim Farley. But though MacPhail, Topping and Webb created a title for me—naming me chairman of the board—and had an office fixed up for me in their handsome new suite on Fifth Avenue, I knew, as I have always maintained, that no ship can have two captains and there can be only one directing head of a ball club. It was not the place for me and I retired.

I've never liked being idle—no more so today at eighty-two than I ever have. I was always happy in baseball, and my only regret now is that I am not still in it.

In naming all-star teams one's sympathies and preferences naturally go with the players one had most to do with.

It's not easy, for example, to pass over men like Earle Combs, who was not only one of the greatest of center fielders, but one of the finest human beings who ever put a foot on the ball field.

Miller Huggins once said to me:

"If you had nine Combses on a ball club you could go to bed every night and sleep like a baby."

Earle lacked a throwing arm, but this was his only weakness. He was a smashing hitter, a fine base runner, a fleet and sure catch in the outfield, and an unerring judge of fly balls. I think he was the best leadoff man of all time.

There are others—second basemen like Eddie Collins and Charley Gehringer; great pitchers like Matty and Walter Johnson; great outfielders and hitters like Joe Jackson. (What would a fellow like Jackson have done against the lively ball of today?) It's difficult to pass over such players; and almost impossible to make comparisons between the players of one generation and those of another, where playing conditions are so different and actually offer no basis for comparison.

But looking back over more than 50 years, these are the ultimate judgments I would have to stand by:

ALL-TIME TEAM

1b Lou Gehrig
2b Napoleon Lajoie
3b Jimmy Collins
ss Hans Wagner
lf Ty Cobb
cf Tris Speaker
rf Babe Ruth
c Roger Bresnahan
p (left-handed) Rube Waddell
p (right-handed) Cy Young

Of all the Yankee teams which won pennants, from the first one in 1921 to the latest one last year, I would pick the team of 1927 as the best. But while it has a real claim, in my opinion, to being possibly the best that baseball has ever known, my own selection is the White Sox of 1919—the team which, unhappily, has come to be known as the Black Sox because of its dishonest part in the crooked World Series of that year with the Cincinnati Reds. As an all-around ball club, I never saw its equal. It had everything—pitching, power, defense and perfect balance. There wasn't a weakness on it.

Ed Barrow's autobiographical story of baseball, concluding with this week's installment, will be out in September as a book. Published by Coward-McCann, the new title for it will be: My Fifty Years in Baseball

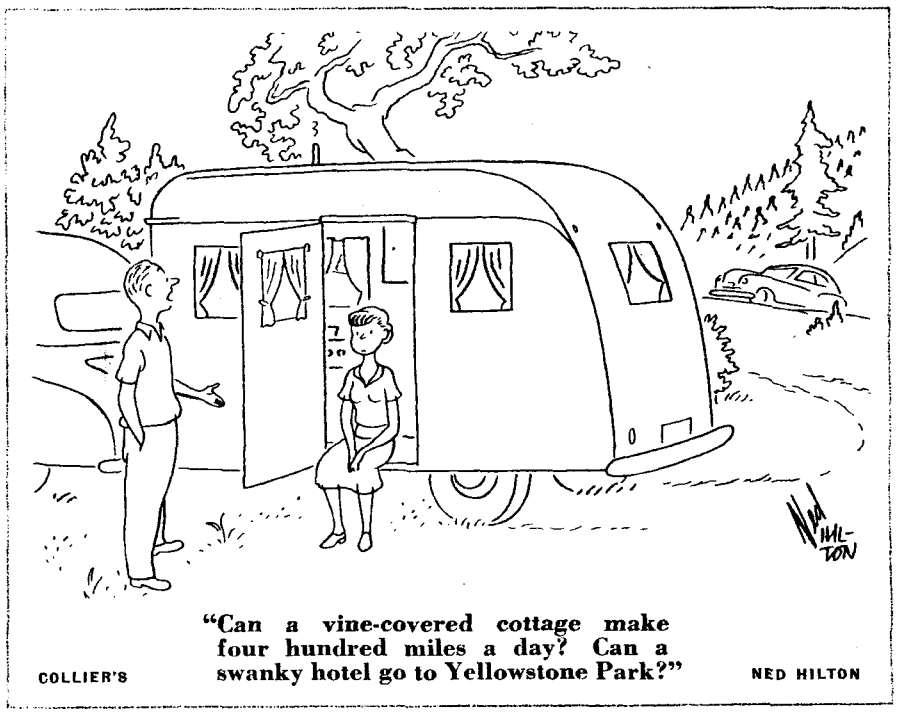
And as an all-time Yankee team I would name the following:

1b Lou Gehrig
2b Tony Lazzeri
3b Red Rolfe
ss Frank Crosetti
lf Bob Meusel
cf Joe DiMaggio
rf Babe Ruth
c Bill Dickey
p (left-handed) Vernon Gomez
p (right-handed) Red Ruffing

Hans Wagner, of course, is my choice as the greatest ballplayer of all time. There was nothing he could not do and do superbly on a ball field—at any position.

The game today still is great—still the finest to play and watch that any country has. I would like to see the runaway trend to night baseball curtailed. Baseball is still a game of sunshine—of summer days under a blue sky. But I have had my day. I have no desire to tell those now entrusted with its welfare what to do. I would leave them this advice, however:

Remember, always, that baseball belongs to the American people. THE END



"Can a vine-covered cottage make four hundred miles a day? Can a swanky hotel go to Yellowstone Park?"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

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Young Mr. San Francisco

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

Happily for Caen, his flair for phrasing and his sensitivity to people burgeoned in San Francisco, with its distinctive geography and atmosphere. Cleverly coupling his environment with his fine eye for oddities and his talents as a raconteur, Caen daily serves a potpourri of anecdotes, personality sketches, reminiscences, observations, gossip and pleasant sentiment, flavored with dashes of irony, humor, pathos and satire. This piquant mélange, Caen has found, suits the taste of the majority of his readers.

"The secret of Caen's success," a rival newspaperman once commented, "is his outstanding ability to take a wisp of fog, a chance phrase overheard in an elevator, a happy child on a cable car, a deb in a tizzy over a social reversal, a family in distress and give each circumstance the magic touch that makes a reader an understanding eyewitness of the day's happenings."

Glamorizing the City's Fogs

Consider, for example, the manner in which San Francisco's Boswell treats fog. That's one weather phenomenon most cities don't boast about. And San Francisco was ashamed of it too in the years B.C. (before Caen). But now the columnist makes the fog seem good enough to eat. *(The early, swirly afternoon fog filtering silently through the harp strings of the Golden Gate Bridge, curling around the "lost" island of Alcatraz in the middle of the Bay and stealing up the cliffs of Telegraph Hill to blot out the white shaft of Coit Tower . . . It stays only a few hours—long enough to take the curl out of most women's hair, but at the same time toning up their complexion in a way that even Elizabeth Arden might envy.)*

Not a hatchet man, Caen is never malicious in his column, and almost never political. He works on the journalistic premise that "names make news," but Caen goes one step further and insists that every item have a "gimmick." In other words, it's not an item to Caen that Secretary of State Dean Acheson dined on one of the Palace Hotel's famous Green Goddess salads while visiting San Francisco. But if the Secretary ordered *Russian* dressing for it, then it would be a good bet that you'd read about the incident the next day in Baghdad-by-the-Bay.

"A big name sometimes can carry a weak item," says Caen. "But Joe Blow has to do something pretty funny or pretty spectacular to make a usable insert."

Caen's extremely readable column, which usually runs 1,300 words or about 25 items long, often contains anecdotes about persons on opposite poles of the social sphere. For instance, only three dots might separate juxtaposed items on two San Franciscans named Elmer—the first about Mayor Elmer Robinson and the second about gambler Elmer (Bones) Remmer. And, oddly enough, the tips for both items probably came from the individuals mentioned themselves.

Herb has an army of loyal tipsters, none of whom is paid for his tips. His telephone undoubtedly is more important to him than his typewriter. It rings constantly as the volunteers from all walks of life call in with anecdotes and information. One minute it may be Sallee Hanlon, Mayor Robinson's secretary at City Hall, saying: "Just a minute, Mr. Caen, the mayor wants to talk to you." And the next ring may find another Sally—Sally Stanford, who gained notoriety as the town's best-known madam—tipping Caen to a juicy tidbit of gossip.

During the recent perjury and conspiracy trial of Harry Bridges, the oft-tried union boss, Caen printed an item about F. Joseph (Jiggs) Donohue, federal prosecutor of the case. At one point during the wearying three-month trial, which he eventually won, Donohue addressed some law students at the University of San Francisco. "Study hard," Donohue advised them, "and maybe you'll prosecute the sixth Bridges trial." The anecdote drew chuckles all over town, but none so loud as would have been heard had the readers known Caen's source for the yarn. It came from defendant Harry Bridges, who picked it up in the courtroom buzz and phoned it back to Herb at the Examiner.

Caen, often called "The West Coast Winchell," says Winchell is his idol and frankly admits he originally patterned his writing after the New York columnist's style. "Winchell is still The Man—capital 'T,' capital 'M,'" says Herb. "Nobody tops him in handling an item."

Whiffs of Winchell appear in Baghdad-by-the-Bay, especially in the coinage of telescoped words—*Nobhillionaire* (wealthy Nob Hill resident); *T'graphilliterati* (arty set dwelling on Telegraph Hill); *guessip* (gossip); *skidrowgue* (down-and-outer); *boyby* (boy baby), and *alcohalls* (bars).

The similarity to any other columns ends there, however. Caen never troubles himself with world or national affairs and, indeed, will not touch an item unless it concerns San Francisco or San Franciscans. His sharp, pungent prose is aimed to catch the tempo of the town, and it does that so successfully that the chamber of commerce credits Caen with luring thousands of visitors to San Francisco to help boost the city's annual tourist trade of nearly $40,000,000.

If Herb has any writing weakness, it is that he is an incurable punster. He liberally sprinkles his Baghdad column with wordplays originated by himself and by others. Some are good—like the one he quoted when a midtown club decided to close its foyer where a group of seedy-looking old-time chess players gathered daily. *(They're just trying to pull their chess nuts out of the foyer.)* Some are mildly amusing, like his comment on the heavy Chinatown flavor of the San Francisco telephone directory. *(The book lists 257 Wong numbers.)* But most are real "groaners"—like the son of a widower speaking to the young thing who married his father in Sacramento rather than San Francisco. *(Whatzamatta? Couldn't you bag Dad by the Bay?)*

Unlike most columnists, Caen is a man who remains entirely unimpressed by his own importance. Modest almost to the point of naïveté, Caen sincerely insists that "after all these years, I still don't know what makes a good item." According to Herb, the columns he likes best seldom click big; and those he thinks are corny and too sentimental draw the most reader mail and requests for reprints. "I guess the only way to explain it," says Caen, "is that the San Franciscan is hopelessly sentimental, and I am hopelessly San Franciscan."

A Managing Editor's Opinion

Bill Wren, the Examiner's managing editor and the man who now edits Caen's columns, has a different explanation. "There are only two kinds of newspaper columns," Wren says. "Those that people read, and those that people don't read. Caen has captured the spirit of this town and can get it down on paper better than anyone else. It's as simple as that. There have been about 10 other columnists who have tried to match Caen since he first started, and all of them flopped because they just didn't have it."

Bill Wren should know. He was the person most disappointed by the flop of pretenders to Caen's crown during Caen's 14 years' association with the Chronicle. It was Wren who started several rival columnists on the Examiner in an attempt to pull circulation away from the Chronicle, the home-owned paper on which Caen was a columnist until January of this year.

Herb's first job was on the Sacramento Union, where he handled stints as a police reporter and sports writer for $25 a week. It was Steve George, then Union sports editor, who shortened Herbert Eugene Caen

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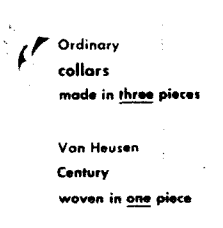

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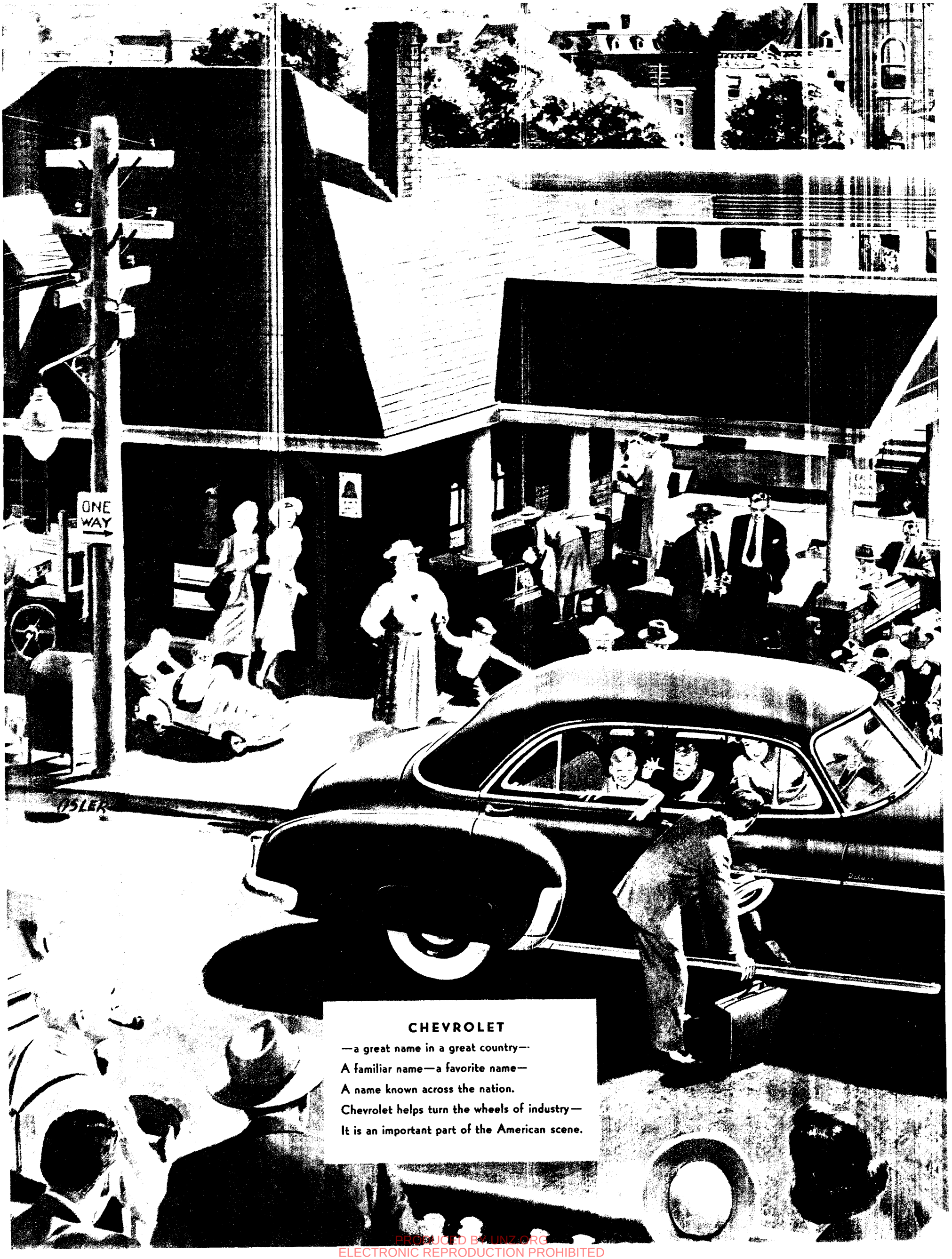

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"Look at that! The whole crowd has to stop right in the middle of the rush hour! Just to look over a new Chevrolet! Well, I can't really blame 'em! Never saw a better lookin' car. An' I know I *never* drove a car I like so well. Yep, I'll take a Chevrolet every time!"

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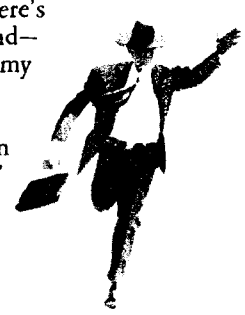

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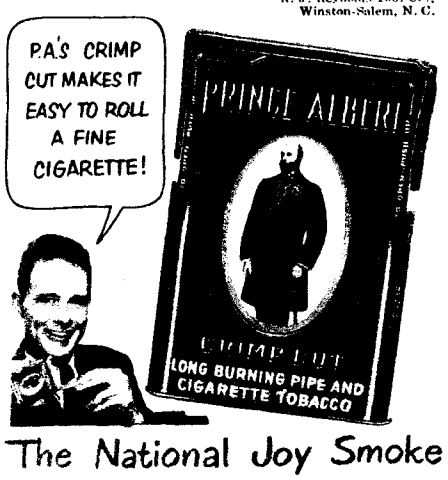


The National Joy Smoke

to the now well-known Herb Caen. "Who ever heard of a sports writer named Herbert Eugene Caen?" snorted George, running a stubby copy pencil through the by-line.

In 1936, Paul C. Smith, then twenty-seven and known as the "boy wonder editor" of the Chronicle, had to find a replacement for the late radio columnist Dinty Doyle, who was quitting San Francisco for New York. Smith ordered all the papers from surrounding towns and began to scan their columns for a potential radio writer.

"I think it was a sports story by Herb Caen in the Union that caught my eye," Smith recalls today. "Anyway, I called Herb on the phone. I was pretty cocky myself in those days so I merely said, 'This is Smith of the San Francisco Chronicle.' Caen's answer floored me. 'Yes, Smith,' he replied, 'what can I do for you?' Thoroughly deflated, I had to tell him my position on the paper. Herb gulped, but managed to retain enough composure to listen eagerly to my proposition."

A few days later Herb drove down to San Francisco for an interview. En route over the Bay Bridge, the wind lifted his hat and blew it into the bay. Since Smith hired him to replace Doyle at $50 a week later that day, Caen considered the hat-in-the-bay incident a good omen and has gone hatless ever since.

It wasn't long before Herb made his radio ramblings the best-read in town. Even in those days he couldn't resist branching out of his field with choice items on other subjects. He always made sure, though, that he included a radio tie-in, however remote it might be. *(Mayor Angelo J. Rossi, who was a guest on the garden club program at KYA last week, definitely will run for re-election.)*

Two years later the publishers of all San Francisco newspapers, in an effort to cut costs and to stymie a rival advertising medium, agreed to drop all radio columns. Most papers fired their radio writers on the spot, but Caen approached Smith with the idea of his doing a general column for the Chronicle. There was no such newspaper feature in San Francisco then, but the editor decided to take a flier with it.

Man Friday Joins the Staff

On July 5, 1938, under the heading It's News to Me, Caen's first column appeared. It began: *Yesterday was the Fourth of July. Today, here we are. This probably adds up to something or other, but we don't quite know what; isn't very important, however you look at it.* In the same column, Herb mentioned Jerry Bundsen, then a twenty-three-year-old radio station press agent with whom he had become friendly over their mutual interest in Benny Goodman's music. Bundsen soon went to work for Caen, first on a part-time basis and eventually full time, and has been Mr. San Francisco's Man Friday ever since.

When the editions of the Chronicle containing Herb's first column reached Sacramento, his father, Lucien Caen, hustled down to a newsstand for several copies. While he was digging for change, he noticed a bystander avidly reading the Chronicle on the page where Herb's column was printed. With fatherly pride and an ear-to-ear grin, he tapped the stranger on the shoulder and said, "My boy did that!" The senior Caen couldn't understand the look of horror the man gave him until back home he noticed the boldest headline on the page: SEX MANIAC SLAYS THREE.

Although the first column made a hit at home, it failed to excite San Francisco. It was nearly a year before it began to catch on with San Franciscans. Then gradually more and more people found that what was news to Caen was news to them, too. "I started out by writing about people who wanted to get their names in the paper," Herb says. "Then I found out that a really successful column is built around the names of those people who don't want their names in print."

Caen has never been sued for libel during his newspaper career—surely some sort of record for the type of column he writes. He has had run-ins with readers, though, and has printed retractions when he was proved wrong. As a matter of fact, Caen sometimes corrects boners in a way that would automatically banish him from the Amalgamated Association of Gossip Columnists, if such a union existed. Contrary to the usual practice, Caen never reverses himself on an item such as "Joe Blow is a crook" by printing several days later, "Don't believe those things you hear about Joe Blow." Instead, he cheerfully admits the error of his ways, under the heading "Writing the Wrongs," whenever enough of them accumulate to make up a sizable chunk of his column.

Since he's been columning San Francisco, Herb has been knocked out only once over an item, and that with a "mickey finn." The "mickey" came early in his career. On visiting a bar on Turk Street one night, Herb was amazed to discover gambling going on in a back room. Next day he reported the fact in his column, and before high noon the cops had cracked down on the joint. A few nights later, as he strolled by the raided spot, Herb spotted the proprietor standing in the doorway. Somewhat sheepish, he approached and said, "Hope I didn't cause you too much trouble with that item, Joe."

"Naw," said Joe, shaking Herb's hand. "It's all part of the game. Come in and have a drink."

Halfway through a highball, Caen suddenly realized that the latest dope he was getting wasn't the kind he could print. He dashed home, too sick to turn out his column. Somehow, he managed to drag himself out of bed early the next morning and write his piece before the deadline. Then, instead of going right home, he forced himself to drop around at the Turk Street bar. "Hiya, fellas," he said to the surprised owner and his pals. With a great effort, he ordered and drank a highball. Then, leaving the bewildered gamblers wondering what type of man this was who thrived on knockout drops, Caen went home and spent a miserable day in bed.

As the years flipped by, It's News to Me continued to lure more and more readers. By the outbreak of World War II, Herb was perhaps the most influential voice in northern California. But soon after Pearl Harbor, citizen Caen became soldier Caen.

Herb spent three and a half years in the Army, enlisting as a private and leaving as a captain. While in service, except for an occasional column mailed back to the Chronicle from overseas, he did little writing. His one attempt at free-lance writing during this period resulted in an incident which illustrates better than any other Caen's wit, charm and utterly disarming approach to the difficulties his typewriter sometimes leads him into.

A jazz purist, Caen wrote for Down Beat magazine a caustic review of the late Glenn Miller and his band, then performing for the troops in Europe. Herb was especially critical of the trombone section, taking pains to point out just how many light-years Miller's trombonists were away from jazz's great Jack Teagarden.

Shortly after the review appeared, Caen and some friends attended a rehearsal of Miller's band at the Olympia Theater in Paris. Word of his presence got around and soon one of the irate trombonists left the band, carrying his instrument. The musician walked across the stage, climbed over the pit and purposefully made his way up the aisle to the back of the theater where the unwelcome visitor was sitting. "You Herb Caen?" he said menacingly.

"Yeah," answered Herb with a smile, offering his hand. "You Jack Teagarden?"

Old Partnership Is Renewed

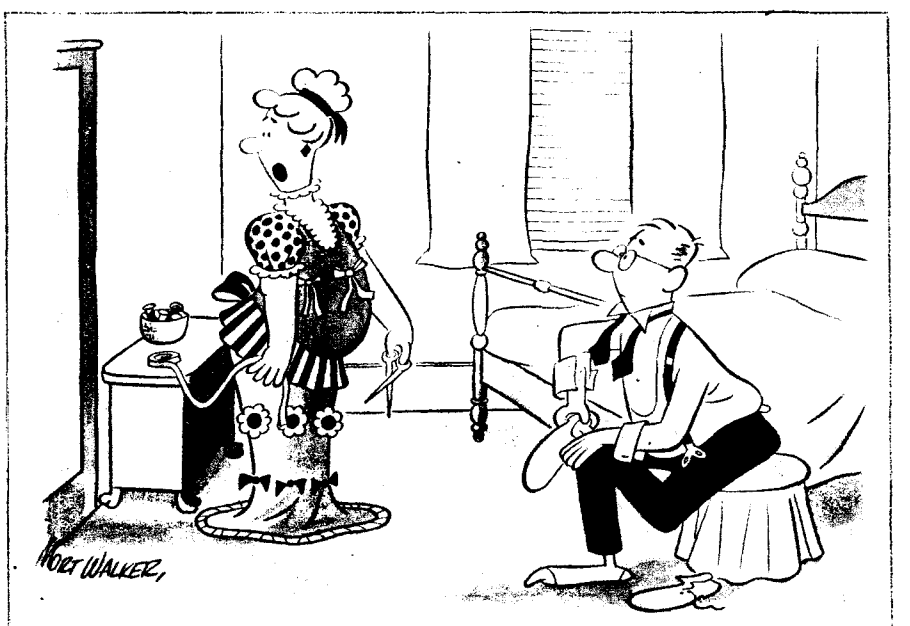
When Herb came back from service, he and Jerry Bundsen resumed their old partnership on the Chronicle. It's News to Me immediately became must reading again for San Franciscans, as Herb's love affair with the city waxed stronger than ever. *(I've been to New York, San Antonio, Chicago, Paris, Oshkosh, London, Phoenix, Rome . . . and that's why I live in San Francisco.)*

In fact, it was his renewed concentration on the column ("It's a 24-hour proposition —seven days a week") that Caen blames for his broken marriage. In 1941 he married blond Bea Matthews, a former show girl. They were divorced, on friendly terms, after the war because of the unceasing demands the job made on his free time. When they were discussing the legal end of their separation, Bea stunned Herb one day by saying she was naming a corespondent in the divorce suit. "Who?" demanded Herb indignantly, shocked that he was being accused unjustly of infidelity.

"San Francisco," was Bea's reply.

Caen received national recognition last year with the publication of the book Baghdad-by-the-Bay, an anthology of his best columns developed and expanded into what one literary critic called "an unabashed love letter to San Francisco." The volume was a national best seller, with some 40,000 sales reported up to the spring of 1950.

After publication of the book, the San Francisco Board of Supervisors publicly commended Caen "for his many literary contributions to the prestige of our community," and wags about town began calling the Chronicle the "San Francisco Caenicle." But Herb wasn't completely happy. Although he had a five-figure salary, additional pay boosts failed to materialize. Caen worked at an old wooden desk, badly



"One of these days you'll have to buy me a new formal. I can't keep adding things to this old one much longer"

COLLIER'S — MORT WALKER

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scratched and bearing the scars of numerous cigarette burns, which once belonged to Domei, the prewar Japanese news agency. Some of the Chronicle offices had been given new furniture, but not the columnist's.

"Frankly," Herb remarked to Jerry at the time, "I'm getting kind of tired of always being treated as 'the kid from Sacramento.' "

One morning during this period of low morale, Jerry Bundsen rode up to San Francisco on a commuter train from his suburban home in San Carlos with Clint Mosher, a reporter for William Randolph Hearst's Examiner, the city's largest paper, with a circulation of 220,000 daily and 581,000 Sunday. As they talked shop informally, Mosher got the idea that everything wasn't too rosy for Caen and Bundsen at the Chronicle. Clint dropped by the office of Clarence Lindner, the Examiner's publisher, who had long coveted Caen for his paper, and reported his suspicions. Immediately the Examiner started negotiating secretly with Caen through business office emissaries.

Three times previously the self-styled "Monarch of the Dailies" had made high-salaried offers to Herb, but he had turned them all down. "You know how it is," Caen now explains. "In 1939, I was young and thought it was smart to say, 'I'll never work for Hearst.' As the years went by I modified my sentiments, and by 1949, I welcomed the opportunity to go over." Not embarrassed by his earlier slurs at Hearst, Herb merely says now: "I'm eating my words—with caviar."

Last January, Herb signed a three-year contract with the Examiner at an annual salary of about $30,000, nearly doubling his Chronicle pay. Bundsen also received a three-year contract as his assistant, causing a Hearst attorney to mutter to him, "I didn't know this was a package deal." Reporter Mosher was given a $500 bonus for his part in the coup. Paul Smith, who learned of the Hearst negotiations, waited until the deal was almost closed before attempting to thwart the Examiner by matching their offer. By that time it was too late; Caen had made up his mind to switch.

The Caption Was Misleading

His last column for the Chronicle appeared January 17th. The next morning the Examiner ran a picture of Herb and Jerry on page one along with a news story of their moving to Hearst. It was the day the story on the Brink's Express robbery in Boston broke. Adjacent to the cut of Caen and Bundsen was a bold six-column headline: MILLION IN CASH TAKEN BY BANDITS. The town roared at the coincidence.

After nearly three weeks' vacation, during which time he chafed to get back to columning, Caen started Baghdad-by-the-Bay for the Examiner on February 5th. He concluded his long column of chitchat, which ran that day on page one, by saying: *These, then, are some of the words without music about San Francisco—the Queen City. . . . For years, it has been fun to Chronicle her. . . . It will be even more fun, I know, to Examiner again and again.*

A typical "Baghdad" column has its start about 10:00 A.M. the day before it's published when blond, wisecracking Jerry Bundsen unlocks the door to their green-walled, newly furnished office in the Examiner building. Jerry carefully reads the proof of that day's column on his desk, starts answering the 60 to 80 letters they receive daily and wrestles with the ever-ringing telephones. He roughs out any items gleaned via phone and letter until Caen comes in around 2:00 P.M., usually after lunching with a good source for blue-ribbon items.

Smoking cigarettes held in fancy gold-and-black holders, the Baghdad boys spend the rest of the afternoon at adjoining desks dredging and discussing possible "cute" (the most overworked word in the office) items. They test every one for readability and interest by asking themselves how it would "go over with Mrs. Zilch." Effie Zilch, a fading blonde about forty who lives with her husband and two kids in a white stucco house in the residential Sunset district, is their mythical typical reader. "Would Mrs. Z get it?" Jerry often cautions Herb as he bubbles over about a new gag. Unless Herb is so enthusiastic that he can dismiss the warning with "the hell with Mrs. Zilch today," Jerry's question usually kills any doubtful insert.

How the Item Smasher Works

Meantime, Herb takes the rough items on hand and types them onto a roll of perforated note paper, tearing off each one as he completes it. These slips are then put into a small wooden box they call "the item smasher." Now and then he dismisses something submitted with the standard office kiss-off: "This wouldn't be an item if Harry Truman did it."

At cocktail time, Caen is off in his big, gray convertible to make the rounds of the town. He usually goes alone, but occasionally mixes business with pleasure by taking a date and some other friends with him. Herb is all ears and eyes for items as he travels from hotels to pubs. He takes few notes, relying largely on his unusual memory to retain the facts until he can jot them down later.

Anywhere from midnight to 2:00 A.M., when the bars close in San Francisco and most people who have been on the go since noon are ready for bed, Caen goes back to his Examiner office. Spreading all his notes and those in the item-smasher box before him, he starts typing rapidly with three fingers. An hour and a half later the column is finished.

As he writes, Caen frets about long anecdotes. "This item's running too long," he frequently moans as he hammers out a name with more than three syllables. Herb is known for his ability to crunch an item down by using abbreviations and short, punchy phrases.

"If you change the subject often enough in the column," he says, "the reader can't get bored."

Another thing Herb is hypersensitive about is plugging himself or his family in the column. "I don't think he's ever mentioned any of the family by name," his sister, Estelle Weymouth, says. "He'll use my name now that I'm married, but before that when I gave him any gags they always were attributed to 'a fashionable Russian Hill hostess.' "

Once the writing is done, Herb marks up the copy for type so it makes an attractive appearance on the first page of the Examiner's second section. He then gives the composing room his copy and heads for home. Home, incidentally, is a bachelor apartment on Telegraph Hill which commands panoramic views of the Bay and the city through several large picture windows. Caen stays there, though, only for the eight hours he sleeps, giving rise to one of Jerry Bundsen's favorite introductions: "Meet the guy who's never been home at 9:00 P.M. in his life."

Caen absolutely refuses to write any columns ahead, much to Bundsen's chagrin. Herb, who feels that items are too perishable to write more than 12 hours in advance of publication, has never missed a deadline in all his years in the business, but he has come close on occasion.

After one near miss, Jerry persuaded him to have at least one rainy-day piece in the files. Caen agreed and knocked out one of his immensely popular That Was San Francisco columns, a collection of timeless reminiscences about the town as it was years ago. Bundsen tucked it away in the files with great glee, complimenting his partner for such resourcefulness. The next morning when he opened the office, Jerry was dumfounded to find a proof of the rainy-day column on his desk. Nearby was a note: "Jerry—Went to a party last night. Didn't feel like writing afterward, so sent in the spare column. Herb." THE END

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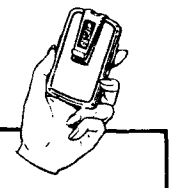

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The Pest

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

to make me nervous in there. "Let's go dig fishworms," I said, and we went around the house to where Mom throws her wash water.

Joe was breaking the worms out of the clods and putting them in two tobacco cans. You can carry those flat cans in your hip pocket, and it leaves your hands free so you can shoot a slingshot. Joe was squatting there dropping the worms in our cans, dividing them, and he looked up at me and said, "How can a guy have two fathers, Sam?"

"It ain't easy," I told him.

"I got two," he said, dropping a couple of grubworms in his can.

"Divide them grubbies right, Pest," I said.

"Pop is my *real* dad," he said. "Ain't he, Sam?"

"I guess so," I said.

"Daddy Al—well, I don't even know him very well," Joe said, and dropped a big fat grubworm in his can, and I stopped digging.

"Listen, Pest," I said. "If you want to go fishing with me, stop putting all the grubs in *your* can. *I* like to catch channel cats too."

"Okay," he said. "Where we goin', Sam? Down at the dam?"

"Let me do the worrying," I said. But then I said, "Not the dam. Over back of Hart's pasture, where old Joe Dobbs catches all them big perch at, Pest. Don't tell nobody we know about it, see?"

"Cripes, I ain't no blabbermouth, Sam," he said. He was looking off toward the alley, kind of daydreaming. He was watching a bullbat that was diving after bugs up over the alley. "I never heard of no other kid with two fathers," he said.

"It's rare," I said, switching cans while he wasn't looking.

AS SOON as we figured we had enough, we took the cans around and put them under the front steps. Then I sprawled in the grass and the Pest laid down beside me.

Listen, I'm no mental giant. How would I know what was going on? Nobody told me anything. Uncle Al was Dad's brother, not Mom's. What did she care if he got married again? I wondered. But it wasn't my problem. I had to take the Pest fishing and earn a milk agate. I really *needed* that agate, for a shooting taw. My old one was all chipped up.

"You gonna wear shoes?" Joe said. "Or go barefooted?"

"My gosh, are you dumb or something?" I said. "You nuts, Pest?"

"I was jist astin'," he said. "How do I know if I don't *ast?*"

"Wear your sneakers," I said. "Dopey."

I didn't hear Dad come out of the house, but he was there. He crouched down and started chewing a blade of grass and watching a hummingbird buzzing around the honeysuckle by the gate. "What's up?" he said. "You birds planning some kind of skulduggery?"

"We're goin' fishin' tomorrow," Joe said. "Me and Sam."

Dad lighted a cigarette and stared at the end of it. "Aren't you forgetting something, Joe? Company coming at noon, feller."

"Well, we could jist go down to the dam, then," Joe said.

"Watch your language, Joe," Dad said. He didn't sound the way he usually did when he was kidding with the Pest, but Joe laughed anyway. Dad smoked his cigarette for a while. "Well, just so you get back," he said. Pretty soon he threw his cigarette away and went inside.

When it got dark Joe chased lightning bugs for a while, and I laid there watching him. That's kid stuff. I used to do it. We used to put them in bottles. Don't ask me why. We used to catch katydids, too. Bub Clancy always called them jar flies. We put *them* in bottles, too, but don't ask me why about that, either. I guess kids like the Pest have to keep busy doing something. When you get a little older and spend the afternoon mowing a lawn you appreciate just laying there taking it easy. I was all relaxed there in the cool grass, and pretty near went to sleep, so after a while I got up and went in the house. Joe wasn't around, so naturally Mom asked me where he was.

"Who ever knows where the Pest is?" I said.

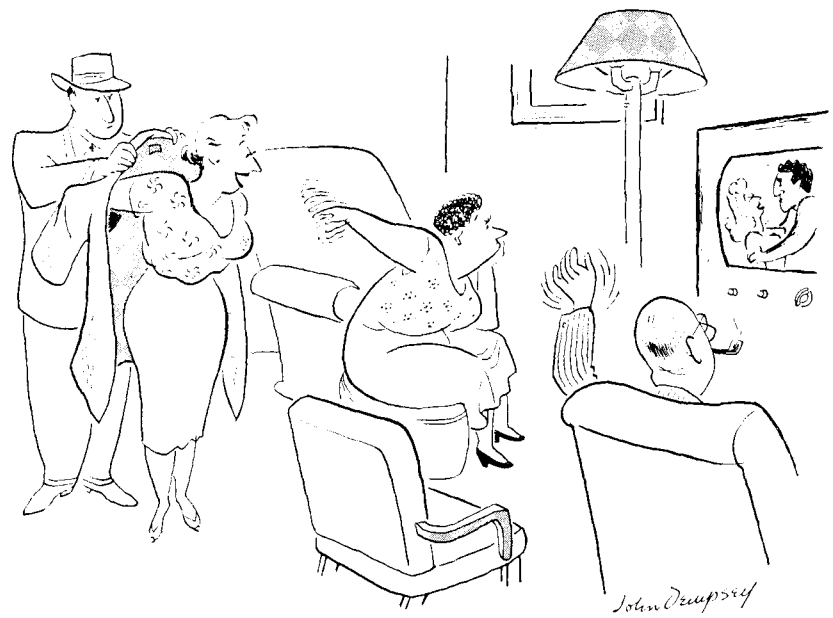
"Sam, don't you smart-talk me," she said. She had a whole pile of Joe's clothes on the table, sprinkled down, and she was ironing them. Not any of mine. Just his.

"Okay," I said. "He was chasing lightning bugs. I'll call him."

"Let him play a while longer," she said. She stopped talking and ducked her head and went on ironing. "Never mind, Sam," she told me.

"What are you ironing all of Joe's clothes for?" I said.

She gave me a look. "So they'll be ready, that's why." She was having a little trouble there. She stood the iron on its back end and put her hands over her face. "I can't stand it, Dennis," she said through her hands. "It'll be like he'd died."



COLLIER'S

"We must be going. Come over and see us sometime"

JOHN DEMPSEY

"Nebraska isn't far," Dad said. "It's in America, Helen. It isn't some foreign country." He was behind his newspaper, and all of a sudden he threw it down. "Oh, damn!" he said. "*Please,* Helen."

I was a dope, I didn't get it. I knew something was seriously wrong around there, something was *upsetting* everybody, but I hadn't had time to think about it. Or maybe I didn't have whatever you needed besides time.

"I don't get it," I said. "What's cooking, anyhow?"

So they told me, and after they told me I knew. I went out on the sleeping porch and took off my clothes and got in bed, and I laid there in the dark and couldn't believe it. A thing like that, it just didn't happen.

Joe's mother died when he was born, and Mom went up to Nebraska while Aunt Caroline took care of me, and when Mom came back she brought Joe with her. I knew about that. I didn't *remember* it—I wasn't even four then—but I heard it plenty of times. I know about it. Mom brought Joe back to live with us, and Uncle Al joined the Marines.

"Just until Al can get out of service and make arrangements," Mom said. "I want to take care of the poor motherless waif, Dennis." That's what she told Dad. And Dad said, "Hell, we'll look after him until Al gets a proper mother for the little feller."

Then Uncle Al got all shot up in Okinawa and was in hospitals for a couple of years, and then he went back to Omaha and his old job in an elevator, and came to see us a couple or three times a year. I don't know, I never thought about Uncle Al being Joe's father. That part of it didn't seem real. But now Joe was eight years old, and Uncle Al had a new wife. And she was Joe's new mother.

I laid there in the dark and it didn't make sense. Joe was my *brother.* All my life he'd been my kid brother. Joe the Pest. He wasn't any cousin of mine. Your mother brings home a little baby when you're not four years old yet, and he just naturally grows up to be your kid brother. Cousins are babies that grow up in someone *else's* house, kids that live in Kansas, and down at Purcell with Aunt Caroline, kids you go spend a week with in the summer. Kids you don't know very well, like Fred and Butch, like Aunt Harriet's twin girls. Not like Joe.

Joe came in the back way and washed his feet and came to bed, and I was laying there feeling all sick and tight inside. Usually, except in the winter when it was cold, I didn't want him to touch me in bed. Especially on a hot summer night. "Get the heck over on your own side," I used to always be telling him.

So he came to bed that night and all of a sudden I *wanted* him to touch me. I reached over and touched his foot with mine, and he kind of curled his toes against me.

After a while he whispered, "Sam, what's wrong with Mama?"

"I don't know," I said. "Am I a mind reader?"

"Is she mad at me?" he whispered.

"No," I said. "Be quiet, I'm trying to sleep."

After a while he said, "Joe?" but I pretended to be asleep.

WHEN I woke up, it wasn't daylight yet. Joe was getting out of bed, and at first I thought about going fishing and got a little excited. But then I remembered, and I didn't want to be awake yet. I tried to go back to sleep, but I couldn't, so finally I got up and went in the kitchen and ate a bowl of cold cereal. I could hear Mom and Dad snoring in their room. It wasn't near time for them to get up yet.

We got the biggest mulberry tree in town—maybe in the whole country, for all I know. Two guys can't reach around the trunk, and it's a real pain in the neck when the berries fall off and I have to sweep them up in piles and carry them out into the alley by the tubfuls every day. But when you get up in the top you can see the whole town. I climbed up and sat in a crotch, and Joe was on the front steps. I didn't say anything to him. I looked at the town down there below me.

Down at the end of our street was the railroad embankment, with the tracks that stretched away to the north and south as far as you could see. The track Uncle Al would be coming to town on. The track Joe would be *leaving* town on.

NORTH along the railroad track I could see the high black bridge, but I couldn't see the dam because of the trees in the park. It's fished out pretty bad at the dam. All the little kids fish there all the time, catching punkin seeds and sun perch. Nobody ever caught any good ones. The town looked nice in the morning with the sun just coming up and shining all gold and red. I thought how it would be if Uncle Al wasn't coming on the twelve-ten. Me and Joe would be over there now, walking across the pasture, getting our feet a little wet from the dew.

It isn't a big town—six blocks wide and about ten blocks long, strung out on both sides of the railroad tracks—but it's a good town to live in. It's got a coal chute and an old abandoned elevator where you can catch pigeons at night. It's got a dam that makes the water back up good and deep for fishing and having a raft and setting out tight lines at night. That town had everything a kid needed, and I thought how would it be if I was leaving it, and it was a sad thought.

I got down out of the tree and went around where Joe was, and he had on his sneakers. "We goin' fishin', Sam?" he said hopefully.

"I ain't too hot about it," I told him. I got the milk agate out of my pocket and gave it to him. "The deal's off," I said.

"Maybe we can go tomorrow, huh?" he said. "You keep it, Sam."

"I don't know," I said. "Put it in your pocket." I knew, all right.

We sat there on the steps in the cool morning, and after a while Joe said, "How long is it till noon, Sam?"

"A long time yet," I said. But it wasn't a long time. It wasn't near long enough. I got up off the steps. "Come on," I said. "I'll buy you an ice-cream cone."

How many times you think I ever bought Joe ice cream? You think I ever felt like being nice to him before I found out he was going away? Bighearted Sam, that's me. Now the Pest was leaving, and I felt so bad about it I was finally going to buy him an ice-cream cone.

We went up to the corner and turned north past the lumberyard, where we play marbles, or tag or something, when it rains. We went past the blacksmith shop, and Mr. Hammond had the forge going already, and I felt a little sick, like it was me that wouldn't ever get to watch him shoe a horse again. After a block we were on Main Street. That's how big the town is. Just right for walking anyplace you need to go.

While we were eating our ice cream in the drugstore, Joe looked at the fireworks display. He said Dad was going to give him a whole dollar for firecrackers. It was two weeks yet until the Fourth, but he had it figured out right down to the penny what he was going to buy.

We went out and walked down the street to the tracks and turned south past the water tank and onto the brick depot platform, and we sat on a baggage truck and waited for the seven-twenty to come in. It came in, getting bigger and bigger down south, and it stopped, snorting and puffing, and people got off and unloaded mail and baggage and fooled around for a while, and

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then the train pulled out, going north under the coal chute and on down across the bridge, growing smaller and smaller—and for a second there I had the crazy feeling Joe was on the train, going to Omaha, Nebraska, and I wanted to jump off the truck and go chasing after it.

Then he said, "You like to ride trains, Sam?"

"Sometimes," I said. He was still right there, and the seven-twenty was just a speck way up north in the cut, and Joe said, "I'd like to ride on a train."

I got off the baggage truck and crossed the tracks and ran down the path to the dead-end street we lived on, and Joe ran after me.

MOM was taking biscuits out of the oven when we went in the house. We washed up and Dad took off his specs and put down the morning paper and Mom put stuff on the table. We all sat down and ducked our heads while she asked the blessing, and when I raised my head Dad was looking at Joe, and Joe was looking nervous.

"Hadn't we ought to tell him, Helen?" Dad said.

"No," Mom said. "Not until we have to, Dennis. Not now."

"Who?" Joe said, and they didn't answer him, and he gave me a sort of worried look. But I was busy loading eggs and fried potatoes on my plate. I didn't want no worried looks from him.

"It's nothing, Joey," Mom said. "Eat your breakfast, baby."

That fixed Joe up good. He hated being called "baby." He stopped looking worried and looked disgusted. But it didn't hurt his appetite.

I don't know where that morning went to. It just went. It was the shortest morning I ever knew, and I kept trying to slow it down some way, but there wasn't any way to do it. Mom said we'd have dinner as soon as Uncle Al and his wife—whoever *that* might be, Mom said—got there. Usually it's a long time from breakfast until noon, but not that day. There were a million things me and Joe could've done, if we'd had the time, but there wasn't no use starting to do any of them. He's going away, I kept thinking. All the things he always wanted to do with me, and now he wasn't going to get to do any of them with me—or me with him. It was a hot and awful sad kind of summer day.

We sat on the front steps when we heard the train coming from the north. It roared under the coal chute and up in front of the depot and stopped, and then it went on, and there coming down the path from the railroad embankment was Dad and Uncle Al and a woman. I don't know, it scared me. Usually I was glad to see Uncle Al, but not this time. I got off the steps and went around and sat on the back porch, kind of sweating the way I do when I'm waiting to get licked for something. Pretty soon Mom came to the door. She looked at me and Joe sitting there. "All right, boys," she said. "Come on in now."

So we went in the back way, and they were just coming onto the front porch. Mom kept wiping her hands on her apron and looking kind of scared and nervous. I guess that's how I felt, too.

Uncle Al's wife was pretty. Not as old as Mom, and slimmer. She looked sort of pale and nervous herself, and tired. "Helen," Uncle Al said, "I want you to meet Jennie, my wife." Mom and Uncle Al's wife said they were pleased, and Mom said this is Sam, and Uncle Al's wife smiled at me and said hello there, Sam. And then she looked at Joe and said, kind of soft, smiling, "I'll bet I know who that is." I didn't see how she could miss.

"How'sa boy, Joe?" Uncle Al said. He's younger than Dad, and with more hair, but he's a lot shorter and has an artificial leg.

Dad put their suitcases in the front bedroom, where me and Joe slept winters, and then everybody was milling around. I remember Mom said, with a smile that looked like her feet hurt or something, she said, "How long can you stay, Al?"

"Have to start back day after tomorrow," Uncle Al said, and Mom's smile sort of petered out. "So soon?" she said.

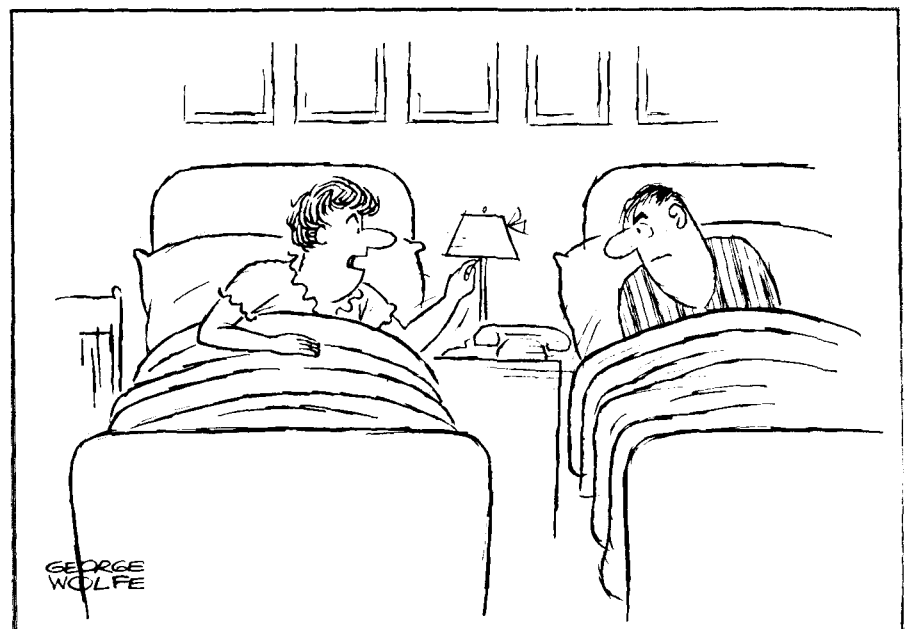
We ate dinner. Fried chicken and roasting ears and creamed peas with new potatoes out of the garden, and ice tea. It was a swell meal, but I didn't enjoy it much. Around company I always feel like everybody is watching me and listening to me swallow, and I can't enjoy it.

After dinner Uncle Al's wife said she'd help with the dishes, but Mom said no, she must be worn to a frazzle from the train ride, and Sam and Joe would help.

"Well, I *am* tired," Uncle Al's wife said. "And I have a splitting headache. If nobody minds, I believe I'll just lie down with a damp cloth over my eyes. There was so much grit, and it was so stuffy."

So she laid down with a damp cloth, and me and Joe done the dishes, and Uncle Al went to the depot with Dad. When we got the dishes done we went out on the back porch.

"Sam," Joe said. "Is she any kin to me?"



"I heard a noise! You'd better go down and wake up Champion Strongheart Invincible III . . ."

COLLIER'S — GEORGE WOLFE

"Don't ask me," I said. "You want to go swimming?"

He looked surprised. "You ain't kiddin' me, huh, Sam?" he asked.

I wasn't kidding. I don't know, I never wanted to be bothered with him before, because he couldn't swim very well, just dog-paddle, and I figured he'd be a lot of trouble to keep an eye on. I don't know. I said, "I'll show you how to dive, Joe."

"Gee, Sam!" he said. "Golly, Sam, will ya, honest, huh?"

Bighearted Sam. Now that Joe was going away, I could let him go swimming with me. We went up to the schoolhouse and turned north and cut across the fields to the swimming hole. There was a pretty big crowd there, and Bub Clancy, just about the best friend I got, helped me teach Joe how to dive. You had to admit the kid wasn't a bit scared. All he needed was to be shown how, and then the first thing you know he was diving all over the place. We stayed in until about four o'clock, I guess, and then we went up and hung around the garage until I figured it was about supper-time, and then we went on home. . . .

Dad and Uncle Al done all the talking during supper. About when they were kids in Kansas, and all the crazy stunts they did—stuff Dad would beat the tar out of me if I done it. Uncle Al used to start fights and Dad, who was older, would have to get him out of them, they said. "Remember how you always hated having me tag along everywhere you went?" Uncle Al said, and Dad grinned and said, "I didn't mind after you got big enough to hold up your end of the devilment, Al."

Like me and Joe, I thought—if Joe wasn't going away.

After supper Uncle Al's wife said she was so worn out she believed she'd just go to bed, if nobody objected. Nobody did, so she went into the front bedroom and shut the door, and Dad winked at Uncle Al and said he usually took in the wrestling on Tom Bennet's television set on that night of the week, and Uncle Al said he liked wrestling. So they left, and Mom sniffed, because the last time Dad looked at that television he got a little high on Mr. Bennet's home brew.

Joe and me went out and laid in the grass and watched the moon come up, and he caught a few lightning bugs, and then we went to bed. I had to be careful about talking to him, because he didn't know he was going away, and I didn't want him to find out about it.

One more day, I thought. But there wasn't time enough to do anything. What's one day? I remembered the time when Joe was six, and he came home leading a big tall horse with a bridle on it. "Where in the world did you get that horse?" Mom said, and he said, "I found it." We took it back downtown, and it was a farmer's horse that had been tied up behind Cobb's store. I thought about the time he was playing around a trash fire out in our alley and his clothes caught on fire and I put them out and burned my hands. I remembered how scared I was then, with him screaming and Mom screaming from the house, and I felt sort of the same scared way now. Not the same, but not very different, either.

IT WAS breakfast next morning when everybody stopped being polite and pussyfooting all around the subject of Joe. It was Uncle Al's wife that started it. We were eating, and all at once she put down her coffee cup and looked at Uncle Al.

"Al, I can't stand this—this *stalling*," she said. "Let's get it over with." And he laid his fork on his plate and nodded.

"Yeah," he said. "I guess you're right."

Mom's mouth was open and her face was all tight, and she was out of breath. "Sam," she said. "Joe. Go out in the back yard, boys."

"I ain't done eatin' yet," Joe said. "My gosh, Mama."

"Joe," Dad said, real quiet. "You can finish later, fella."

"Heck fire," Joe said, but he followed me out of the house.

"You stay here," I told him. "I'll be back in a minute." He didn't care. He wanted to sit there on the back porch and brood about not getting to finish his breakfast. So I sneaked around the house and crawled up under the dining-room window. Most of the time I guess it's wrong to eavesdrop, but this time I figured it was my business as much as anybody else's.

When I got there it was very quiet inside, and then Uncle Al sort of cleared his throat. "Helen," he said. "Denny. I don't know how to say this. You've been really swell all these years, taking care of the kid for me. I don't know what I'd have done—well, it was kind and decent of you. So now, maybe you're going to hate me, *us*—oh, *damn!*"

"Al, please," Mom said. Her voice sounded awful. "Al, you can't just— After all this time, you certainly owe us—" She stopped. It looked like nobody could finish what they started to say in there.

Then Uncle Al tried again. "We've talked it over, Helen," he said. "Maybe you'll think we're cruel, heartless. I don't know. But we talked it over, and we feel we're making the right decision. We looked at the thing from all angles, and—"

Then his wife butted in. "It's really for Joe's own good. Oh, I know it sounds so selfish, it makes us seem hard-hearted and unfeeling, but it's honestly for Joe's own good, we think."

"Well, hell," Uncle Al said. "We can't make it pretty, but as long as we honestly feel that it's the right thing, it doesn't matter. In eight years I've only seen Joe maybe a dozen times, all told. I've hardly had a chance to get acquainted with him. You've been all the parents he's known. Well—"

"He's been like our own child," Mom said, sounding choked up.

"Jennie isn't too well," Uncle Al said. "Listen, you know how it always is, a stepmother with a kid Joe's age. We want our chance for—well, for happiness. Without two strikes on us to begin with. I guess that's a selfish attitude, but—well, that's it. Helen, you and Denny—we think you folks should *keep* Joe."

FOR a long time, nobody in there said anything. And then Mom said, "Al, I could kiss you."

And Dad said, "Come to think of it, so could I."

Then everybody was laughing and talking at once in there. . . .

When I went back around the house, Bub Clancy was getting off his horse in the alley and coming up the walk. I sat down beside Joe, and I felt crazy tickled. Boy, the way I felt.

"You think they care if a guy starves?" Joe said.

Bub came on up to the porch. "Hiya, Samuel," he said.

Boy, I felt terrific. "How'sa kid?" I said.

"Fine as frog's hair," he said. I laughed like a fool.

"Won't even let a guy finish his breakfuss," Joe grumbled. "They don't care. Even if you're *starvin'* they ain't worryin' about it none."

"Le's go fishing," Bub said. "What you say, Samuel?"

Boy, it was some day. A keen day to go fishing. A keen day to do a million things. "Okay, Bub," I said. "I'm ready—as soon as Joe's finished his breakfast."

Bub kicked at the ground. "Does the Pest hafta go with us, Sam?"

"Sure," I said. "I promised him." That wasn't the reason. You know the reason. I don't have to tell you the real reason.

Joe jumped up off the porch. "Hot ziggety!" he said. "Heck, I don't care. We already got them worms all dug." He was excited. "You don't reckon she's still mad, do you, Sam?"

"Not any more," I said. "She's okay now, Joe."

Bub was still kicking the ground, and he looked at his horse out in the alley and shoved his hands in his pockets. "Well, listen, Sam," he said. "That ole horse of mine can't carry but *two*."

Joe give me a worried look, and all of a sudden he dug in his pocket and wheeled out that milk agate and shoved it at me. "Sam," he said. "Listen, Sam," he said, shoving the aggie at me.

I took it and looked at it and flipped it up in the air a couple of times.

Then I put it back in his pocket and looked at Bub. "Me and Joe," I said. "We'll walk." THE END

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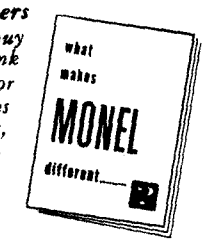

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I always wind up at the foot of the class nursing a full-fledged grouch

Next Question, Please!

You don't have to know everything; just be positive with your answers

By RALF KIRCHER

A MAN came around to the house the other night trying to sell me a child's encyclopedia and, as though I didn't know it, said that it is a parent's duty to answer fully and intelligently every question that a child may ask. I told him that I have recognized this duty for a long time, only failing to add that I have done very little about it.

Children ask highly improbable questions and it has been my practice to reward them with equally improbable answers. Frankly, I have never taken time to rummage through the National Encyclopedia seeking answers to such questions as, "What keeps the Chinese from falling off the bottom of the earth?" It is easier to reply, "They hold on to things; how else?" and get back to the evening paper. And when interrogated as to why airplanes stay up in the sky, or else why birds fly South in the fall, or why cocoons turn into pretty butterflies, I always say, "Just because they do, that's why!" and then suggest that the little dears go outdoors and run through the lawn sprinkler. There are lots of things I do not know, but taking a positive stand has always permitted me to keep a firm grip on the conversation.

In recent months, though, that grip has been slipping. Lately the children have been asking me questions to which one or the other of them already knows the answers, the little double-crossers. Take, for example, the polyp question that enlivened the dinner conversation one evening last week.

"Daddy, what is a polyp?"

This query came from Sister who, now that she is creeping up on higher education, manifests some truly staggering interests. Actually, I hadn't the slightest idea what a polyp was, but who wants to let a steak grow cold while he looks up information in a big book? So I gravely told her that polyp is a name that has been given to a group of medieval peasants who wandered from town to town giving minstrel shows and telling fortunes; that present-day gypsies are descended from the original polyps; and that the traditions and rites of the polyps are still commemorated on December 12th of each year which is known as Polyp Day at which time gypsies gather in Allentown, Pennsylvania, to sing and dance and pick one another's pockets.

Rather pleased with this explanation (it was extemporaneous, you understand, and therefore not as highly polished as it might be) I turned my attention to my meal. But only briefly.

"That isn't what my teacher says a polyp is!" This was Junior horning in with his repulsive two bits' worth. "A polyp is a coelenterate, having a hollow cylindrical body, closed and attached at one end, and opening at the other by a central mouth surrounded by tentacles armed with nematocysts. Our teacher didn't say nothing about gypsies!"

The only thing I could think to yell was, "See here, young man, when I was your age I was earning my own living!" This was beside the point but it was all I could think of at the moment. Furthermore, he went to bed at eight instead of nine.

Whether it is education or the modern quiz program that has encouraged this nasty turn of events I cannot say. Whatever the cause, many of our conversations turn into Information Bees at which I find myself at the foot of the class nursing a full-fledged grouch.

What is an addax? Who cares what an addax is? But I know what it sounds like. It sounds like a low-priced adding machine. But no. An addax turns out to be an African animal with twisted horns. If I doubt it I am shown a picture of it in the dictionary. "Some adding machine, eh, Pop?" they chuckle.

Or perhaps I will be explaining atomic fission in my easy, uninformed way. Everything is made of neutrons and proteins, I point out. By boiling uranium you get plutorium with N-473 on the side. The release of one protein of plutorium causes fission in the uranium which in turn irritates the N-473 causing a loud bang. It is as simple as that.

"You are sharply in disagreement with Albert Einstein," a small, cool voice replies. "Einstein says that the formula for atomic power is $E\text{-}Mc^2$, which simply means that energy equals the mass multiplied by the speed of light squared. And you don't call them proteins. They are protons."

"When I was your age—" I begin, but I am interrupted.

"Daddy, what is the difference between a rock barnacle and a goose barnacle?"

But I am no longer there. I am somewhere else. And now that I am out of earshot I can tell you the answer to that last question. Rock barnacles cling to rocks. Goose barnacles cling to geese. Nothing to it. THE END

On Polyp Day, gypsies gather in Allentown to sing and dance and pick one another's pockets

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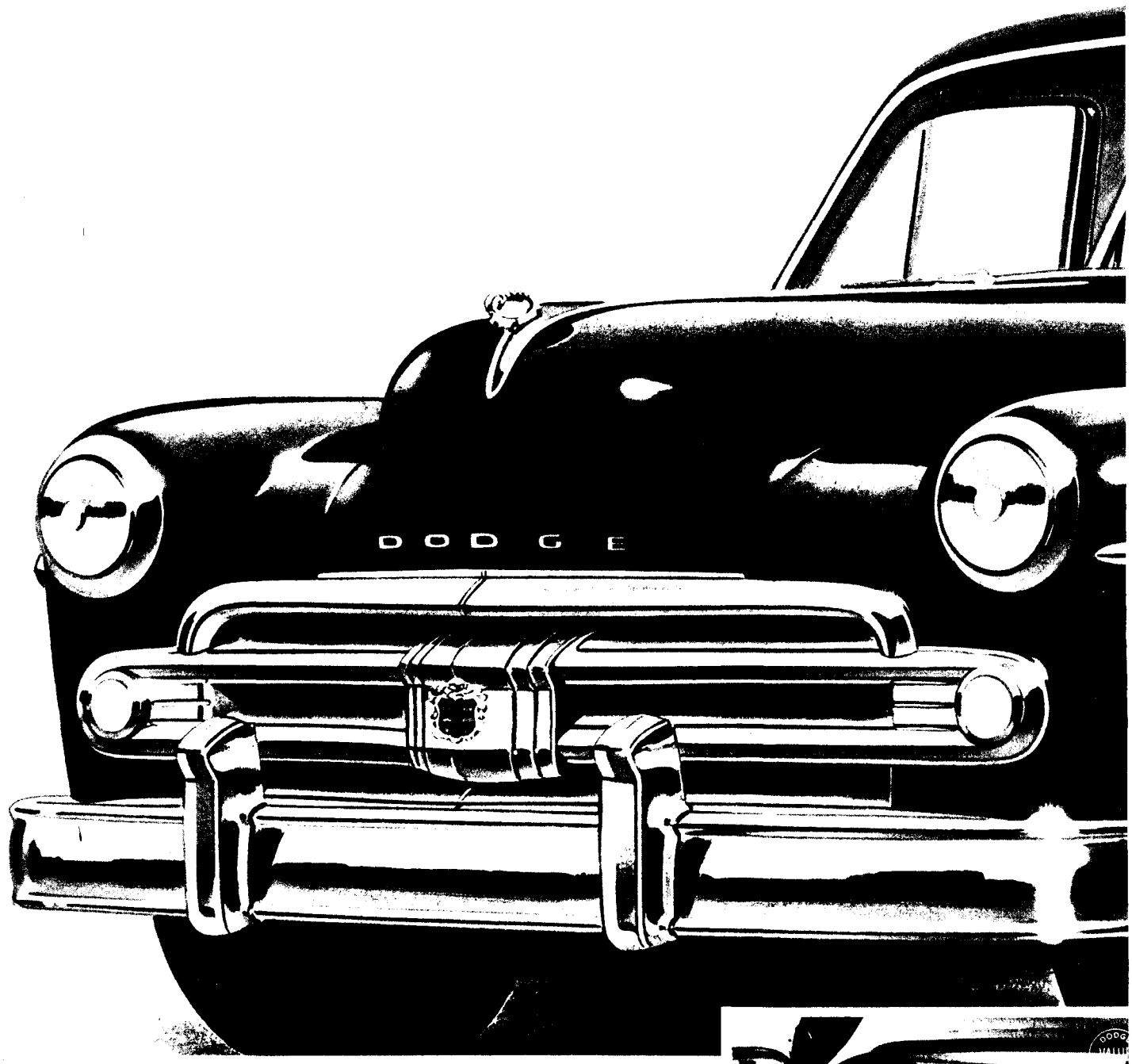

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EVERYWHERE you go you hear Dodge called the BIG VALUE CAR of 1950. In crisp modern styling, in roominess, in ease of handling and ruggedness this new Dodge makes your dollars go farther.

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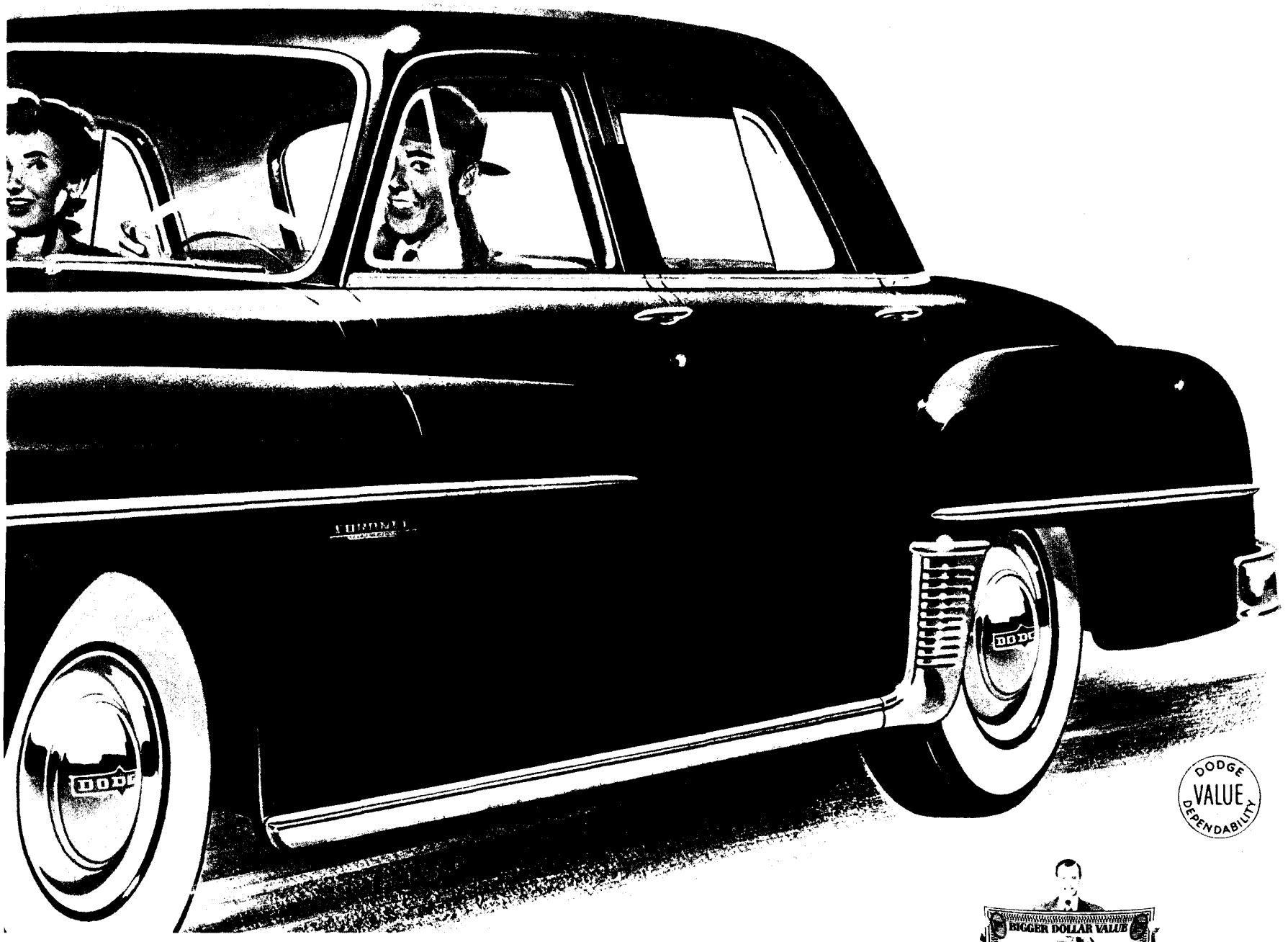

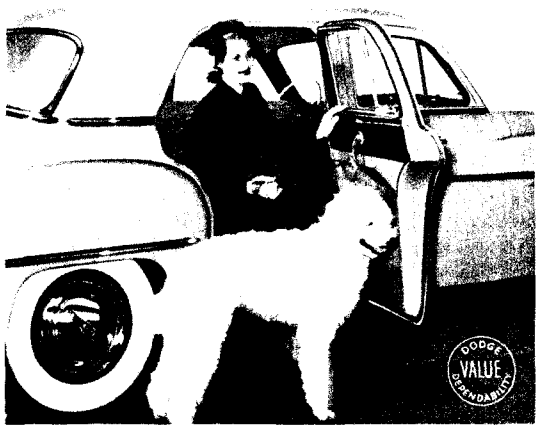

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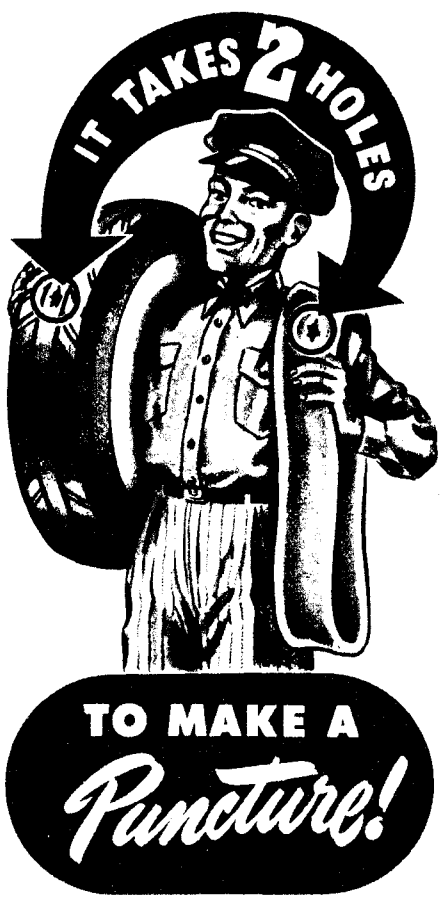

● It's false economy to repair a punctured tube—and let the tire go unattended. Such small holes suck up dirt and moisture, cause internal rot, and result in serious and sometimes fatal blowouts. Have *both* tire and tube repaired . . . but be sure the repairs are done *right!*

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Terror in Washington

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

family want to stay inside—behind *locked* doors. So is the roster of victims:

January 10, 1947—A thirty-seven-year-old woman dragged into the bushes as she left the Congressional Library, beaten, gagged, raped and held captive for two hours and 40 minutes.

June 27, 1948—Eleven-year-old Carol Bardwell killed by a sadistic psychopath in Rock Creek Park.

June 1, 1949—A twenty-four-year-old girl and her boy friend held up at gun point near Francis Junior High School, the boy bound with tape and the girl attacked while a gun was held at her temple.

September 13, 1949—A four-year-old girl attacked and savagely injured by a thirty-two-year-old ironworker in a small H Street hotel.

October 9, 1949—Eight-year-old Harrison Walker found dead in the shallow waters of Rock Creek near Twenty-fifth and K Streets, N.W., after disappearing from the playground at Briggs-Montgomery School—stabbed 17 times and sexually abused.

January 26, 1950—A thirty-five-year-old mother of three beaten with an iron pipe and throttled with telephone wire in a rape attempt aboard her houseboat at a Maine Avenue wharf.

Hard to Punish Sex Crimes

Prior to June 9, 1948, the District of Columbia had no up-to-date laws to deal with the sex offender. When George Morris Fay took office as U.S. attorney in 1946 he found the legal machinery as antique as some of the specimens in the famed Smithsonian Institution. Unless there were actual rape or sodomy, provable under the old common law, prosecutions were futile. Many abuses and molestations of children had to be dealt with as "simple assault"—a misdemeanor—and you couldn't even prove *that* if a child had willingly—innocently—submitted, say, for a bag of candy.

"We saw the parade of sex offenses coming in—and nothing could be done," Fay recalls. "Often we had to tell the police, 'We're sorry. We can't do a thing. There's no law.' Time and again the police didn't even come in with their cases."

Congressman Arthur L. Miller, a Nebraska physician, with able assists from Fay's office, placed a sexual-psychopath act in the Congressional hopper early in 1948. Arguing for its passage, he declared: "The present picture in the District (of Columbia) seems worse than in the United States as a whole. Locally there were 360 sexual offenses of all kinds reported between July, 1946, and July, 1947. There were a great many unreported cases. This is four times the number reported in 1940."

The Miller Act, passed by the Eightieth Congress, now gives Washington at least the legislative tools to cope with sex criminals. Its first section covers molestation of children—indecent exposure, enticing and diverting, indecent liberties, and other offenses which were virtually immune from prosecution previously or were sloughed off with $25 fines. Its second section recognizes the personality illness of the compulsive sex offender and provides that he may be committed to St. Elizabeth's Hospital as a sexual psychopath. He is kept there, under treatment, *as long as necessary* and is not eligible for release until "he has sufficiently recovered so as not to be dangerous to other persons."

In its first 20 months, the Miller Act accounted for 24 commitments of dangerous sexual psychopaths to St. Elizabeth's. So Washington at least has the legal machinery for dealing with the habitual sex criminal. The danger now is that it may think legal machinery is enough. It isn't. It is scant comfort to the parents of a child who has been sexually abused to know that the offender, after a long string of depredations, has finally been put away. How about *avoiding* some of those crimes in the first place? How about *prevention?* Even with the Miller Act in force, Washington ran up a sordid total of 349 serious sex crimes in 1949.

Major Robert J. Barrett, superintendent of police, told the Congressional crime committee, "Two factors must exist before a crime is committed. First is the impulse to commit the crime, and second is the opportunity to commit the crime. If either factor is absent the crime will not be committed." In Washington's over-all crime picture, *impulses* obviously cannot be accounted for. Leave that to the psychiatrists. But *opportunity*—there's plenty of that.

The Metropolitan Police Department has an authorized strength of 1,954 men, an actual strength of 1,865. Whittle that down by days off, illness, injuries, vacations and you get an average effective force of 1,317. Whittle it down again because of "special details," court appearances, administrative and clerical duties, and you get 916 men actually coping with crime. That's *916* for a city of 68 square miles, with a population of 863,000.

Let's hop around Washington's 14 precincts and see just how thinly covered the city is. In the First Precinct, embracing the "federal triangle," we find only five patrolmen covering 17 beats. They are stretched out three and four beats to a man, areas so large they can hardly cover them once in an entire tour of duty. The Second Precinct, toughest in town, has 10 beats which must be "doubled"—covered by two men each. For this job, requiring 20 men, it has only 13 on the street. "We sometimes get as low as six," the lieutenant remarks.

The Thirteenth Precinct, likewise crime-ridden, has seven men covering 18 beats. The Fifth Precinct has six men covering 11 beats; the Sixth Precinct has four men covering 10 beats, and the Tenth Precinct has eight men covering 12 beats. In several precincts, the lieutenants admit their foot patrol is sometimes down to two or three men.

"I've seen nights when we've had none at all!" says one lieutenant.

"I don't think we get all the beats covered one night in three months," says another.

"When we're down to two men, we just draw a line through the precinct—give 'em each half a precinct to cover," laughs a third. He laughs because that's as much as a radio car covers. A lone foot patrolman in half a precinct is a joke in any cop's language.

A round-the-clock check of the entire city revealed that the 14 precincts, which require a total of 534 foot patrolman for adequate three-shift coverage, actually had 327 men on the street. That's 61 per cent protection—plenty of room for the "opportunity to commit crime."

Why only 61 per cent coverage?

Police Budget Far Too Low

Barrett hasn't enough cops. He told Congress he wanted 2,500 (an increase of 546) or, better still, 2,775 if he could get them. The increase would cost money. For the current fiscal year, the police department costs $7,420,211. That's low, as big-city police departments run. It is also low compared to the cost of the city's crime, calculated by the Washington Criminal Justice Association at $15,000,000 a year.

Undoubtedly Barrett needs more men. Most police chiefs do. But good generalship, whether in the army or in the war on crime, dictates that men be used where they are needed most. If the beat man is the first line of defense, as Barrett agrees, then he must be kept in that line.

"Special details"—pulling cops off their beats to cover parades, ball games, prize fights, pageants, ceremonies and visiting dignitaries with their retinues—are cutting deep into the effectiveness of the Washington police force. I heard it repeatedly from the captains and lieutenants in the precincts: how tonight they're being stripped of three men, or four men—last night it was six men—because some special event is going on. Washington is full of special events. It ought to be geared to cope with them, instead of dragging in policemen to stand around and look decorative while the back streets are wide open to the yoker, thug and rapist.

"You . . . denude the police precincts of foot patrolmen entirely at times to take care of special assignments," former Assistant Police Superintendent Floyd Truscott told the Congressional crime committee.

Why Cops Aren't on Beats

When counsel Hyman I. Fischbach asked him why Washington was *least* policed during the midnight-to-2:00 A.M. hours, when *most* crimes occur, Truscott blamed it on special details. "Those have to be taken care of first," he said. "It is somewhat of a priority that you just have to set up. You can't handle it otherwise. So the only (personnel) reservoir you have to draw from . . . is . . . the midnight section."

During fiscal 1949, special details ate away a total of 131,365 man-hours, or—on the average—the complete services of 45 police officers for every day of the year! This doesn't make sense in a city wracked by assaults, holdups, street attacks and sex crimes. No good infantry officer would pull his men out of the line when the enemy was bearing down—anyway, he wouldn't pull them out of the line for a parade!

There's at least one simple solution available. It has been used effectively elsewhere. Special details can be made up of policemen on time off or vacations, working voluntarily and paid extra on an hourly basis. In most cases they can be paid by the special people who need the special services. If the National Something-or-other of Whoop-de-doers want a parade, let them pay for their own police monitors instead of charging it up to neighborhood folks who need that cop on the beat to protect themselves, their homes and their kids.

"Major Barrett, can one man cover two beats adequately—and afford to the community the necessary police protection it should have?" Fischbach asked at a Congressional hearing.

Barrett replied, "Well, no, but this is necessary. It has been necessary at times for men to cover as high as five and six beats."

This is, concisely, one answer to Washington's abundance of crime. Here is a city where, at night, there may be fewer than 100 foot patrolmen for the entire 68 square miles. "Why, we're inviting crime—what with all the government-girls and the single women in this town," remarks Congressman Walt Horan of Washington State.

Just how much can go on in the streets of Washington without the cops even noticing it was demonstrated last fall by a fourteen-year-old runaway from the Receiving Home in the northeast part of the city. The lad, with a long list of housebreakings on his record, ran away without any clothes on, stole a horse from a trash collector's stable, rode *naked and bareback* for one mile through the city to his home, got some clothes, rode the horse back to the stable—and no policeman ever saw him!

The basic principle of uniformed police protection is to keep the cops out on the street—*seeing* and *being seen*. That "opportunity to commit crime" which Barrett talks about is eliminated when the neighborhood beat cop comes down the street. The very sight of a patrolman is nine tenths of the psychology of crime prevention. Did you ever drive along the highway exceeding the speed limit? And did you happen to see

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a motorcycle cop? You took your foot off the gas—didn't you?

That's about how it works with hoodlum crime. Before he retired recently, Assistant Superintendent Truscott said to me, "One fourth to one third of our crime could be prevented by adequate foot patrol."

Washington never knew how much crime it had until recent infusions of integrity into its reporting system. Back in 1935 a Congressional committee concluded that the citizenry was misinformed by "statements of public officials which tended to discount the seriousness of crime conditions." But the big blast came in 1947 when the Washington Post charged the police department with "pocketing" cases. It turned up 600 robberies which had been tucked in hideaway files and not reported as crimes at all.

The Post had its own way of summarizing the situation: "Washington today, in something of a comedown from what was said of the great man for whom the city was named, is first in burglary, first in aggravated assault and petty larceny, and first in the distortion of crime statistics."

With F.B.I. aid, a thorough system of crime reporting was instituted in July, 1947. Immediately, robbery statistics jumped 500 per cent. There were substantial increases in other categories, too, and the police department has felt ever since that it is being clubbed by its own honesty. "Lots of those other cities lie like hell—and we get a bad press because we tell the truth," one official pouted. Actually, many large cities are doing an honest job of reporting these days—and nearly all of them complain that they are the only honest ones.

A Tough Man for a Tough Job

Superintendent Barrett, a veteran of 25 years on the force, is a good—if tough—administrator. He has vastly increased the efficiency of the department since becoming major and superintendent in 1947. A hard-boiled, rough-and-tumble character, he leaves no doubt as to who's boss.

In his early days Barrett received 101 commendations for brilliant police work. But he was four times brought before trial boards on charges of brutality. In 1931 he was indicted for the beating up of a murder suspect—who was later proved innocent. Barrett was convicted and sentenced to a year in jail, but the conviction was reversed and the case was dropped after a second trial resulted in a hung jury.

Washington is a town where bygones are hard to forget. As one law enforcement official said, "In view of Barrett's record, it is hard to convince any of the new men who are on their way up in the police department that brutality doesn't pay off."

Training of police recruits is accomplished in a six-week course of ABC's, competently administered but lacking in the up-to-date features many other departments have adopted. Little is done with human relations, the art of getting along with people and understanding how they tick, though this is being recognized more and more as a keystone of police work. Virtually no psychiatric orientation is given, though the relationship of emotional ills to crime—especially sex crime—is probably the most vital field of criminology today. And race relations, perhaps Washington's number one problem, is entirely neglected.

As early as 1946 the Committee for Racial Democracy in the nation's capital urged that "training in minority-group problems be instituted immediately as a part of the regular in-service training of all policemen in the service of the community." Far from achieving this, the department abandoned in-service training altogether in 1947.

Lying at the crossroads of North and South, Washington catches the brunt of the race problem. As a Jim Crow city—with segregated schools, with Negroes barred from white restaurants, movies, hotels and hospitals—it wears the crown of democracy uneasily. It is the scene of frequent frictions and incidents. Any knowledgeable observer sees the widened gap between Negroes and whites and recognizes the high priority of race relations work.

In this the police should lead.

Instead, they lag.

I found the police going to two extremes on the race problem. Either they hushed it up and said, "Of course, we don't dare touch on that"—or they sweepingly heaped the blame for Washington's bad crime record upon the Negroes' shoulders. Both extremes are dead wrong.

There is no need to hush up the story. Too often, such an approach ends up in an explosion. The facts should be faced openly, squarely and *completely*. Washington's population is estimated at anywhere from 22 per cent to 31 per cent Negro. It is a fact that during 1948, 73 per cent of the persons arrested for serious crimes were Negroes, and during fiscal 1949, 76 per cent were Negroes.

It is easy to leap, as many police officers do, to the conclusion that the Negro is the big criminal. But let's look closer. Yes, the most crime-ridden precinct in the city (the Second) is predominantly Negro. Negroes outnumber whites more than two to one. But the Fourteenth Precinct has one of the *best* crime records in the city. And it's predominantly Negro, too! There, Negroes outnumber whites three to one!

How can we account for it? Simply by looking at the two precincts with our own eyes. The Second is a congested, slum-ridden area full of all the sinks where crime breeds. The Fourteenth is a pleasant, healthful precinct dotted by homes and gardens. So—many of the Negroes who live in the Second commit crimes, and the Negroes who live in the Fourteenth do not. The same is true of the whites who live in the blighted Third Precinct as against the whites who live in the pleasant Seventh. And the same would be true of Chinese, Eskimos or Afghans.

Not a Race or Creed Problem

One District of Columbia official, who spent weeks with the police department studying crime data, finally declared, "I am convinced that the incidence of crime has nothing to do with color, creed or the way a man worships God." Criminologists and anthropologists discovered long ago that criminality is not a color-connected or race-connected characteristic, but the lesson is somehow slow in seeping into Washington.

Perhaps it would help if President Truman, who has been inviting all Americans to Washington's sesquicentennial festivities, would propose just one additional sightseeing tour. It would take just half a day. After seeing the marble monuments, the floodlighted domes, the elegant malls, the shining statuary and the cherry trees, many Americans might like just a glimpse at such unbilled attractions as Temperance Court, Clothesline Alley, Pleasant Court, Dixon's Court, Schott's Alley, Temple Court, Brooks Court, 6½ Street, Glick's Alley, Maid's Court and Jericho Alley. It might be a shock to find in our capital some of the worst slums in the United States, but it would yield tremendous insight into the crime problem.

Crime, as every sociologist knows, is a slum-connected characteristic.

And Negroes are ghettoized in these slums.

In its last annual report the Washington Criminal Justice Association pointed out, "These same areas are highest in rates of venereal disease, tuberculosis and infant mortality. They are notorious for substandard housing, lack of recreational facilities and lack of an aggressive program for community development. . . .

"Crime, as well as disease, knows no social or geographical boundaries. An infested area is of concern to the entire community. While the community is spending millions of dollars for street underpasses and public improvements of a tangible nature, it seems evident that the human needs should be re-evaluated and met in proportion to other expenditures."

Edwin J. Lukas, former director of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, often remarked, "There is only one way to prevent crime—that's to *prevent the criminal.*" There's food for thought in that line, not only for the Washington police department but also for the august members of the House subcommittee investigating crime in the District. Just what *is* being done to prevent the germination of criminals in those vile slums at a much faster rate than they can be caught?

The resolution authorizing the Congressional investigation didn't even mention crime *prevention*. Congress was interested in the "number and character of crimes" and "identifying and punishing" the criminals. This is the lock-the-barn-after-the-horse-is-out approach. Washington already catches a great many criminals. It has an excellent detective force, top-drawer performance in solving crimes and catching the culprits. But it still has a horrible crime record. It doesn't *prevent* crime.

Congress can prevent crime by *preventing the criminal,* by cleaning up the infectious sinks where crime is bred. The police department can prevent crime by putting the cop back on the beat, by removing that "opportunity to commit crime" which the chief talks about.

The billposters say that *freedom* is the theme of Washington's sesquicentennial. How about *freedom from crime?* THE END

COLLIER'S

"Honey, if you grow up to be half the woman your mother is, you'll weigh a hundred and ten pounds"

BILL KING

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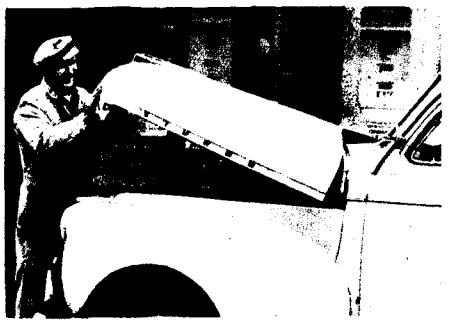

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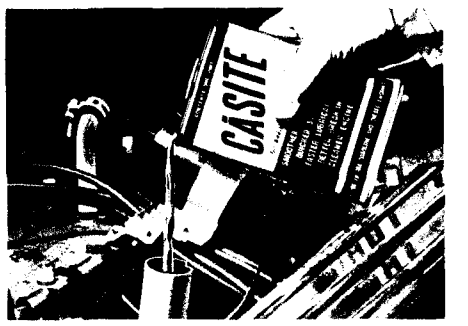

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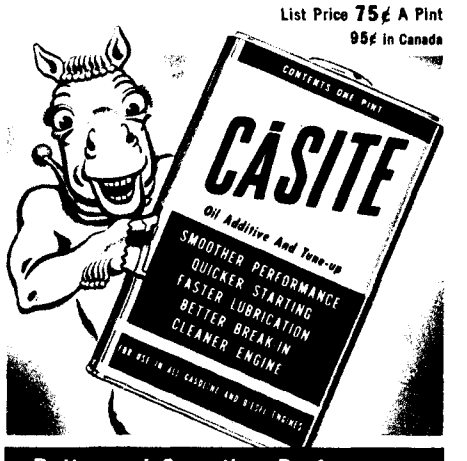

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In their fairylandlike bakery in New York, Mme. Georgette, daughter Renee and decorator Henri inspect one of their productions

Wedding Cake QUEEN

By MARGO FISCHER

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN

Whether you want a cake costing $20 or $5,000, Mme. Georgette will bake it with loving care. Her shop has turned out 60,000

AMYOPIC guest at the wedding reception of Sonja Henie and New York socialite Winthrop Gardiner asked another guest what a tall object on the table could be.

"Even without my glasses," she commented, "I can see it's a shrine of some sort. Looks rather like an eighteenth-century piece. Is it blue or have I had too much champagne?"

Her companion laughed. "You blind bat!" he said. "That's Sonja's cake."

It was indeed the diminutive skating star's wedding cake. But being the creation of a small, red-haired woman named Madame Georgette de Malvilain, it was no ordinary wedding cake.

Of delphinium blue, it matched the bridal gown in color and was almost as tall as Sonja. It had seven tiers, the sixth a miniature in sugar of the Temple of Love at Versailles. A profusion of lilies of the valley, also in delphinium blue, spilled over the lower tiers. This was in keeping with a long custom of Madame Georgette, which is to weave tradition and story into her wedding cakes. In legend, the lily is sacred to Venus, Goddess of Love.

Madame Georgette's tiny establishment, the House of Blanche, is famous in the cake world. Like her mother who founded the business, Madame Georgette is regarded by Presidents, kings and society as one of the greatest wedding-cake experts of the world.

This is no small distinction. Perhaps a million U.S. brides have wedding cakes each year. Most of these are products of neighborhood bakeries, a side line to their usual breads and pastries. A few thousand are especially prepared by hotel cooks and

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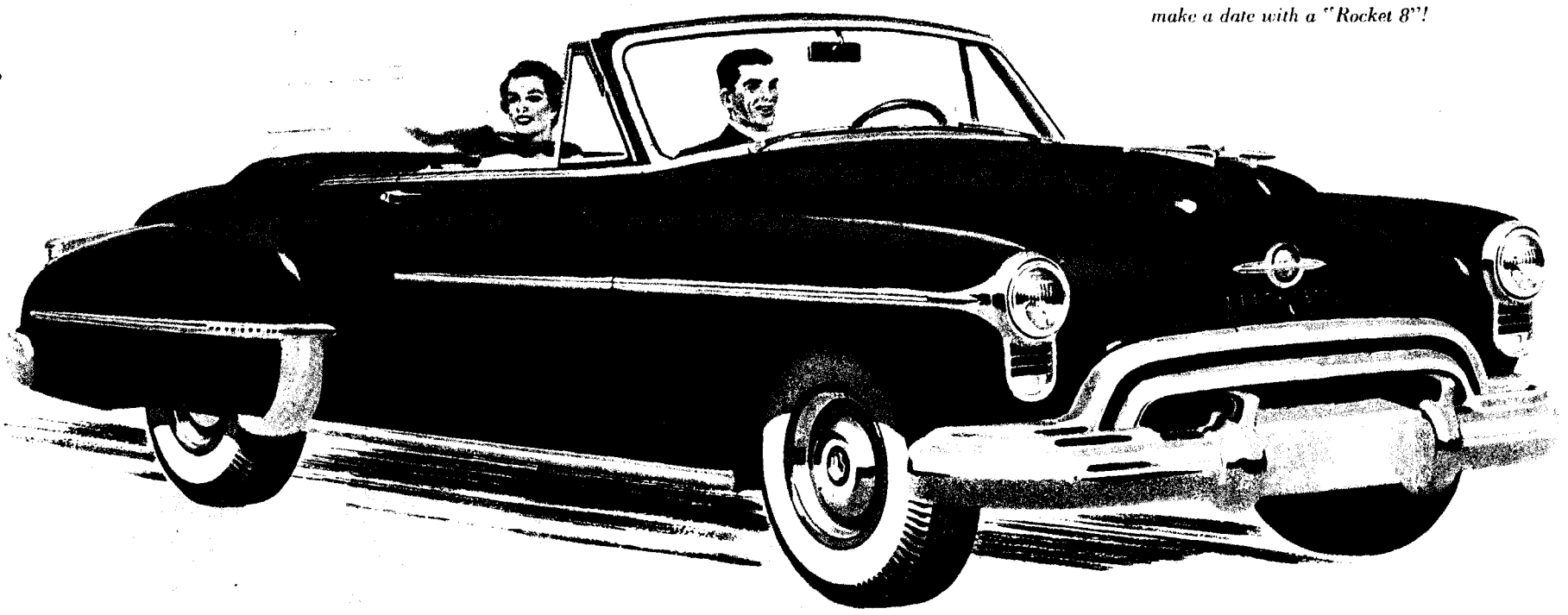

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caterers. But if the bride bears a name as noted as Abby Rockefeller, Margaret Carnegie, Alice Roosevelt, Frances Morgan or Ethel du Pont, the cake is likely to come from the House of Blanche.

Cakes like the Sonja Henie masterpiece and some much more elaborate and expensive have been turned out by the House of Blanche for more than 45 years. The doll-sized shop is located, appropriately enough, on New York's fashionable East Fifty-seventh Street in a neighborhood of art galleries and antique shops, and is identified only by a small sign and a single cake in the window. Madame Georgette and her daughter and partner, Renee, live in an apartment house next door.

Like a Fairy-Tale Scene

A visitor to the House of Blanche steps down from the sidewalk into a room out of the Hänsel and Gretel fairy tale. Four or five wedding cakes of varying sizes and colors are always on view in the narrow showroom. A half-dozen glass cabinets contain figurines, trinkets and mementos from weddings long past. Gilt furniture and Louis XVI mirrors reflects the glitter from crystal chandeliers, while pink satin drapes give the shop a rosy glow.

A perfect scale model in white sugar of the Notre Dame Cathedral stands toward the rear of the shop. Madame Georgette's decorator, Henri, spent his spare time for three years constructing this opus. It goes into the shop window at Christmastime. Also on display is the top turret decoration of a famous "Sugar Palace" cake that Madame Georgette made for the New York World's Fair. Before this creation went the way of all good cakes, it towered from floor to ceiling and illustrated a French nursery tale.

Back of the showroom is Madame's office, where she carries on her world-wide correspondence. Beyond is the old-fashioned kitchen—barred to outsiders. There Madame Georgette performs her culinary miracles and, with the aid of two assistants and Henri, who has been with her for 20 years, produces the cakes.

"I like an old-fashioned kitchen," she explains. "Why, we didn't heat our ovens with gas until a few years ago. I like to judge the heat of an oven by sticking my hand inside."

And then quite seriously she adds: "Unless you work with your hands, you forget how to work with your brain."

This firm conviction was also felt by Georgette's mother, Blanche Le Rallec, who was born in Paris the day Napoleon III made his triumphal entry as ruler of France, and who grew up in Paris during the fabulous Empress Eugénie era. With her husband, she emigrated to Montreal, where Georgette was born.

Loss of the husband with one of his fishing boats left Madame Blanche a fifty-two-year-old widow with Georgette and four older children to rear.

She moved to New York and met an Englishwoman, Mrs. Helen Douglas Brown, another widow in similar circumstances. Women were then rare in business, but these two resolved to "unite and conquer." They selected what to them seemed the most ladylike occupation—cooking.

"Why don't we just make cakes?" Mrs. Brown suggested, aware that an age of specialization was beginning.

"Why not just wedding cakes?" Madame Blanche asked, doubly prognostic.

Wedding cakes it was. Madame Blanche had the French talent for cooking, Mrs. Brown a recipe for fruitcake handed down from generation to generation in her family, members of the Douglas clan of Scotland. The two women went modestly into business late in 1904 in Madame Blanche's home.

Good luck came with their first customer, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, the society leader. Mrs. Fish ordered a small cake for her daughter's wedding. Taking her cue from the family's sporting interests, Madame Blanche decorated a round single-tier fruitcake with a sailboat. She was paid $60 for it, and in honor of Mrs. Brown named it the "Black Douglas."

Mrs. Fish set a style quickly followed by others of New York's four hundred. In the years to come the Black Douglas was to be served at more society weddings than any other cake in the world.

The first truly sensational cake of the House of Blanche was made in 1911 for the $250,000 wedding of Vivien Gould to Lord Decies of Great Britain. This cake weighed 300 pounds, had 1,000 electric lights crowning the heads of 100 cupids and cost $3,000. For the occasion a special decorator came from Edinburgh, seat then and now of one of the finest cake-decorating schools in the world.

Shortly after their first big success, Mrs. Brown died, and Madame Blanche went on alone to charm the customers with one startling wedding-cake innovation after another. She claims to be the first to use natural water on the top tier of a cake when the design called for sailing or motorboats, the first to use colored icing, the first to import porcelain cupids from Europe to adorn her cakes, the first to make flowers of spun sugar and the first to put vases of fresh flowers atop her cakes. She introduced to Americans the custom of taking home small portions of the wedding cake in little satin monogrammed boxes.

Georgette began helping in the shop in the middle 1920s. One of the first cakes she remembers decorating was a $2,000 anniversary cake for Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James, wife of the railroad magnate. It reached so high Georgette had to stand on tiptoe to place the pink orchids in the sugar horn of plenty which topped the creation. Mrs. James, then eighty, maintained she had "had everything money could buy except a Madame Blanche cake." At her party there were 80 guests, 80 slices of cake and 80 gold charms. The cake was seven tiers high, each tier representing one of the seven phases of a woman's life: infant, child, adolescent, bride, wife, mother and grandmother. Madame Blanche called the cake the "Temple of Motherhood."

Georgette did not at first plan to follow in her mother's footsteps. At school the Dominican nuns discovered she had a talent for music, and although her mother trained her thoroughly in baking cakes, sending her for an artistic finish to the Art Students League and the School of Applied Design for Women, conflict arose over which of the two careers Georgette should follow.

Her marriage at sixteen solved the problem temporarily. Soon three girls and a boy limited her singing to lullabies. But when the children were reasonably adult, the see-saw battle started again. Despite her mother's urging, Georgette chose music. She was coached by Leon Rothier of the Metropolitan Opera Company, gave concerts in New York and Montreal, sang on the radio and even appeared in a few performances of the Opéra Comique in Paris.

"But my mother won in the end," Georgette says. "She was a strong-willed woman and nearly everyone did what she wanted. Now I sing only while I bake my cakes."

After Madame Blanche's death in 1940, Georgette took over without the slightest perceptible change in the House of Blanche. Of the 60,000 cakes that have gone out of the shop, no one could say, except by chronology, which was made by Georgette and which by her mother. In 1948, she made what has been called the most expensive cake of all time, the "million-dollar cake" for the seventieth anniversary of Lambert Brothers, New York jewelers. At the reception two armed guards flanked either side of the cake to protect the diamonds embedded in the frosting. A single stone worth $500,000 decorated the top tier and diamond wedding rings circled each of 70 candles.

The birth of a wedding cake begins with the order. Sometimes this is a case of child sees cake in window, child grows into girl, girl becomes engaged, girl orders cake for wedding. Other orders may come by telephone from fashionable hotels, or swank clubs like the Colony in New York or the Sulgrave in Washington. The morning mail almost invariably contains an order from a European capital, despite the presence overseas of firms like Buszard's of London and Macvitties Guest and Company Ltd. in Edinburgh, also famous for their wedding cakes. The bulk of the orders, however, come from daughters or granddaughters of Madame Blanche's first customers, for once a House of Blanche cake is served at a wedding it usually becomes a family tradition.

Like all artists, Madame Georgette first makes a sketch for a proposed cake. She gets her inspirations from many sources: the bride's gown and reception-room decorations; the family's hobbies (horses for the Harriman family, for example); historic buildings, paintings, legends. Once she traveled through the château region of the Loire Valley in France to study the architecture of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century castles, the towers of which crown some of her cakes.

She uses certain motifs consistently: the rose for love, the grape for abundance, the laurel leaf for honor, the bowknot for union, and lilies of the valley, orange blossoms and other flowers for fertility. On request, the traditional favors are baked in a cake—a ring to assure a wedding to the finder, a thimble for spinsterhood, button for bachelorhood, coin for riches and a four-leaf clover for good luck.

The recipe for the Black Douglas cake, valued at $10,000 by Madame Georgette, is a closely guarded secret. Made of three-quarters fruit (raisins, currants, citron, dates, candied cherries, lemon and orange peels) and heady with fine old brandy, the cake was a great favorite in thirteenth-century Scotland. Most of the 36 ingredients that go into it can be found in any good cookbook, but the secret lies in proper proportions, mixing and baking. People from all over the world have tried to persuade Georgette to divulge the Black Douglas recipe. At one time her mother's secretary, together with one of the kitchen help who thought she could duplicate the cake, started a rival business, but it lasted only two years.

Cakes Stay Fresh for Years

Usually not more than 50 pounds of the cake are baked at one time. The larger orders, 300 to 500 pounds, take from four to six weeks. Usually 1,000 pounds are kept on hand, aging. Madame Georgette once used tins for this purpose, but now she wraps most of the cakes in plastic and stores them in an old-fashioned wooden closet. The cakes keep moist and fresh for years.

Undecorated, the black fruitcake sells for $2 a pound, the price originally set in 1904 and never raised. Madame Georgette also makes a white fruitcake which sells for $2.50 a pound and is a Christmas specialty. The smallest wedding cake usually costs around $20. Others, depending upon the decoration, size and favors, run as high as $5,000.

In the days before trucks, House of Blanche cakes were carried on foot through the streets of New York, usually by the carpenters who made the wooden crates in which they were packed. Today most of the cakes sent out of New York go by parcel post, airplane, special train or ship, packed carefully in crates for long distances and special cardboard cartons for shorter hauls. Customers in the city frequently send their private cars and chauffeurs to call for the cakes. And for important weddings, Madame Georgette, accompanied by her daughter Renee, journeys along personally with the cakes.

One of the most traveled cakes was one ordered shortly before Madame Blanche's death by Ramón Arias, Minister of Foreign Affairs in Panama, for his son's wedding. The cake went by truck from the shop to a ship docked on the Hudson River, was placed in a special cabin of its own, taken to Colón, met by special limousine and then driven to Panama City. Arias was so delighted with the order that he wrote Madame Blanche a fan letter dubbing her "wedding cake queen of the world." Georgette has duly inherited the title.

Out of her personal deliveries of the cakes Madame Georgette has had memorable experiences. One of the most vivid dates back to 1925 when she was first being trained by her mother. Muriel Vanderbilt was marry-

COLLIER'S **"His wife is furious. I gave him back to her"** WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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ing Frederick Cameron Church, Jr., and Madame Blanche made a cake for the wedding. One of the New York newspapers asked permission to photograph it. Receiving a promise that the picture would not be released until the day after the wedding, Madame allowed it to be taken. On July 24th it appeared. The wedding date was July 25th.

Innocent of what the newspaper had done, Madame Blanche and Georgette proudly toted the cake to Newport. They were met by an irate Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, mother of the bride, who cried: "Everybody has seen the cake now! I don't want it! I won't have it in the house! How could you have dared to do such a thing to me?"

Patiently Madame Blanche said they were hungry after their long journey and asked if they might leave the cake while they went to a restaurant. Mrs. Vanderbilt's wrath subsided in the meantime and when they returned from lunch she was willing to keep the cake—but only because there was nothing else she could do. Although the cake was the hit of the wedding reception, there were no more orders from the Vanderbilts for many years. Madame Georgette learned a lesson then which she has never forgotten. Even today she is reluctant to give any information to the press, even when the participants of a wedding have given their permission.

Madame Georgette has taken cakes to the White House many times. The administrations of Taft, Wilson, Harding, Coolidge and both Theodore and Franklin Roosevelt have had House of Blanche cakes for important social functions. Georgette remembers the late Franklin D. Roosevelt with affection.

"I made his first inaugural cake for him," she says. "It was iced Eleanor blue. I made miniatures of all the Presidents from Washington to Hoover to put on the lower tier, decorated the second one with 48 stars to represent the states and on the very top I placed a small fruitcake. This was topped with the President's picture and was to be kept for one year before eating."

When King George and Queen Elizabeth of Britain were guests at the White House some years ago Madame Georgette carried a fruitcake there. She took a second cake for them to the reception at Hyde Park.

Thrifty Lady at Hyde Park

Here she was received by the President's mother, Mrs. Sara Delano Roosevelt. After the lady had served tea, she unwrapped the cake. Thriftily she folded the silver paper into a square, wound the yellow ribbon around her fingers and got a box to put them in.

"Everybody around here is so wasteful," she confided to Madame Georgette. "Somebody has to economize."

House of Blanche wedding cakes are traditional at all the weddings in the Theodore Roosevelt family. His children and their children have all had the same cake duplicated for their weddings. It consists of two tiers, iced pale green and white with four cupids holding bouquets of orange blossoms and lilies of the valley. Such a cake was sent to Spain when Kermit Roosevelt was married there at the American embassy 30 years ago.

Madame Georgette's relations with her customers do not end with weddings but continue for many anniversaries thereafter. Now and then she is asked to make a divorce cake, which she does not much enjoy doing. If the results, however, could always be the same as those that followed her first divorce cake, she would be very happy.

A well-known society woman who wanted to be different asked Madame Georgette to help her celebrate her forthcoming divorce by creating something special. The husband was asking for the divorce but everything was on a friendly basis and he was to be present at the party. Madame Georgette made two cakes, one of angel food, iced in white, on which she wrote the lady's first name. The other cake was made of devil's food, iced in chocolate, and on it went the husband's first name. Cutting the cakes in two, Georgette took half of each and placed them back to back. The cake helped make the party such a hit that the divorce never went through. The husband told his wife she was too clever to let go.

The Black Douglas wedding cakes apparently keep forever. About nine years ago a young woman entered the shop to order a cake for her approaching nuptials. "But it must be a fruitcake," she specified, "because I want to keep a great part of it after the wedding."

The lady became Mrs. Donald Greenleaf and some weeks later returned with the cake. "You do store cakes for your customers, don't you?" she asked.

Madame Georgette replied that her mother had started such a practice years ago. Now Mr. and Mrs. Greenleaf appear at the shop on the day of their wedding anniversary every year. The tin box is opened, two slices are cut from the cake and eaten, two glasses of champagne are drunk. Then the cake is re-iced and resealed in its tin.

"Things like this warm the heart," Georgette says. "And I guess it's better than singing. After all, not many singers get a rating in Dun and Bradstreet's. We've been there for 40 years." THE END

I Like It This Way

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

but . . . did you ever scratch Edith's back? Like before, I mean?"

Charley laughed; he looked at the floor for a moment, thinking, then looked up again. "Well, if I ever did, I honestly don't remember it. To tell the truth, there was never time. We were always going somewhere, or having people in. No such thing as loafing a whole Sunday away."

ANN shook her head. "Funny way to live. There must have been something wrong with her."

"No," said Charley. "It wasn't her fault; we were both like that."

"Oh, don't apologize for her."

He shrugged. "I'm not. She was wrong for me and I was wrong for her, that's all."

"But *how?* How were you so wrong? I don't see why a woman shouldn't be happy with you."

"Well, I was different then." He frowned. "It's hard to explain, but . . . maybe this'll give you an idea. A cocktail party we had once, on a Sunday afternoon. This is an extreme example, but there must have been twenty–twenty-five people there, and every single one of those people was there for a reason."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, there wasn't a soul there who was just plain Joe Jones, somebody we liked. He was there because he was Joe Jones who had a small part in some Broadway play, maybe. And if we could have got the star, *he'd* have been there instead. Someone else was a radio producer, one of the women had just had a book accepted, somebody else was an artist, and so on. I've got nothing against minor celebrities; they were interesting sometimes. And some of them were nice, besides. But that isn't why they were there. They were there because we could introduce them to each other."

"Sounds pretty silly."

"Of course." Charley smiled, staring at the floor. "I really don't know what we were trying to accomplish. But we could never seem to enjoy anything just for its own sake, you see. Never have people in just because we enjoyed their company. If we gave a party, it had to *advance* us, *get* us somewhere—Lord knows where."

"She sounds like a phony to me."

"Not really. Just restless. We both were. There are a lot of people like that."

"Still," Ann said, "you must have enjoyed it or you wouldn't have done it."

"Till I got fed up."

"Do you ever miss it now, though? Are you really happy with me? Just a *Hausfrau?*"

"Now, listen," said Charley. "What got you off on—" He stopped, and began to smile. "Did I tell you Edith gave me that box?"

"No," Ann said, fingering the rim of her glass, "but when I stopped to think about it, I just knew she'd given it to you."

"Well, look. I'll throw it away. It doesn't mean a thing to me."

"No, no, *keep* the damn' box." Ann shook her head irritably and swung her legs to the floor and stood up. "My nose needs powdering," she said, and walked toward the door.

"Ann."

She stopped.

"Believe me," he said softly, "it wasn't like us. It wasn't the same, with her, ever."

Ann looked at him for a moment, then she said, "All right," and left the room.

Charley sat back and sipped his drink absently. In a few minutes Ann came back and sat down on the couch. She smiled wryly and shrugged a shoulder in a gesture that said she'd been silly and knew it and wanted to let the matter drop.

Charley said, "Want to do something? Go to a movie or something?"

"Well—how soon will you be hungry?"

"Not for a long time."

"All right, let's do, then. We can have sandwiches when we get back."

"Fine. What's playing?"

"I don't know. I'll look in the paper."

"Don't bother. We'll live dangerously—just go to the show and take our chances."

"All right," Ann said. "Just let me have the john to myself for five minutes, and I'll be ready.". . .

In the bedroom, standing at his mirror, Charley put on a tie. Then he took his wallet, keys and some change from the little dark-green leather box on his dresser. He put them into his pockets and stood looking down at the little box. Then he glanced toward the closed door of the bathroom, picked up the little box and walked out to the kitchen.

He opened the back door and went out onto the porch, then walked down the two flights of wooden stairs to the small courtyard below. Under the stairway, he pushed back the lid of a metal container and dropped the leather box inside it. Then he went back upstairs, two steps at a time. He was adjusting the knot of his tie at the mirror when Ann came out of the bathroom.

THE movie was neither very bad nor very good. But when it had ended and they walked up the darkened aisle of the theater, it occurred to Charley that he had enjoyed it, and that he had never liked movies before he married Ann. But now, he realized, accepting them for what they were, he enjoyed them, with Ann, as often as not.

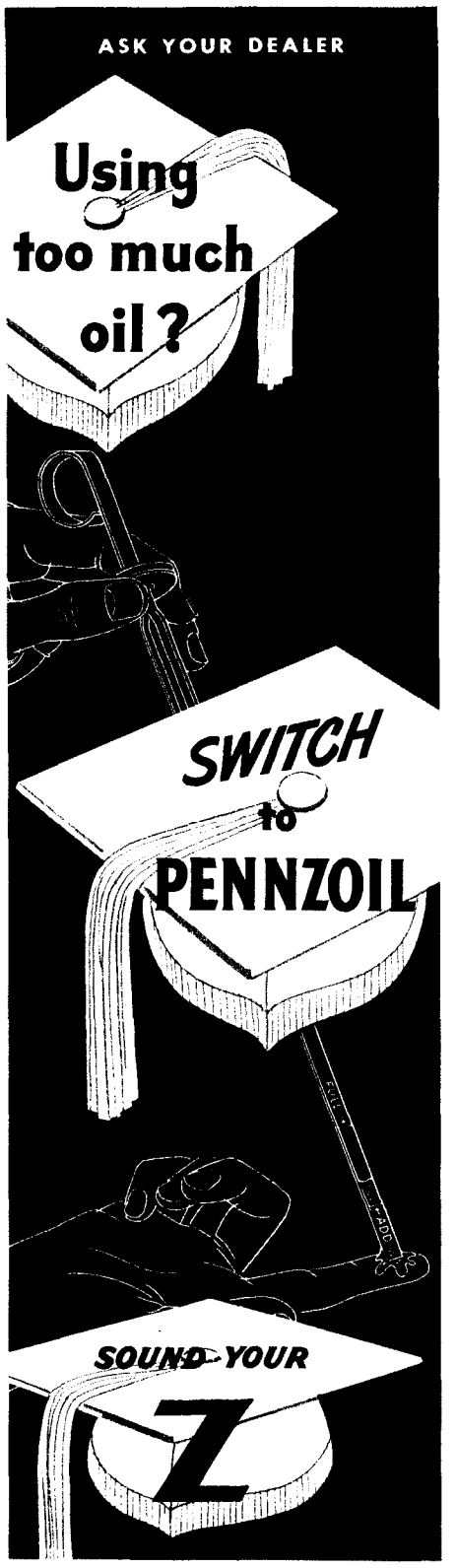
They turned from under the lighted marquee of the theater toward the bus stop, and Ann took Charley's arm. For a dozen steps they walked along in companionable silence, then Ann pulled at Charley's arm, leading him to a window display. "Oh, look, Charley; aren't they cute?"

He looked at a row of glossy, bright-colored china flowerpots in the window, each with a tiny china butterfly or bird perched on its rim. "Yeah," he replied, "they are."

"Aren't they darling?" Ann turned back to the display, smiling.

Charley watched her face from the corner of his eye, delighted at her pleasure.

On the corner, while they were waiting



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for their bus, Charley turned to Ann and said, "Pots sub."

"What?" She looked at him, puzzled.

"Pots sub."

"That's what I thought you said."

Charley sighed. "It's 'Bus Stop' read backward. Sometimes I'm frightened by your appalling ignorance."

"Forgive me," said Ann. "'Pots sub' is 'Bus Stop' read backward. So what?"

THE bus pulled in to the curb. They got on, and Charley dropped their fares into the box, then followed Ann down the aisle. "It scores three points for me," he said. He sat down beside her.

"How come?"

"They're both real words: 'pots' and 'sub.' A rare specimen—hard to find. As for a *ten*-point scorer . . ."

"Well? What scores ten points?"

Charley grinned. "It not only has to *mean* something, but—"

"I know," said Ann disgustedly. "It has to mean something vulgar."

"Right!" said Charley happily. "I knew an evil mind like yours—"

"*Your* mind was the tip-off." She sat silent for a moment, then she said, "Have you found any ten-point—"

Charley began to laugh at her.

"Well!" Ann tossed her head indignantly; then she grinned. "Okay, what are they?"

His voice rising, each word louder than the last, Charley said, "Do you really want me to tell you? Right here on the *bus?* Out *loud?* Okay, the best one I ever saw—"

"All right, all right," Ann said hastily. "Now, take it easy and keep quiet." She nodded at the windowpane. "Just look out the window."

"Okay." He turned to the window. "There's another three-pointer for me." Charley indicated a sign in a furniture store display: *Sleep-Eezee Bed.* "That should really score ten points. Reading each word backward, from left to right, it's a regular love-nest headline—'Peels eezee deb.' Ten points."

"Three. Don't be greedy."

"Okay, three. And I'm six ahead now."

Ann turned her head rapidly, looking through the window. "There's one! Three points! 'Murder.' That's a good one."

"Murder?" Charley turned, trying to follow her gaze.

"Sure," Ann said smugly. She turned to face front again. "'Red rum.' Backward, it's 'murder.'"

"Where?" He looked at her suspiciously.

"On a sign back there." Ann gestured vaguely at the window.

Charley studied her face for a moment. "I don't believe for a moment you saw a sign that said 'red rum.'"

"Well . . ." She grinned.

Charley shook his head. "That's the trouble with letting women into clean sport; they're fundamentally savage, basically uncivilized. No sportsmanship, no—"

"Pat no regal rats." Ann smiled, her hands clasped primly in her lap.

"And just where do you see that?"

The bus was slowing for a traffic signal, and Ann pointed to a blue neon sign in a tavern window on the corner. "Right there. 'Star Lager on Tap.' Reading from right to left, 'Pat no regal rats,' four words. Fifteen points."

"*Ten,*" Charley said. "Ten is the most you can get."

"Okay, ten. Which puts me four points ahead." Ann grinned. "And we get off at the next stop."

Charley leaned forward, studying every sign in sight as the bus moved ahead. "My game," he said, "and an amateur walks in and with a combination of rank chicanery and typical beginner's luck—"

"You're just too civilized, that's your trouble. Come on." She put a hand on his sleeve. "Let's get off while you're only four points behind."

They walked the block and a half home, Ann's arm under Charley's, the night air cool and fresh on their faces; and Charley felt good. Halfway home, Ann said, "Did you ever play that game before?"

"Oh, Lord." Charley sighed in mock resignation, shaking his head at Ann.

"What do you mean?" she said. "What's wrong?"

"Don't kid me," Charley said. "Yes, I played it with Edith. Once."

Ann was silent for several steps, then she said, "Well, did she like it? I think it's cute."

"Yes, I guess so. But she couldn't let it alone."

"How do you mean?"

Charley shrugged. "Oh, she had to *make* something out of it. Couldn't just treat it as something mildly amusing for the moment and let it go at that. A week or so later we were in a cab with some people, going somewhere. So Edith introduced this game; I think she hoped it would sweep New York or something. Nothing of the sort happened, of course—matter of fact, these people were bored with it—and I never felt like bringing it up again." He looked at Ann and smiled. "Relax," he said. . . .

At home, they had a Sunday-night supper of canned soup, sandwiches and coffee; then Charley offered to wash the dishes. He carried the few plates and the cups to the kitchen and, sleeves rolled up, began to wash them with a soaped dishcloth under the running tap. He smiled at himself.

Old domestic Charley, he thought. Sunday movies, then home doing the dishes. All I need now is a pipe and slippers.

Through the closed door of the kitchen, he heard the sound of the front-door buzzer, and he hoped it wasn't company dropping in; he wanted to spend the rest of the evening alone with Ann. He heard the murmur of her voice down the hall, then silence, and he knew no one had come in, and was relieved.

He dried the few dishes and put them away, then walked into the living room, rolling down his sleeves. "What'll we do?" he said. "Want to play some backgammon, or read in bed, or what?"

"Let's read in bed. We don't want to stay up too late."

THEY turned out the lights and went into the bedroom, and Charley stood, unbuttoning his shirt, staring absently at Ann; she was sitting on the edge of the bed taking off her blouse. "I don't want to go to work tomorrow," he said.

"What do you want to do?" Ann went to the closet and got out their pajamas.

"Just stay home with you."

"Okay. You can help with the washing." She tossed Charley's pajamas onto the bed.

"All right," he said. "Don't think I couldn't. I've done washing in my day."

"Do you really want to stay home?" She began folding back the bedspread. "You could call up the office; you haven't had a cold in a long time."

"No. If I did that every time I felt like it, I'd show up at the office about one day a week."

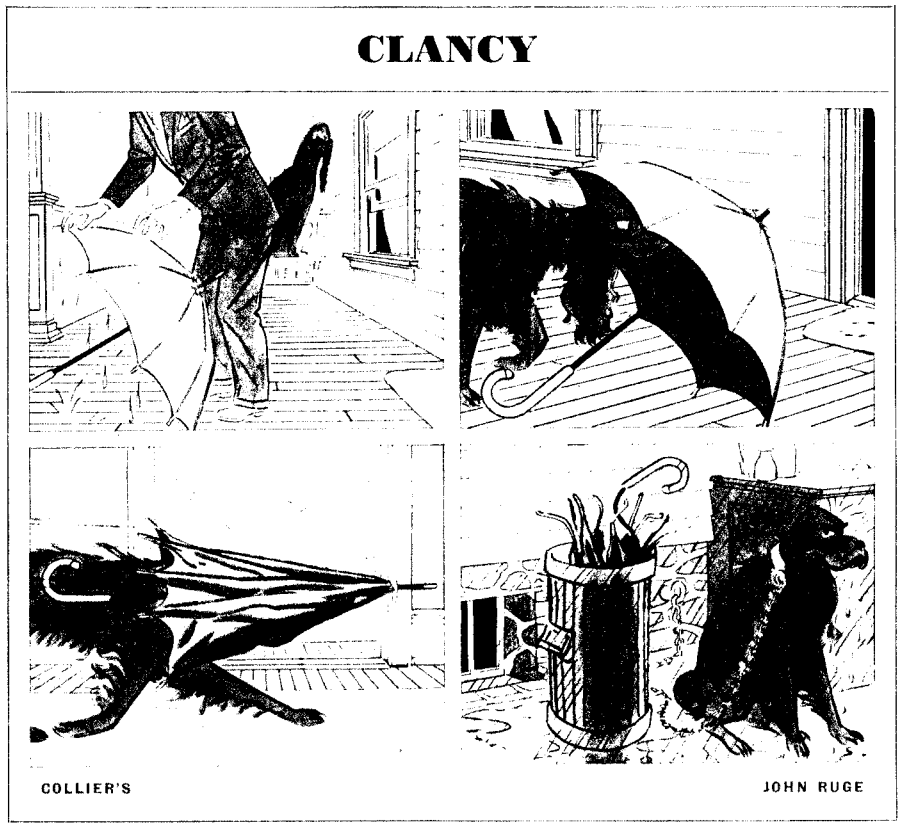
"Okay," Ann said. She took a magazine from the bedside table and got into bed. "Then quit dawdling and get in here."

"Right away." Charley turned to the dresser mirror and studied his face; he leaned closer, exposing his teeth and examining them carefully. Then he brushed his hair. Finally, he took his wallet, keys and change from his pocket, and actually lifted the lid of the little leather box on his dresser before he realized it was back again.

He turned to look at Ann; she was reading her magazine, holding it up before her face. "I don't think I beat you enough," Charley said quietly.

"No? Why?" Ann said. She did not look up.

Charley smiled. "Come on," he said, "put that magazine down."



Ann lowered her magazine to see him standing there, the little box in his hand.

"Apparently I don't torture you enough," he said, "so you have to torture yourself. What the hell did you put this back for?"

"I didn't. Not exactly, I mean. The janitor found it. I guess they pick up garbage and stuff on Monday morning, and he was emptying the trash can. He found the box and brought it up to make sure we really meant to throw it away; it was while you were doing dishes. He knew whose it was—it has your initials on it, remember? In gold. So I told him it was thrown out by mistake, and put it back on your dresser. It's a nice little box, Charley—really. Very expensive and in *very* good taste."

"Yeah, sure. But let's get rid of it."

"But why?"

"You know why."

"Well—" Ann shrugged and picked up her magazine. "You can if you want. It's yours, Lord knows." Then she lowered her magazine again. "But I really wish you wouldn't, Charley. I've got to grow up. So you were married before. To somebody else. Well, now you're married to me, and that's all that matters. But don't you see what it means if I make you throw it away? I just won't *let* the damn' thing be that important to me!"

"Okay, okay," he said, and he turned to the dresser and put the box down. "But I really don't want it."

"Well, do what you like. I guess the truth is"—she smiled ruefully—"that it doesn't matter now whether we keep it or throw it away." She raised her magazine and began to read.

Charley finished undressing, took a book from the bedside table, and got into bed. Before he started to read, he glanced up at the little box on his dresser, and for the first time in two years he really saw it, and he knew what Ann had meant. *He's been married before,* it said to her, sitting there on the dresser, a tangible part of a mysterious other life which her husband had lived with somebody else. It was the past, the unalterable *fact* of it, which had risen up between them, and neither keeping this reminder of it nor throwing it away could change that fact for them.

Charley turned to his book and began to read. He read to the bottom of a page, then turned the page, glancing up at the little box again. For a moment he looked at it, narrowing his eyes; then he put down the book, got up and walked to the dresser. He picked up the leather box and tossed it onto the bed, and Ann looked up.

Charley got back into bed, and handed the box to Ann. "Take a good look at it," he said. "Describe it."

"How do you mean?"

"Just describe it. What does it look like?"

"Well, it's small and—" she began.

"You're damned right it is."

CHARLEY took the little box from her. He opened it, revealing his wallet, as wide as the box, nearly covering the bottom. On top of the wallet lay his key chain and some coins, nearly filling the shallow space.

"Cramped little thing, isn't it?" Charley said. "Funny, I never thought of that till now, but it's just big enough—no generosity, no room to spare. It was bought for a purpose, you know—to keep the top of a dresser neat and bare. That's the kind of room it came from, Ann, a formal kind of room, an interior decorator's idea of the way a bedroom should look. Severe straight draperies, pastel walls, a single abstract print framed in blond wood, and a bed you felt you shouldn't get into without wearing a tie. Nothing like this room." He smiled. "No chintz curtains, or flowered wallpaper, or stockings hanging on the back of a chair.

"Annie, *look* at this box." He held it out to her again. "It ought to tell you something. It's formal, it's dignified, and it's lifeless. It's depressing. It's in such depressingly good taste. What the hell, Annie, it's like the room and the home and the life that it came from."

She reached out and took the box from his hand. "I'm glad you said that." She looked down at the little box for a moment, then looked up at him wonderingly. "You really are happy with me, aren't you?"

"Of course." He nodded at the box. "Ann, you'd never have bought one like that—stiff and formal, ungenerous—"

"No," she said, "I'd never have bought one at all. I always wondered why you bothered to put your wallet and things into it every night."

"Darned if I know. Just habit."

"Well, why not just toss those things on your dresser? This is our room and nobody else's. It's not for show."

"Guess I will." He smiled. "Which means we don't need this thing any more. Let's throw it out."

"No, I think I'll keep it."

"As a trophy?"

"No, nothing like that. I just want to keep it, and maybe look at it now and then. It might do me good."

"Okay." Charley took the box, removed his wallet, money and keys, and handed it back to her. "It's yours," he said. Then he got up, walked to the dresser, tossed the things in his hand onto the top, and came back to bed.

Ann took the little box and put it on the table beside her. Then she moved closer to Charley. "Aren't we silly?" she said.

"Yeah." Charley smiled—at himself, at Ann, at the mystery and absurdity of all human beings. Then he reached out and turned off the light. THE END

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Everyman's Meat: The Heart of an Industry

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

were demonstrated. Strained meats were first fed to babies in the winter of 1944-'45 by Dr. Ruth M. Leverton, at the University of Nebraska, working on a Swift nutrition fellowship.

Dr. Leverton gave one group of six-week-old infants the strained meats Dr. Schultz had developed and another group an accepted milk formula.

After a period of eight weeks she learned from weekly blood tests that the meat eaters had about 13 per cent more hemoglobin in the blood. The meat eaters also showed an increase of 22 per cent in the number of red blood cells. All of this proved the availability of nutrients in the meat. Dr. Leverton likewise noticed that the meat-fed babies slept exceptionally well. That is, they slept more quietly.

Scientific Proof Is Sought

Dr. Leverton's observation bears on the third point Dr. Schultz wanted to find out about: what the advantages of a meat diet are to children. The factor of sleep is now being researched further on another Swift fellowship by Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman, of the University of Chicago, an outstanding authority on sleep and rest. Dr. Kleitman wants to know, as do Dr. Schultz and the Swift people, whether the clinical observation of Dr. Leverton and others—that meat-fed babies sleep better—is correct; and if it can be proved scientifically.

Research at the University of Rochester and the University of Nebraska indicated that meat-fed babies had fewer infections. This was substantiated at St. Vincent's Infant and Maternity Hospital in Chicago. It was also observed at St. Vincent's that babies on the meat diet seemed to have fewer colds and other respiratory ailments. These researches were supported by Swift nutrition fellowships.

At the University of Minnesota it was shown that a sort of synthetic milk can be made with strained meats. This milk substitute is well utilized by even premature babies and can be fed to babies allergic to mother's milk or cow's milk.

Another Swift researcher asked to have a meat diet for his newborn child, was refused by his pediatrician and, like Dr. Schultz, went ahead with the diet anyway. The child developed rapidly, gaining weight and strength at a rate that amazed the doctor. "He doesn't know to this day that it was the meat diet," says Dr. Schultz.

Strained meats have been on the market for some time and are praised by pediatricians as an outstanding contribution to pediatric feeding. Meat completes the child's diet so far as variety is concerned and gives the baby all the protein and other nutrients needed to grow and develop normally.

Some meat researchers are talking now of a life expectancy, before long, of eighty-five, with some people living to be 100 and beyond and feeling fit physically and alert mentally. Not only, they say, is this due to elimination of killing diseases by such drugs as penicillin, streptomycin and aureomycin; it is also due to the fact we are developing a diet that will maintain our health and well-being into old age. This is the age of protein, as 10 years ago we were in the age of the vitamin and a decade or so before that in the age of the calorie.

Man, in other words, is learning how to eat after all these thousands of years, how to fuel the marvelous machine that is the human body; and in the forefront of teaching him is the meat industry.

For instance, other discoveries show that meat, because of its iron and protein values, is especially beneficial to adolescent girls, who need them particularly because of the sudden menstrual drain on their resources. Research in this field was undertaken by Dr. Leverton at the University of Nebraska along with her experiments in infant feeding, through a grant under the Swift fellowship program. Dr. Leverton's researches even showed that meat eaten three times a day instead of once in the heavy evening meal is better for these girls because it gives them a steadier supply of the needed iron and protein. Milk and eggs, of course, are also highly recommended for them.

Again, researchers at the University of Illinois College of Medicine, working under another fellowship, have proved that people well fed in meat—and therefore protein—withstand surgery better, and in St. Louis strained meats are being used in geriatric experiments.

Geriatrics is the science of old age, and all the patients under examination are sixty-five or over. Many of them have no teeth or artificial dentures and therefore cannot chew meat. But they can eat strained meats, and the results so far have been very heartening. On a meat diet they show increased vigor and interest in life, are able to concentrate better.

It is likewise believed that the development of arteriosclerosis, one of mankind's greatest killers, will be retarded by a high protein diet taken with two vitamins of the B complex called inositol and choline. According to a recent study on the West Coast, deaths from coronary disease have been cut 60 per cent already by use of choline as a treatment for the disease. Strained meats have been shown to possess great efficacy in the treatment of stomach and intestinal ulcers. Dental surgeons now prescribe meats for patients following extractions because of the great healing qualities of protein.

Dr. Schultz's research is going forward in a highly competitive and profit-conscious industry. It is undertaken because Swift wants to sell more of its products than Armour & Company, or Wilson & Company, or Cudahy Packing Company, or George A. Hormel & Company, or any other packer, and all of them conduct research for the same reasons.

"We estimate," says Dr. R. C. Newton, vice-president in charge of research at Swift, who incidentally began his career as an office boy, "that if all the babies in the United States were to eat canned meats in sufficient volume to meet the protein requirements posted by leading pediatricians, there would be a yearly sales potential of $65,000,000 in this field alone." So research pays off.

But Dr. Newton also says: "It's no more than we're supposed to do. The job is to perform service so as to assure profit. On the other hand, these strained meats are good not only for Swift; they're good for the industry, good for the health of everyone. They help make everybody conscious of the importance of meat in diet. If we never made a dime out of producing meats for babies, other benefits would justify the research."

This attitude is general throughout the industry. "The research of one company is the research of the industry, in the final analysis," says F. W. Hoffman, president of Cudahy, who also began as an office boy. "This new method of preserving lard, for instance; that's the industry's now, no matter who claims to have developed it. The point is that the industry has a new product: a shortening that will keep in the pantry or on the grocer's shelf and stay sweet, and things made with it, such as potato chips and saltines will stay sweet for a long time too, because we've found a way to prevent lard from oxidizing and becoming rancid. Some of us claim credit for this, but the fact is we all worked on it."

The competition is terrific, even so. At Wilson, whose president, Edward F. Wilson, started his career in the yards and slaughterhouses, they have new things in this field they refuse to talk about because of industry competition. At Armour, which is by far the most extensive producer of pharmaceutical by-products, the silence is eloquent on some of the newer developments in ACTH, the wonder hormone that comes from the pituitary gland of a hog and is used to treat arthritis.

"And," says H. H. Corey, president of Hormel, at whose plant in Austin, Minnesota, more hogs are slaughtered than at any other place in the world, "where would we have been if we'd shot off our mouths about Spam before we were ready?"

Hormel, incidentally, was the first packer to can ham and stay with the business of canning meat. This, eventually, led to the famous product Spam, known to millions of GIs, although it probably will come as a shock to everybody who served in the U. S. Army to learn that he never ate a bite of Spam while he was in the service. What he did eat was a meat mix based on the Hormel Spam formula. This, loosely, is simply ground shoulder meat, to which spiced ham has been added, and during the war every packer made his own version of it and shipped it to the Army in unmarked cans. Spam simply became a generic term for all such canned meat. Real Spam, however, was fed to the Russians and British.

Spam got its famous name one bright Minnesota afternoon at the home of Jay C. Hormel, the chairman of the board of the company, who was giving a cocktail party. "Nobody gets a drink," said Mr. Hormel, "until he thinks up a name for this product." In a few minutes a whole directory of names was produced, but it was the late Kenneth Daigneau, the radio actor, who gave to the world the name that is known from Cape Horn to the North Cape.

Onion Soup Leads to Romance

President Corey, who is known as Tim, stands six feet three, weighs a solid 260 and was an All-American at the University of Nebraska—he played tackle—has this to say about that historic incident: "It is a perfect example of Hormel research. But, then, we've always combined the personal with business here at Hormel. There was Jay Hormel, going off to France as an artilleryman in World War I. He met a French girl and married her because she had a fine onion soup formula. We're doing a big business in the stuff today."

One of the headaches of the hog business, it seems, was that it was highly seasonal. It had been, since pagan times, when the spring season was celebrated with feasting. But, since supplies of fresh meats were usually very low in the spring, the hams of hogs slaughtered in the winter were buried near the seashore in wet sand, to be stored for the spring feast. Weeks before the feast,

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Next Week

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the hams, cured by the chemical action of salt water, would be dug up and smoked over wood fires. After the Christian Era the practice continued, giving rise to our custom of eating ham at the Easter feast.

The animals, themselves, also made the hog business seasonal. The sows usually had their litters in the spring and the hogs reached the markets in November, December and January. During that period there was a great surplus of the animals, which depressed the market for the producer and created a labor problem for Hormel, because of uneven activity. So the Hormel animal-husbandry experts went to work to change the habits of hogs.

Hog Breeding Is Regimented

To do this they had, first, to try to change the habits of hog breeders, and while it took a little persuasion and education, they succeeded. They simply taught many farmers to stagger the farrowing of their sows so that litters would be produced evenly the year round, with the result that the supply of hogs would become steady. As for Hormel's labor problem, it also was solved. Hormel has a guaranteed annual wage, and by evening out the supply of hogs, the company put this wage on a sound basis of steady work. Also, the plan benefits the farmer, as well as the consumer, by keeping prices steadier.

To carry on this constant research and experimentation, there's a maternity ward for sows at the Hormel Institute in Austin that is kept as clean as a hospital. The institute was established in collaboration with the University of Minnesota with Hormel funds and its scientists are automatically members of the university's faculty. The researchers keep close watch on the littering sows and their offspring in an endeavor to combat diseases of newborn piglets.

Hormel also has a joint-earnings system, a profit-sharing arrangement and an incentive system for employees. This is characteristic of the meat business, which constantly experiments in what industry now calls human engineering.

Swift has had a pension plan for all employees from messenger boy to president, since 1916, and the company foots the entire bill. "Pensions are paid through a pension trust which has been in existence since 1916," says John Holmes, president of Swift, who, like many other industry leaders, began his career as a messenger boy. "The company's contribution last year to the trust was over $11,500,000. Pensions paid to retired employees and to the widows of employees amounted to over $4,500,000 for the year." Armour also pays pensions to salaried people, and Wilson and Cudahy recently have adopted such plans. As for paid vacations for hourly workers, Swift has been giving them since 1923.

It's natural that the meat industry should be a leader in progressive industrial relations, because a good 20 per cent of the entire population of the United States is involved in the production, processing and sale of meat. There are more than 5,000,000 farms and ranches in the nation where livestock is grown, and if you take the Department of Agriculture figures of five persons to each farm you come up with more than 25,000,000 people right there. Then there are 300,000 employees in the packing industry and a million more people in retail establishments.

Using the Department of Commerce figure of about 3.6 people per family, this totals up to about 30,000,000 people dependent in one way or another on meat, not including those in the restaurant business. Not including, either, the rest of us who are not dependent economically on meat, but concerned with it because of our diets. If you lump everybody connected with meat together you get just about the entire 150,000,000 Americans, because after all there aren't very many vegetarians.

How Chicago's fabulous stock yards, which handle as many as 240,000 head in a single day, actually operate is told in next week's Collier's. Order your copy from your newsdealer today

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Researcher, National Geographic Society	A well-fed cat is a better mouser than a hungry one, because cats kill rodents purely for sport.
Engineer, Bell Telephone Company	The most telephone-using city in the country is not New York, but San Francisco, with 49 phones to 100 persons against New York's 34.
Zoologist, University of Oklahoma	The pig is a smart animal—it can be taught, for example, to herd cattle like a shepherd dog.
Researcher, Catholic University of America	Christmas was not celebrated on December 25th until about 800 A.D.
Biologist, Western Reserve University	No eagle ever carried off a child—it's far too cowardly a bird.
Quartermaster, United States Army	The average active American civilian eats more food than the average American soldier.
Anthropologist, University of Pennsylvania	The average bushman in Australia is as intelligent as the average American.
Ornithologist, Cornell University	Woodpeckers don't ruin trees—the trees they attack have already been ruined for lumber use by insects.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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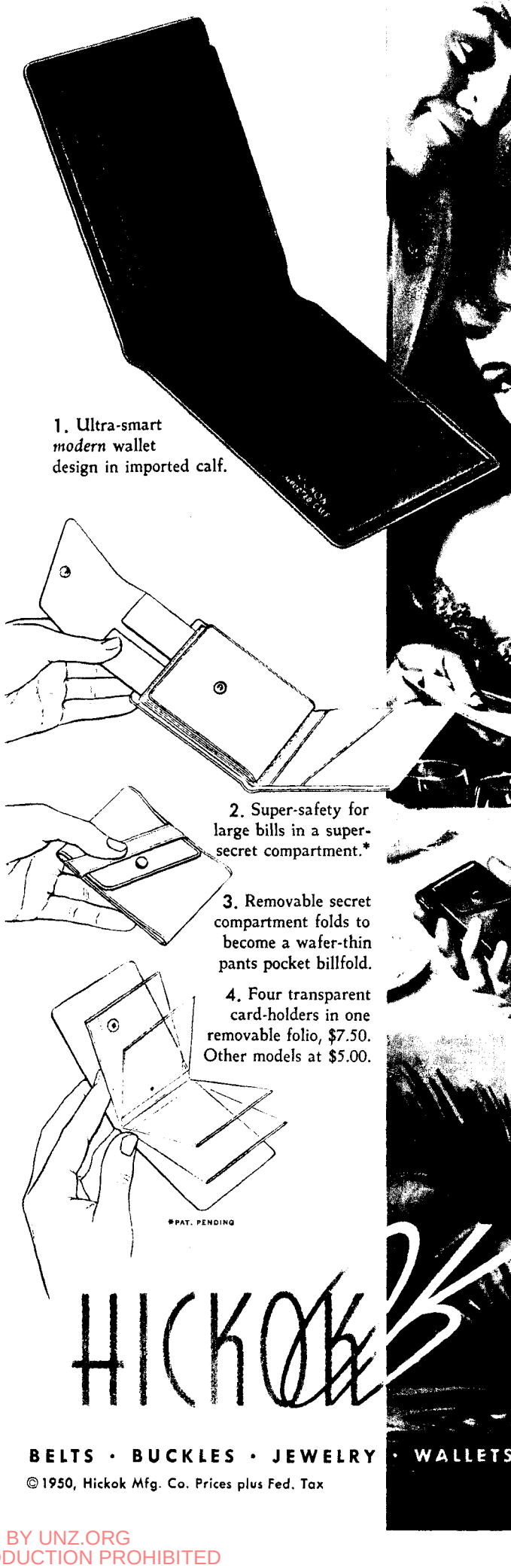

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How I Got to Go to Camp

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

won is a folding flower-holder which anybody with a grain of sense could tell at a glance.

The Every Other Daily Bugle

June 20, 1950 **Editor: Harper Galloway**

Price 2 cents **Volume 1, Number 3**

Free Press

Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair called up my father and wanted to know where had I heard about his making five hundred dollers per tenant on that apartment deal? My father said it's a free country and a reporter doesn't have to tell where he gets his information and maybe Glenna believes what she sees in the paper even if she won't listen to her own father, Mr. Reed, who knows some people in the real estate field.

Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair had better stop making threts like that he'll come over and take a poke at my father. My father isn't as tall as Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair but he's wiry and in good condition from playing volley ball with us kids in the vacant lot back of the Wallace's.

Pretty Mad

Glenna Reed was pretty mad when she read what I wrote about the apartment deal. She said she and Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair are not going to wait until June 28 but are going to get married right away tomorrow and stop being a victim of malishus neighborhood gossip. She said Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair said anything he did was perfectly legal and he didn't know what all the fuss was about, she ought to be glad he knew a good business deal when he saw one, how did she think people got rich?

Glenna was supposed to go out to dinner and dancing but she stayed home with a sick headake instead. Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair was mad because he had paid ten dollars for a table reservation at the Saxaphone Club and he wouldn't get it back.

Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair drove by my house in his yellow convertible with the white side-walls and he stopped outside where I was mowing the lawn. "I just wanted to see what you looked like, you pint-sized Judas," he said.

Bebop

Yesterday Edwina Van Blarcom invited Joe Scully to come in with his clarinet while she played the piano. There was nobody else home and Joe got to showing Edwina the progressive jazz they play at his college. Mr. Van Blarcom came in when they were working out some new cords and he said what in the name of Jehosephat is that? And Joe said it was an augmented eleventh and Mr. Van Blarcom said it may be an augmented eleventh to you but it's just a squawk to me like if you'd sat down on the piano by accident. He told Joe to get out and they would have the piano tuned.

Tree in Peril

Mr. Peebles has got the tree-men here to see if they can chop off the branch of the linden tree that the surveyors said was overhanging Mr. Utley's property. It is a pretty big branch and the tree-men do not like to chop it off, but Mr. Peebles says go ahead. Mr. Utley has been arguing with them for an hour and, while they were gone to get their saws, he climbed the tree and is sitting on the branch. He says he is going to stay right there. The tree-men are standing around leaning on their saws.

A Correction

Mrs. Van Blarcom says her uncle was never in jail for tampering with the mails either. The nearest anybody has come was the time Mr. Van Blarcom sent a batch of envelopes addressed to himself to the postmaster at Oak Ridge, Tenn., so he would get that postmark in his stamp collection, and a week later a man came around asking the neighbors all sorts of questions with a card that said F.B.I. in big letters across it.

Mr. Van Blarcom says if I want to go back to keeping snakes, he knows where I can maybe get a copperhead.

Sudden Departure

Mrs. Estabrook has gone to Reno to get a divorce from Mr. Estabrook. She left in a taxi right after lunch when she got through reading where Mr. Estabrook said she used to be sawed in two. She sure has a shrill voice when she gets annoyed. And she sure got annoyed. She said of course he couldn't possibly think to mention the time she was an understudy for the Theater Gild. Or all her experiance in summer stock or the time she almost got a scream test. Oh, no. All he remembers is she wore tights and got sawed in two. It's bad enough she gave up her career to get married to him without he should forget she ever had one. And as for babies coming equipped with muzzles, she knew who ought to wear a muzzle and Mr. Estabrook couldn't write ads that would sell snowshoes to Eskimoes.

After she had gone off in the taxi, Mr. Estabrook did not sit out on the porch with his feet up doodling. He walked up and down for a while and then slammed some things in a suitcase and he went off in another taxi. That is the last anybody has seen of them and Decibel does not know whether she should just clean and wax or should she fix dinner.

I Surrender, Dear

It's a woman's privilege to change her mind
As well as that of the undersigned.

—STEPHEN SCHLITZER

No More Bridge

The Wednesday Afternoon Bridge Club has abolished itself. Mrs. Nugent sent the folding flower-holder back to Mrs. Quinby. It was unfolded and it had flowers in it. Cauliflowers.

Late Bulletin

Mr. Utley is still up in the tree.

The Every Other Daily Bugle

June 22, 1950 **Editor: Harper Galloway**

Price 2 cents **Volume 1, Number 4**

Farewell for a While

It was sure good of all you people in Sycamore Hills to chip in and raise the money for me to go to camp. I want to sincerely and respeckfully thank each and every one of you and specially Mr. Talcott who did the collecting. I will try to be a credit to the neighborhood and pass the tadpole test (fifty feet free style) and get to play in the infield. I am busy getting my stuff together so this will be the last issue of the Bugle until I get back in the fall.

Mr. Utley

There is nothing to report now except that Mr. Utley will be coming home from the hospitle in three days. His coller bone is mending nicely. The tree-men said it was a good thing the branch broke so they could see how bad it was inside and the whole tree ought to be tooken down before a high wind blows it over on to the Utley house. Mr. Utley swore like sixty while he was waiting for the ambulance but Mr. Peebles said wouldn't he rather have a coller bone than the whole front of his house bashed in.

A Good Idea

Mrs. Talcott is taking a Success Course and already she's lost three and a half pounds. Keep up the good work, Mrs. Talcott!

COLLIER'S

"The story of his life is sprinkled with interesting little anecdotes about how he made this or that million"

ROLAND COE

Collector's Item

When Joe Scully read where Mr. Van Blarcom is so interested in stamps and postmarks, he took his collection over to show Mr. Van Blarcom and gave him two of his best covers that went on the first nonstop flight around the world. Mr. Van Blarcom gave Joe a cigar from his specially-made stock and broke out some brandy that was thirty years old. Joe is going to take Edwina to a dance Saturday night.

An Insperation

Mr. and Mrs. Estabrook came home last night. Together. He had caught up with her between trains in Chicago. He has a wonderful idea for the comertial about plastic upholstery. He is going to show a baby crawling on the upholstery, drooling and kicking and spilling its food. Then he will show that the upholstery is absolutely unharmed. He says writing copy is easy, it's all a matter of insperation. He came over to our house about two o'clock in the morning to ask my mother if she had a dill pickle which Mrs. Estabrook wanted to eat. My mother didn't have any pickles but she phoned around the neighborhood and finally Mrs. Scully had a jar of pickles and Mr. Estabrook went over to get it.

Elopement

Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair parked his big yellow convertible in front of Glenna Reed's house yesterday and went in to get her so they could drive to town and get married. When they came out and put Glenna's suitcase in the back, the car wouldn't start. It's a funny thing about even the best cars, if somebody puts mothballs in the gasoline tank in a few minutes the feed line gets clogged. So they were sitting there and Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair was whirring the starter when Bax Canfield finally came along.

He was very polite. He said he hoped Glenna would be very happy. She said she had read in the paper where he thought all she cared about was luxuries and some people are certainly sure how other people feel about luxuries and waiting around without ever having the gumption to ask them how they really feel theirselves. Or maybe going on working after they are married which plenty of girls do if they're in love. Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair kept on whirring the starter and swearing. Bax sure looked serious and he said "Glenna, do you mean it?" and she said "Oh, Bax" and started to cry.

Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair whirred the starter again and then he saw Glenna was crying and he said "What the blankety-blank is the matter with you?" So then he saw Bax and he got out of the car and said "Why don't you push off?" and Bax said "I was talking to Glenna" and Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair gave Bax a sort of shove and Bax let go with a right to the jaw and Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair sat down in the gutter. Bax pulled Glenna out of the car and carried her suitcase. She took off Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair's big dimond ring and tossed it at him where he was sitting in the gutter.

By the time Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair had found the ring and dusted it off, Bax and Glenna were in Bax's old jalopy and headed down toward the parkway. Mr. Arlington Whitney Blair looked kind of dazed.

Found

Mrs. Quinby found Kathy Lockridge's turtle. It turned up in a mixed greens salad Mrs. Quinby was serving to a client Mr. Quinby brought home to have dinner. When the mayonnaise was wiped off, Myrtle was just as good as new. THE END

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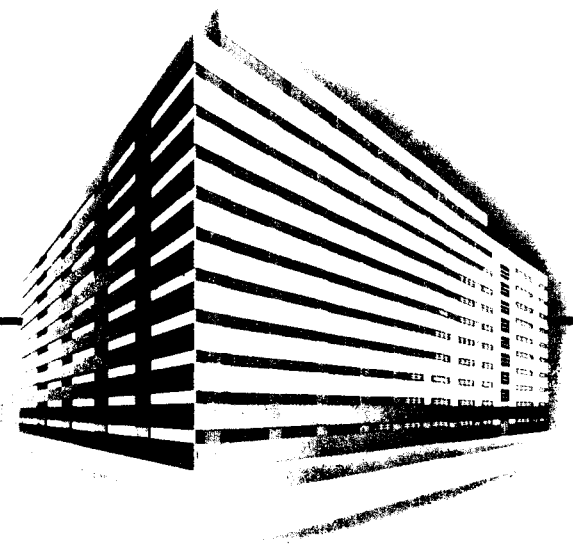

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The Dodgers Ain't No Accident

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

scouted and earmarked for future services? With the exception of Rickey, most baseball executives viewed the ideal prospect as a man past forty with three dependents and a hacking cough.

It was scarcely the time to sell a ball club a program of expansion with the accent on, youth, but that was precisely what Rickey did.

"The war will not last forever," declared Rickey. It was hardly an original statement but what followed was. "I propose we sign every available young man our scouts can certify as possessing baseball talent, paying particular attention to those under eighteen. Even if eventually they all go into service, the great majority will return and when the war is over we will have a pool of material for our farm clubs and a surplus to sell to other organizations. The sale of this surplus will defray the production costs."

Rickey's demands were met, albeit with some misgivings, and the Mahatma sent his scouts on the prowl as cradle snatchers. Letters were written to more than 18,000 high-school baseball coaches asking for talent recommendations. Some 4,000 replies were received, and tryout camps were established throughout the country at which Dodger scouts inspected no fewer than 2,000 youngsters, 400 of whom were signed to contracts. The net result was to give Brooklyn a corner on the youth market.

Clubs Seek New Farm Talent

When the war ended, 30 months after Rickey initiated his youth drive, there was a great demand for young ballplayers, and only the Dodgers had the man power with which to supply it. Other clubs, seeking frantically to restock long-neglected farm clubs, had to turn to Brooklyn.

Behind the youth drive, Rickey had another and far more revolutionary plan. He decided that the time was ripe for the erasure of baseball's color line.

First, Rickey suggested that the Dodgers subsidize a team in a newly formed Negro league, a four-club organization somewhat sonorously known as the United States League. This team, the Brown Dodgers, would play its home games at Ebbets Field while Brooklyn was on the road.

To obtain players for the Brown Dodgers, Brooklyn scouts were sent on talent hunts in other Negro leagues and on exploratory trips to Cuba, Mexico and other Latin-American countries where there was no color line. Only the Dodger directors knew that Rickey actually was seeking the Negro player whose talents were great enough to permit him to smash prejudice.

The scouts were told that if, in the course of their peregrinations, they came across any Caucasians or Latins who might help the Dodgers or their farm clubs, they were to send back reports on these players, too. A code was devised to inform Rickey whether the player reported upon was a white or a Negro. The code served the double purpose of bringing into the Brooklyn net any stray white players who might be in Cuba or Mexico and also eliminated any personal reservations the scouts may have entertained. Not one of them knew that he actually was scouting for the first Negro major-leaguer.

By switching scouting assignments, Rickey soon had a complete file on every Negro player in this hemisphere. Three, four and more scouts would send back reports on each of these players, all under the impression they were seeking talent for the Brown Dodgers. It was from this list that were selected first Jackie Robinson, then Roy Campanella and Don Newcombe, to reach stardom with the pennant-winning Dodgers. None of it was an accident, all of it was shrewdly planned.

Rickey always has been a stride ahead of the field, and most of the time he takes that stride with seven-league boots so that it takes his rivals years to catch up. With the Cardinals, where he was first field manager and then general manager, he realized that the club didn't have the cash reserves to compete with other clubs for minor-league stars. Branch devised the farm system and grew his own flag winners. As other clubs turned to chain-store baseball, Rickey maintained his advantage by developing the "tryout camp."

The tryout camps, through which were screened the Brooklyn youngsters of the war years who became the postwar stars, were quickly copied. At Brooklyn, under MacPhail, Rickey's own son and Mickey McConnell started tryout camps in the fall of 1939, and from these early pre-Mahatma camps came such Dodgers as Bruce Edwards, Ralph Branca, Spider Jorgensen, Hal Gregg and Vic Lombardi.

The tryout camp is almost elemental in its simplicity. Brooklyn scouts, following the sun, establish them throughout the country the year round. A central point, which will enable the scouts to investigate kids for

"The man I marry has to like dolls too"

COLLIER'S — KATE OSANN

miles around, is selected and advertised locally as the campsite. Teen-agers are invited to bring their own equipment and work out during a three-day period under the eyes of a staff of scouts. Those with promise are signed, usually to a farm club near their homes.

The farm system and the tryout camp having proved sound enough to be imitated, Rickey came up with a new wrinkle—a baseball school at the annual spring training camp, where the major-league club and all its affiliated teams went through their paces together. Laughed off in the beginning as "assembly-line baseball," it, too, is now being copied widely.

For all of the assembly-line technique there is still a personal touch to the Dodgers and the touch is the Mahatma's. Today the once awkward, free-swinging Gil Hodges is a Flatbush hero and generally considered the National League's best first baseman, offensively and defensively. He was one of the first youths to be bagged in the Mahatma's 1943 dragnet and came to Ebbets Field as a catcher, by his own admission. He was raw, green and clumsy.

Rickey watched from the stands while his assistants put the boy through a series of aptitude tests, first behind the plate and then at the various infield positions. When the trial run was completed, Rickey turned to Branch, Jr., more irreverently known as "the Twig," and remarked, "He can play first base, no matter what he says about being a catcher."

Hodges was signed and played exactly one game for the Dodgers, and that at third base, of all places, before marching off to service. After the war Gil, still adamant about his catching, served a year behind the plate with the Newport News farm and was brought to the varsity in 1947. Against his better judgment, Hodges finally was converted into a first baseman. It turned out, as it so often does, that father knew best.

Rickey, as Westbrook Pegler once wrote, "committed himself to baseball in his youth under a mad delusion that he was a catcher." However limited were the physical skills of Rickey, his mental resources were rich indeed. No small amount of the continued success of the Dodgers and their affiliates stems from the fact that, at sixty-eight, Rickey still is one of the few best judges of playing talent in America.

Rickey's Florida assembly line at Vero Beach, which at its peak had 600 athletes perspiring on its premises, was about as mechanized as a camp can get. Ballplayers from Brooklyn and Montreal, from St. Paul and Fort Worth, from Mobile and Miami, from Ponca City and Newport News, from Asheville, Danville and Three Rivers, from Greenwood, Hazelton and Elmira, from Lancaster, Hornell, Valdosta and Sheboygan, all drilled under the eyes of Rickey, manager Burt Shotton and some 30 other assorted brain trusters.

Four baseball diamonds, dozens of batting cages, two mechanical pitchers, stationary batting tees, an electric-eye umpire —which also measured the velocity of each pitch—a sliding pit with a two-way approach, and a straightaway cinder path, complete with track coach and stop watch, comprised the layout which served to keep all the athletes and all the thinkers occupied simultaneously. Between morning and afternoon sessions, the players lunched in their uniforms in the mess hall cafeteria of the former naval air training station.

For all of its embellishments and gadgets, the Vero Beach camp was not exactly popular with players or writers. It was one of the latter who plaintively declared that Vero Beach "had the longest nights on the North American continent." The barracks life, the isolation, the hit-the-deck whistle at 7:20 A.M. reminded too many ballplayers of too many things they thought they had left behind them forever on V-J day. But grumbling or no, the camp pays off in results and is an integral part of Rickey's plan of pennants for Flatbush.

Minors Heavily in the Red

The cost of all this is enormous. Rickey estimates the annual production costs of the Dodgers at $500,000. Most of the minor-league affiliations, and there are no fewer than 24, operate at a loss. Notable exceptions are Montreal and St. Paul. Fort Worth, too, was in the black until a fire burned down the stands last summer, at a time when there was only negligible insurance coverage. Hollywood, with which Brooklyn operates on a working agreement, also is a money-maker, but the Dodgers do not share in these profits.

Only the sale of minor-league players enables the Dodgers to maintain Operation Pennant. Between the time the Dodgers concluded their dismal showing against the Yankees in the World Series last October and their assembling at Vero Beach in March, Rickey had sold $600,000 worth of ballplayers. Or, at least, he had received $600,000 for ballplayers he couldn't use.

Understandably sensitive about the inward flow of money, which always receives far more advertisement than the outward flow, Rickey is quick to point out that the sale of his minor-league players to major-league clubs is good for the morale of his organization; it demonstrates to young players of talent that they will not be held in the minors until they are hoary and old.

Baseball in Brooklyn has come a long way since the happy, carefree, and often insolvent, days of Uncle Wilbert Robinson, who once bemoaned bitterly the failure of Brooklyn to beat Cincinnati to the purchase of a minor-league first baseman named Jim Hudgins. At the time, Robbie had Jacques Fournier, one of the league's leading home-run hitters at first and he also had strings on two minor-league first basemen of promise, Del Bissonette and Babe Herman. Yet he was greatly intrigued by Hudgins because of an item he had read in the Sporting News, baseball's trade paper, to the effect that Jim ate eight eggs for breakfast every morning!

A Much-Indexed Infielder

In contrast to Robbie's preoccupation with a player's achievements with a knife and fork, the Dodgers now cross-index all their prospects. A player is scouted and rescouted before he is even considered for the varsity. At camp last spring was one Rocky Bridges, a tobacco-chewing, chest-sliding infielder in the best Pepper Martin tradition.

A writer, sensing a possible feature in Bridges, asked to see the file on him. He discovered that no fewer than 53 separate and distinct reports had been made on Bridges in the three years he had been a major-league prospect in the Brooklyn organization. And the kid hasn't seen Ebbets Field yet!

Files also are kept on players who aren't even Brooklyn property. In the summer of 1948, Rickey brought a problem to Fresco Thompson, one of his field trouble shooters. The Mahatma wished to bring Duke Snider from Montreal to Brooklyn but had to give the Royals an outfielder in exchange. He couldn't take one from St. Paul or Fort Worth because those clubs were in pennant fights.

"There's a Negro boy playing in Cuba who should be able to help," said Thompson, rattling off vital statistics from a report first turned in during the summer of 1946. The player had been scouted by John Carey, Ed McCarrick and Mickey McConnell at a Negro all-star game at the Polo Grounds. He was then playing with the Cleveland Buckeyes and although he had shifted around since, the Dodgers continued to augment their original report on him. Thompson recommended his purchase for Montreal. The player, Sam Jethroe, was sold last winter to the Boston Braves for considerably more than $100,000.

For all of the baseball glory he has brought to Brooklyn, Rickey is not particularly popular with the fans whose money supports him in a style to which he never was accustomed in St. Louis. For one thing, he came to that robust community under the triple handicap of being an outlander, a Republican and a prohibitionist. It was an impost which would have staggered Man o' War. When the alien Rickey, speaking for a worthy charity, orates in polysyllabic rhetoric fruity with allegorical references, Dodger fans ask, "Wot's the bum sayin'?"

Whether the Brooklyn fans love Rickey or hate him, they accept him and all his works. The stands at Ebbets Field range from comfortably filled to jam-packed, morning, noon and night. And the Mahatma sees to it that the Dodgers are on exhibition in Flatbush morning, noon and night. He returned to the practice of morning and afternoon games on holidays, once standard operating procedure in the majors but later discarded and almost forgotten everywhere but in Boston.

When a postponement forces a doubleheader, Rickey, following what seems to him to be the economically sound theory of two-games-for-the-price-of-two-admissions, splits the atom by dividing the double bill into afternoon and night games, pausing only long enough between games to sweep out the spectators. There have been complaints, of course, but none around the ticket wickets, except possibly about the location of seats. THE END

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The Candy Kid

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

hour. He couldn't very well have made it to Los Alamos and back in that time. But he'd driven somewhere, checked with someone.

"You know the rest," she said. "Now will you give me the right package?"

For a moment they sat there in silence while the rain slashed the windows. Silently studying each other.

"What good will it do you?"

She said, "I want to give it to Captain Harrod."

He was half out of his chair. "What?"

SHE argued in desperation, "What else is there to do? I tried to save Tim. I'd do it again. I was afraid he'd killed that Mexican girl because he'd killed before. He was afraid, too. Now I don't believe he did. I believe we were both being used to carry something into this country, something so dangerous that murder means nothing to those behind it. You asked me if I was afraid. I'm terribly afraid. For myself and for Tim and"—there was an imperceptible catch of breath—"for you. If Beach, who had nothing to do with this package, was killed, what chance have the rest of us? I want to put it in Captain Harrod's hands and tell him everything. Will you give it to me?"

The crash was like a bomb, the white heat of lightning flared in the room. She was out of the chair in momentary panic; he met her halfway with the strength of his arms. He held her quietly for a long moment. Until she stopped trembling and drew away from him.

"I'm sorry," she said. She sat down in the chair again, quietly, but her hands were clenched so tight they ached. She tried a shaky laugh. "War nerves."

He didn't say anything. He didn't know what were lies and what was truth. He knew only that he hadn't wanted to let her go. The rain was frenzied. He said, "Do you like candy?"

Her eyes were bewildered. "Candy? Why, yes, sometimes."

"Cactus candy?"

The bewilderment increased. "I don't believe I've ever tasted it."

He laughed, a short, bitter laugh. At himself. Because he didn't know what she was and because at the moment he didn't care. He wanted only to know her. He said, "I can't give you the package. It was stolen from me last night."

She disbelieved. She said, "You're lying."

"Ask Harrod. He came for it this morning. It was gone."

A wasteland of silence lay between them. Until she said wearily, "I'd better get back to the hotel."

"You can't go out in this storm."

"Before Tim and Rags get there."

"Where are they?"

"They went to find Struyker." She touched the telephone. "May I call for a cab?"

"But that's ridiculous," he pointed out. "The state police had already gone after him."

She said quickly, "They didn't believe the police would find him. Actually he wasn't going fishing. Rags remembered him saying he was spending the week end with a friend."

He was beginning to function. "When did Rags remember that one?"

"After you left."

The thoughts were coming more rapidly, more horribly. "When? Right after? Did he have a telephone call first?"

"What are you trying to say?" She began to tremble.

He went to her rapidly, laid his hand over hers. "Answer me."

"After he returned from buying some cigarettes in the lobby."

"And you let Tim go with him after Struyker?" He was incredulous.

"I couldn't have stopped Tim. I didn't know. I didn't dream." She pleaded, "They wouldn't do anything to Tim. He doesn't know anything!" And she broke off, remembering Beach—remembering how much less Beach had known. She said frantically, "They wouldn't do anything to him. Not until I found the package for them."

"They know it's gone," he said.

HE TOOK the phone from under her hand, called headquarters. Danny Moreno hadn't returned. They didn't know where Harrod was. He called the hotel. Harrod wasn't there. Neither was Tim nor Rags. Her face was gray as the world outside. The only thing alive was the color painted on her mouth. He called Jack's for a cab. There'd be an hour's wait. Every cab company said the same.

She said, "I can walk."

He was afraid to leave her here alone. Afraid someone would come for her. She'd be safe at the hotel. He said, "I'll get you a raincoat."

The rain was slackening after the outburst. He quoted irrelevantly, "The harder the shower, the quicker it's over." To say something that didn't count helped. The hill under its gravel was soft, sucking mud. Her heels sank into it. She took off her shoes. "I can walk faster."

He held her close by her arm. There were no offers of a ride today. When they were on pavement again, she still carried her shoes. Her nylons were caked with mud. The way Francisca's feet had been. He was walking too fast for her but he couldn't help it. He was in a hurry.

As they neared the hotel, he said, "Wait for me in the lobby."

"I'll have to change."

He said, "I'll go up with you."

There was no one in the suite. He made sure of it. He said, "Put the night latch on your door. Don't let anyone in. Not anyone at all."

"I won't." Her eyes were sharp with pain. "You'll find Tim?"

"I'll find Tim." Very gently

MAN OF THE HOUR

JOHN FISCHETTI

Father's Day is coming, so
Let's nick him for a little dough
To buy him things he really needs—
A hoe to grapple with the weeds,
A sprayer and some spray for slugs
And caterpillars, moths and bugs . . .
A nice new ladder too, for then
This paragon, this prince of men,
Won't be so dangerously prone
To pulverize some vital bone.
And if we can afford to do
It right, we'll buy a mower too . . .
The old one he's been working on
Is making mincemeat of the lawn!

—MARGARET FISHBACK

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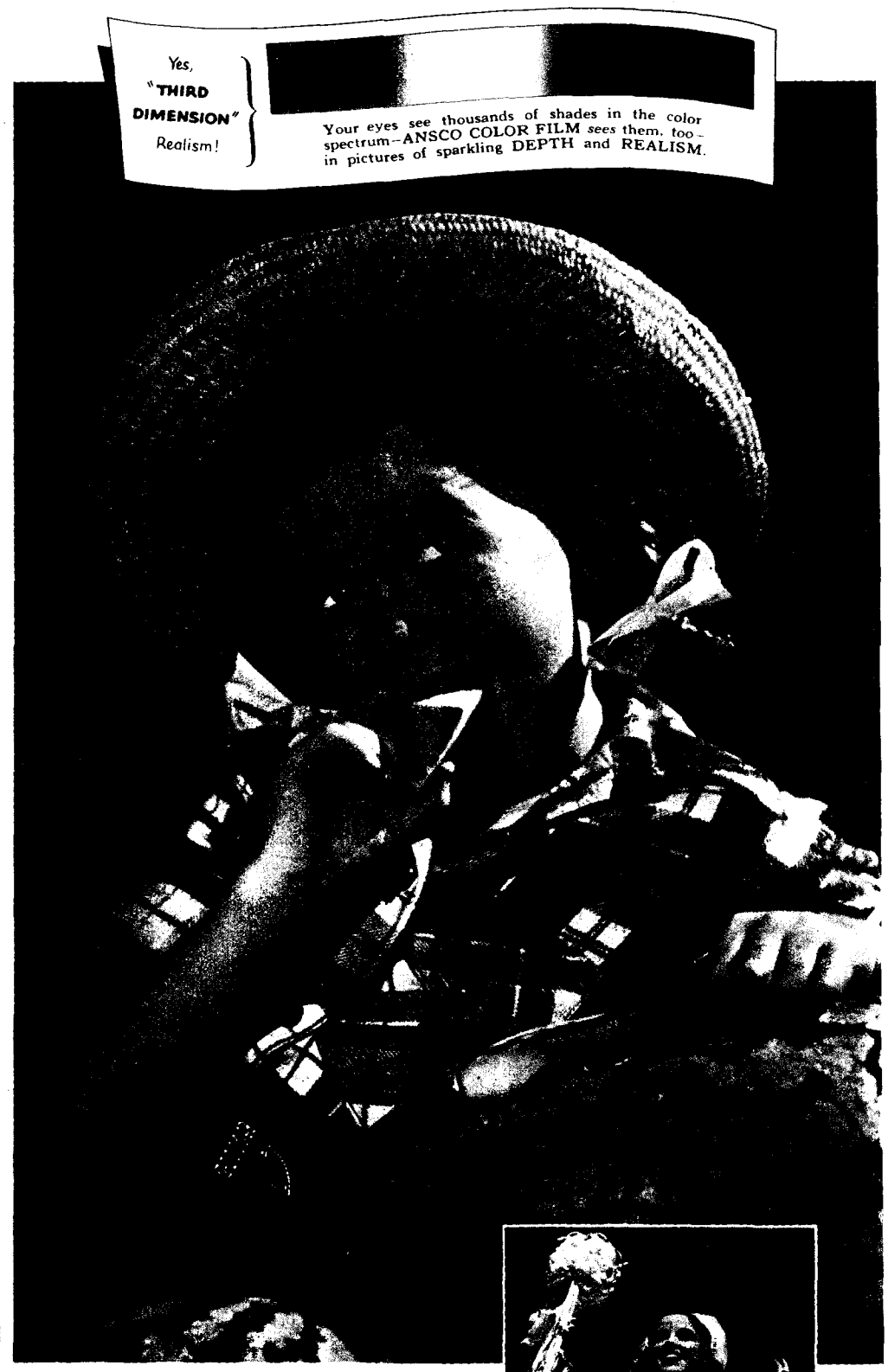

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he put his mouth to hers. In pity. Because they were the bunglers and because of them the innocent died. "Don't let anyone in," he repeated. He had to move fast before there were more accidents. . . .

He walked to McAllister's garage. It was no longer raining; shards of blue splintered the moving clouds. He said, "I've got to have a car." He should have borrowed one sooner—he wouldn't have had to wait while they decided which one he could use. He said, "It'll have to take a beating. Be sure it's insured."

It didn't look like much but it ran. He eased it around the Plaza, up Washington, until he hit the Tesuque highway. Then he cut it loose. In less than fifteen minutes he'd reached Adam's place. The side road was rutted but the car pulled through.

The house seemed deserted. He pounded on the door, shouted, "Adam! Adam, it's Jo!" When there was no answer, he tried the door. It was locked. He circled the house. The back door too was locked. The windows were closed against the rain. He pried out a kitchen screen, forced up the window behind it and boosted himself in.

He went through the house, afraid of what he would find. He didn't find Adam.

The man sprawled grotesquely by the front door had a golden beard. It wasn't an accident that he was lying there. His neck was broken.

Jose didn't touch him. He departed by the window, lowering it after him and replacing the screen. Let Tim be found in the locked house, the way it was planned. Only it didn't look as if this one had been planned; this was hurried.

No one had seen Jose come, no one saw him leave. Adam's house was hidden in its own little valley; there were no neighbors. There'd be no one to remember that Rags brought Tim here and left him here.

Jose drove back to town. He didn't stop there. He didn't go near the hotel. Dulcinda would find out soon enough, too soon. He could have stopped to telephone her. But he didn't want to speak with her, to answer her unanswerable questions. He wondered if he would ever see her again. Death was jealous of what could be between them. Three times he had struck them apart. The worst part of it was, Jose knew why; the bitterest part was that he now knew who was responsible for all the deaths.

BY SIX he was flying to El Paso. It was a rough passage, the plane was tossed in and out of storms, but he felt nothing. His body was as narcotized as his mind and spirit. He didn't want to think; he wouldn't let himself think. Only one thing was in focus—the need to reach Francisca before the others could.

They set down in the warm Texas night. He shared a cab into town with a businessman from Denver and another from Raton. They got out at the Chenoweth. He didn't; he kept his face averted in the cab darkness while Jaime lifted their luggage. His destination was the border.

It hadn't changed. It was as it had been only a couple of nights ago when he and Beach and Adam had strolled across the bridge together for dinner in Juárez. The lights were a spangled fan across the dark sky. Music tinkled and music blared but it didn't set his heels to dancing. He walked heavily across the dark, dirty span, not looking at the trickle of the Rio Grande below. He spoke his piece to the American customs, dropped his pennies into the toll box, walked evenly onto the Mexican side. The heat and the stench and the sound and the color of the border pushed at him but he pushed back, winding his way through the delaying tourists.

His eyes watched the faces he passed, his ears were lifted for the singsong of the *piada*. He knew there could be unknowns set to watch for him; it was a chance he had to take. But he resembled too many others here to be easy to spot. Unless he was already known to the spotters.

He traversed the first two blocks and started into the third. It was then he heard the clink and tootle of Canario. The music came from within a raucous saloon. As Jose reached it, his luck splintered. The doors swung outward and with them Canario and his band.

Jose took the full thudding impact of the small man and his clattering *instrumentos*. It was Jose who steadied him, kept him from falling.

Canario didn't say thank you. He didn't see Jose. He was shaking his fists at the roars of laughter behind the swaying doors. *"Borrachos! Asesinos! Gringos!"* He spattered their habits and their ancestries with the mud of his imagination.

Jose could have slipped away, but a motley group of *nativos* had gathered for the denunciation. On the outskirts were a sprinkling of tourists. He was caught in the center of the double circle. Only when Canario had lost breath, did he bend to retrieve his battered sombrero. And in bending, saw Jose. For a moment Canario remained frozen in that crablike position. Then he swooped up the hat, pulled it over his matted hair like a bowl, murmured a quick *"'cias, señor."* In another moment he would have crabbed out of the circle.

"We are going to the Plaza. There you will make music for *los pinos de la callo*, the ones who like corn. You understand?"

Canario nodded to the words he was singing.

They wouldn't be looking for Jose yet. He doubted very much if they were expecting him. He would be presumed to be content to remain in Santa Fe, comforting Dulcy. If he could get to Francisca before the word of his presence was whispered to Praxiteles, he'd take care of them for everything they'd done.

They advanced toward the Plaza. Jose halted Canario at the corner. "Play now," he ordered. "Play fine and strong, the old songs that all may sing with you. The lively tunes for dancing." Under his breath, he said fiercely, "Tell them you come to play for them. Make them happy to sing and dance. I will be watching." His hand gestured to his pocket.

Canario's head bobbed like a straw man's. He clanged the cymbals, he blew the cornet, he trilled the flute. The children were beginning to gather around him. Jose stepped back against the wall.

COLLIER'S — **"They're certainly very clever—by merely sprinkling the clouds with dry ice, they get the same results that we do with our magic"** — GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Jose didn't let him go. He flung his arm about the dirty little man's shoulder. "That's telling them, *Señor Pájaro,*" he applauded. He might have been any *borrachito*—not *borracho, borrachito*—amused by the altercation. "They did not appreciate you, no? Come, you shall play for one who does appreciate you." He couldn't let Canario run to inform. "A concert for the *niños!* That is what we shall have from you, Señor Bird."

He pushed Canario forward, holding him tightly. With his free hand, he fumbled in his inner pocket.

Canario whimpered, "Yes, señor. I will go with you, señor." His fear was stark; he thought his captor was reaching for a gun.

Jose muttered, "Walk right along. Make music!" He lifted his voice. *"Música, música!"* They weren't alone—they were tagged by the inevitable beggar boys. "Sing a merry song," he commanded.

His hand slid out with the wallet. Canario's voice quavered, "On Sunday night we are happy, we dance and we sing. . . ."

Jose dropped one step behind. Covering his wallet in his hand, he extracted a couple of bills. One he crumpled deep into his pocket, the other he folded with the numeral alone visible.

Jose let Canario see the bill. "You will make a fine concert for me and I will repay you."

The voice became more happy. "My very good friend and I . . ." it sang.

Jose waited until the circles widened about the songbird. Then he moved with the swiftness of a shadow—to the side of a boy. He whispered, "Five dollars American to speak with Francisca." The boy turned black stone eyes up at him. He darted away. Jose moved to another. "Five dollars American to speak with Francisca." He weaved in and out of the throng. Whispering wherever he thought it was wise. And not too unsafe. When he'd completed the circle he returned to the black shadow of the wall.

Canario wasn't frightened any longer. He was enjoying his art. Jose waited on against the dark wall. He was stricken with the hopelessness of it before a boy sidled to him. "What is it you want with Francisca?"

He restrained the surge of excitement. He spoke quietly, "Only to speak with her. Five dollars American. The same for her."

"You are not the police?" The boy was an innocent: a wise one would not have dared ask.

Jose said, "If I were the police, would I offer dollars? I would demand you take me to her. Five dollars," he tempted.

The boy couldn't refuse. "I will see if I can find her."

He could find her. He wouldn't have approached the stranger if he hadn't known where she was. But she would have more than one hiding place. If endangered, she would disappear into a deeper hole. Jose couldn't risk that. How to send word without speaking his name. It wasn't safe to speak it lest the whisper reach the Calle de la Burrita before he was ready. He hesitated, "Tell her it is one who needs her help."

He didn't know whether it would work. He didn't know why she'd run away. If she wanted to sell him out, he was here waiting for it, a sitting pigeon. Yet he dared not move to a safer spot. He must be waiting when the boy returned.

He'd taken but a few draws on a cigarette when he spied the skulking boy. Whether the same one or not, he didn't know, even when the *muchacho* sidled against the wall toward him. It could have been the cigarette he desired. Jose dropped the cigarette and the boy swooped it up. But he muttered, "Come."

Jose didn't follow too closely. He thought he'd lost the kid as they edged through the crowd and then he saw the shape of him half a block ahead.

AFTER another block Jose had lost him. Then he heard the whisper from the deeper dark of an alley, "Come."

He followed on, twisting through these hidden warrens after the boy. He had no idea where he was; he could never find his way back to the square without a guide. When he came to a stop in the meanest of the alleys, it was because he had bumped into the boy. The *niño* didn't say, "Come," this time; he said, "Gimme."

For one sickening moment Jose called himself fool. The boy didn't care whether he led the way to Francisca. Why should he? A fool had five dollars to throw away; why shouldn't a *pobrecito* accept it? Then he heard Francisca's voice. "What is it you want with me?"

He couldn't see her. She was somewhere in the deep darkness, somewhere beyond the boy.

The boy whined softly, "You say you will gimme five dollars."

Jose fumbled for the boy's hand. The child, suddenly ugly, said, "You give me paper."

"It's a five-dollar bill." Jose snapped. He turned the small shoulders to face the last curve they had made. "Wait for me back there." He mustn't lose his guide.

The child passed him on soft feet. Jose moved in the direction of Francisca's voice until he could see her shape against the crumbling wall, until he could hear the muted tinkle of her earrings.

"Keep away from me," she whispered.

"I won't hurt you," he said angrily. "You don't want me to shout what I must say."

"Stay where you are," she insisted. But she moved a few steps closer, not too close. She was wearing the clothes he had given her.

"Why did you run away?"

She was sullen. "You do not want me. It is the *gringa* you want in your house."

"What *gringa?*"

"The one who comes to you at night. With the hair—"

"Oh, no!" Jose breathed softly. The answer couldn't be that this guttersnipe was jealous of Dulcy. "Oh, no!" he repeated. It couldn't be for this that the pack had had to run full tilt for the border.

"It is not true?" she raged. "With my own eyes I see her. She say she will wait for you—"

He broke in. "Wait a minute. When did she come?"

"After you went away. When the accident happen. But she will not stay. Before your friend came, she was not there."

He was trying to make it fit. "You didn't skip out then. You were there when I got home."

Out of the silence came her smaller voice. "I did not know. Until you sent me away that night. Because it was not me you wanted." She spat the words, "It was the blonde!"

He sighed. *"Quica."* But he let it alone. He said, "You have the perfume. And the sweets."

She kept a sullen silence.

"You didn't take them because Dulcy came to my house. You had taken them before."

She muttered, "I didn't steal them."

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"I didn't say you stole them. But you took them from me again. I know this is true. If any of the others had them, they wouldn't have had to come to the border to find you."

"They are seeking me?" She moved a little closer to him.

"They're seeking what you have. And they know you have it." He remembered briefly, without emotion, the men who lay dead. He said, "Where is the perfume?"

"I hide it."

"It wouldn't take you long to find it, would it?" He didn't know how to appeal to her because he wasn't sure yet why she had taken the things. He had to ask, pleading a straight answer, "Why did you take them again, Francisca? Why?"

She said, "It was better that you do not keep these things."

"Because you knew they were dangerous to me?" He said, "I'm in worse danger now."

After a moment she whispered, "Go away. Go home."

"No. I can't. Unless I end this. Running away won't help me. Death can run faster than I." He spaced the words evenly, as if he'd committed them to memory. He might have been discussing a piece of bread. "Before I visit Señor Praxiteles, I wish the perfume."

She whispered quickly, "You will not go there."

"I must. To make an end to all of this."

"An end to you."

"I don't think so." If he were wrong, he wouldn't care very much.

FRANCISCA touched his sleeve. Most lightly. "You do not go there. Let the police take care of him."

"I wish I could." He meant it. "It isn't that easy. Not on the border." And there was a part of it that had to be his, that no one else could pay off. "Well?"

She said reluctantly, "I will give the perfume to you."

He didn't hear her leave him. He didn't know she had gone until he realized that he could no longer distinguish the rise and fall of her breath. He was alone in this ugly, hostile dark. He needed a cigarette to quell the beat of his nerves but he was afraid to make a light. He leaned away from the wall just enough to peer up to the bend of the narrow alley. The blur must be the boy who had led him there.

The night was warm, too warm for comfort. The minutes passed with sticky slowness. She might not return. She couldn't fail to realize the importance of what she held, not with everyone concerned shuttling back to the border after it. She could decide to hold it for a higher bid. And again, she might not return because she couldn't. There wouldn't be a kid on the Plaza who didn't know where she was hidden. Among them there could be one who would sell her out to Praxiteles, or let loose a foolish word. If she didn't return, Jose would have no idea where to search for her. He could search but he would never find. His nerves were unraveled when he heard her beside him.

"This is what you want?"

His hand fumbled for hers, closed over the roundness of the bottle, removed from the cheap cardboard box. The insidious scent was already filtering into his nostrils. "That's it." He slid it into his jacket pocket. "Thanks. There's one thing more, *niñita*." He hoped he could put it across without making it sound important. "I want you to meet me on the other side. Later. Can you make it?"

"I can." She had no hesitation about the answer. But for him she was disturbed. "You will not be there."

"I'll be there. Go to the Chenoweth."

"They do not want me at the Chenoweth."

He repeated with emphasis, "Go to the Chenoweth. To Lou. Tell her I send you and that she's to keep you safe for me." He added, making it casual but definite, "Take the *dulce* with you. You will do this for me?"

Her answer came slowly. "Yes. I will do this."

"I'll meet you there." He glanced up the street. His small guide was still leaning against the corner house. "Until later," Jose murmured. He started to move but her hand caught his sleeve.

"My five dollars," she demanded. "You tell this boy five dollars for him, five dollars for me if I talk to you."

He'd forgotten. "Sure," he said. It was too dark to distinguish one bill from another. Just in case this was a signal of betrayal, he stooped to his haunches before he struck a light. He extinguished it almost at once. But there was no activity from any direction. He extracted the five he'd thumbed and passed it into her hand. "There'll be more," he said quietly, "if you bring the sweets to me at the Chenoweth."

She didn't respond. She had already faded away into the deep dark.

THERE was no longer song and dance on the Plaza. No longer did Canario chirp his merry tune. Only a few quiet ones strolled together. Jose gave the guide a silver cart wheel—it made up for the disappointment of the piece of paper.

Jose remained on the corner until long after the boy had disappeared. He didn't want to do what must be done. It wasn't that he was afraid. It was the sickness of his spirit which held him motionless.

It was necessary that he force himself to set out. No one followed. No one wondered why a solitary man was stumbling across the wide street. It would not be remembered that he had passed this way. He didn't approach the Street of the Little Burro in customary fashion. Tonight he would not wait politely outside to be admitted to Señor Praxiteles' humble shop. His entrance must be a surprise to those gathered there. He could move softly, so softly that the echo of music from the Avenida would muffle the impress of his foot.

This was the rear wall of the señor's casa. He lifted the latch of the gate silently. The courtyard was open to starshine. He crossed it, made silent ejaculation to his patron saint as he touched the back door of the house. It wasn't like any Mexican to lock his doors against his neighbors. But no matter how much he owned of Ciudad Juárez, Praxiteles was not a *mejicano*. Either luck held or the good saint had interceded with a heavenly key. The door opened under Jose's hand.

There was yet the risk of running into the old woman before finding the room in which the señor entertained his guests. From the entryway, Jose could hear no voices. He padded the closing of the door with his hand, stood in house darkness. He felt his way through the kitchen to another door. It squealed faintly as he edged it open. He waited without breath but the sound evidently had not carried beyond his own ears. He was in a corridor now, without light, but he was moving in the right direction. He could hear the voices ahead of him. And after a few more steps, a mote of dusty illumination sifted into the hallway.

The door was ajar. He approached it, rubbing against the wall. He could smell, over the perfume in his pocket, the sweetness of Mexican cigarettes and the sour-sweet of the señor's cheap wine. Praxiteles croaked, "Do not be impatient, señores. She will be found."

"When?" was the impatient demand. "We have other things to do besides hang around here all night. . ."

If it had been expedient, Jose would have remained here listening. But his must be the offensive; there was too much risk of being discovered. He took a breath and showed himself in the doorway.

The three he expected were here. Señor el Greco, dressed for important company in his rusty black frock coat and carpet slippers, rocked in a chair as old as he. In the big sagging leather armchair was Adam. And in the corner was Rags. It was Adam that Jose faced.

Jose said, "Hello." He was a surprise. He knew it from the frown that wrinkled Adam's eyebrows. Rags was quick on his feet. Adam gestured him back into the corner.

Praxiteles said, "How did you get in here? What do you want?"

"Take the helicopter up to Spittin' Snake Canyon. Jeff's runnin' his herd through the electric-eye counter at noon, and I want you to hover over them critters and spray 'em with DDT. We're flyin' two thousand head to Chicago tomorrow, so pick up fifty quick-freeze box lunches for the boys. You can get 'em in Tucson on your way back. We got charge accounts there"

COLLIER'S — JOHN RUGE

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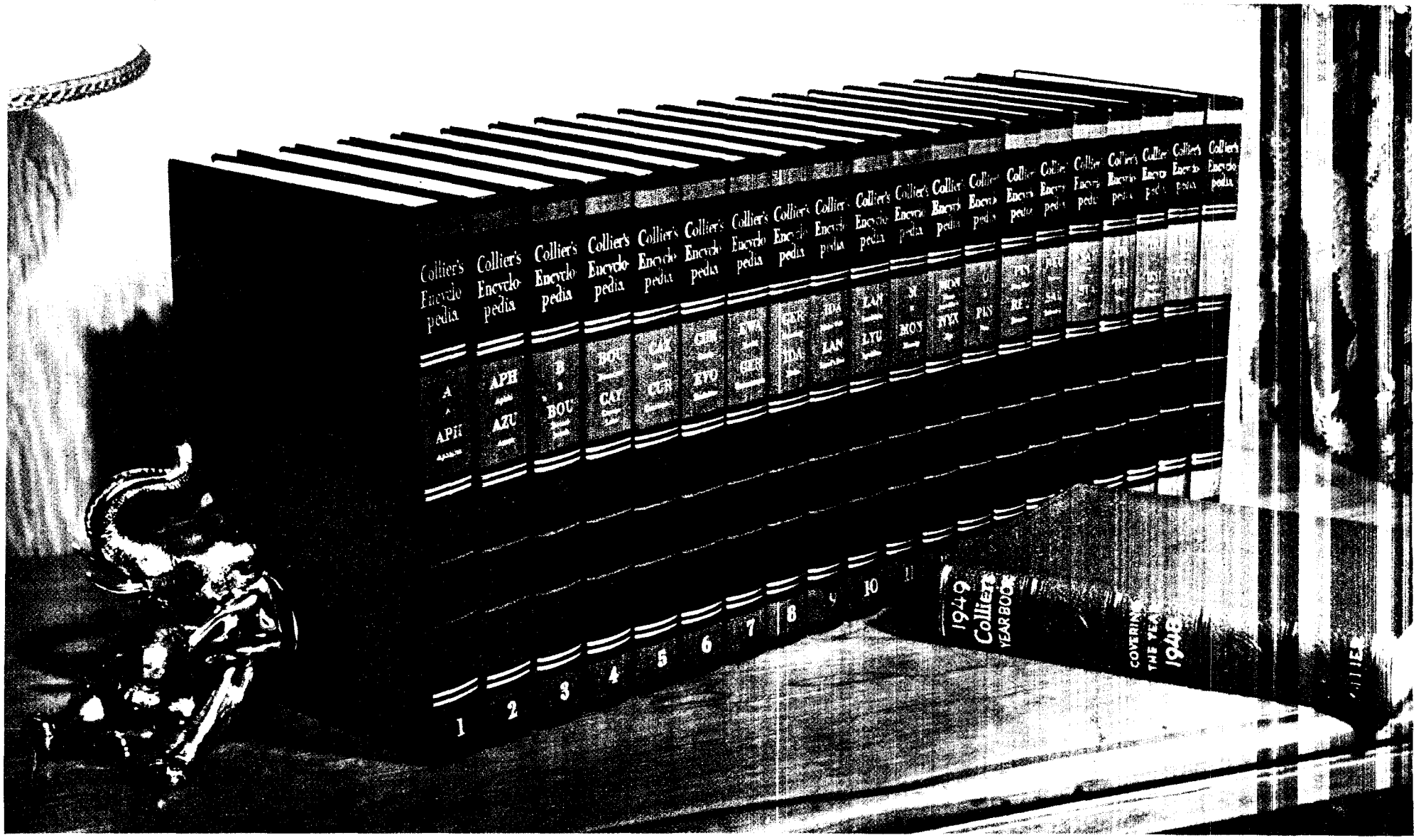

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Adam said, "Shut up!" and the old man hushed. But he rocked a little faster. To Jose, Adam said, "You knew before you came here?"

"Yes, I knew."

"Captain Harrod?"

"No. I figured it out." He didn't want to talk about it, he wanted to hear the ranch bell clanging and wake up to another day of the cattle, to laugh this off as an evil dream. But he couldn't. "When I found Tim, I was sure."

"He asked for it," Rags snarled. "That little louse, trying to muscle in—"

Adam said, "Shut up. I'll do the talking." He turned his eyes again to Jose. "He was a louse. I lost my temper."

"I knew it happened that way with him. But not Tustin. Or Beach."

Adam opened his mouth, but Jose didn't give him a chance to speak. "I should have known sooner. You were the only one who could have taken care of Tustin. But I thought you'd really started home. I had a brush with him just before I went into the Cock that night. Rags and Tim were already at a table—they didn't leave until after I did. Tustin was dead by then. Señor el Greco wasn't strong enough to heave a body around. And he wouldn't have dared ride a dead man through customs. His reputation isn't good enough. It had to be someone like you." His smile was twisted. "And it never occurred to me that you weren't my best friend."

ADAM said, "Tustin was a hired spy," but Jose didn't pay any attention. "You too had just come up from Mexico," he went on. "But that didn't mean anything to me—you were always traveling back and forth on business. It didn't mean anything to me that you know everyone below the border the same as you know everyone above it. That you must have known Rags. No one suspects a big, easygoing, friendly guy of dirty business."

Adam's face looked as if Jose had struck him.

"You're the one who grabbed the chance of using Tim's trouble to smuggle something too hot for you to handle personally. You told that exporter's clerk what to do. With Rags on the spot to watch the Farrars, it must have looked foolproof. I was a mistake."

"Yes," Adam said.

"You didn't know about me until you saw the señor that night, did you? After he'd given me the package. I didn't say anything to you or Beach because I didn't want you two to be involved in trouble. I knew it was trouble. I'd caught Tustin searching my room."

"Why didn't you drop it then?" Adam asked impassively.

"I was curious. Beach and I were alike that way—curious," Jose replied, adding, "You didn't know, did you, Adam? You didn't tell El Greco to set his goons on me that night?"

"I didn't know until after you had the package. I wasn't worried when I did know. I didn't expect anyone to be curious about a girl buying a perfume—a girl who would have used up her shopping quota the first day. I wasn't worried until I found out she'd asked you to bring the package to Santa Fe. And it was the wrong package."

"Yes," Jose said. He scowled. "I don't get why you tried to saddle me with Tustin's body. The police would have been curious about the package."

Adam's face darkened. "I didn't want to saddle you with Tustin. The señor's men were to take the package from you because you might become curious. You left the Cock sooner than I thought Beach would permit, especially with the blonde there. I hadn't time to complete my job." His hands knotted. "I paid that cabby plenty to ride away fast—but he couldn't miss an extra fare. He picked up you and Beach."

Jose waited for Adam's eyes to meet his. He said then, "You didn't have to kill Beach."

From the depths, Adam cried, "I didn't—"

Jose cut him off. "Not with your hands. But you ordered it. When your bright boys got scared at his questions and telephoned you."

"I didn't mean he was to die."

"What did you tell them?" Jose asked bitterly. "To take care of him? What did you think they'd do, slap his wrist? You killed Beach. Afterward you hoped it was an accident." His hand curled over the bottle in his pocket. He could smell it even if the smoke and wine kept it from their nostrils. "I don't know what's behind this. I don't have to know. Harrod will take care of that—he's close."

"I know," Adam said shortly.

Rags swung around. "Then why don't you do something besides gabbing?"

"Shut up," Adam grunted.

Rags couldn't shut up. "Let's get started. Do you want to sit here until Harrod walks in with those Mexican cops and extradition papers?"

"You cannot leave with the diamonds," El Greco said, blinking. With his toe, he set the rocker creaking.

"Diamonds!" Rags glared. "Do you think we'd be hanging around here if it was diamonds?"

Señor Praxiteles stopped rocking. "It is not diamonds?" he quavered.

Rags put his back to the old man. He demanded of Adam, "What's more important, a damn' list or our lives? I say, let's get out of here."

"Shut up!" Adam roared. He returned his eyes curiously to Jose. "Why are you here, Jo?"

"I don't know," Jose said. "Maybe I had to hear it from you. Even knowing the way it must be." No one believed him. They were watching the shape of his hand clutched in his pocket. "You don't have to kill me, Adam. I've brought you what you're waiting for." They were on the edge of their chairs. "I don't have a gun," he smiled assurance. "Only this." He whipped out the bottle. "Catch," he said. He threw it toward Adam. It was a good catch.

Adam held the bottle but he didn't look at it. His eyes were on Jose. "Where's the rest of it? The candy?"

"But that was a sweet?" Innocently, he asked Praxiteles, "No?"

"Where is it?" Adam rumbled.

"I didn't keep it," Jose said.

"Francisca!" Adam glared at El Greco.

"Do not be disturbed," he whined. "She will be found. Even now Salvador—"

"He's been saying that for two hours!" Rags shouted. "How long do we have to wait?"

Adam looked over his scowl at Jose. "Francisca?"

Jose smiled. "She is just a child. Children like sweets." His smile became a taunt. "I wouldn't wait too long for her. I think she's safely across the border by now."

Adam and Rags were on their feet before he finished speaking. Praxiteles' chair became motionless. Adam's fists were knotty but Jose wasn't afraid. There was no time left for fear.

"You knew," Adam accused. "You knew all along." He realized he was clutching the perfume and with an angry gesture cast it away. The perfume meant nothing; it was identification only. As the glass broke, the smell was overpowering.

"Call it a hunch," Jose said. He threw his bluff, "I'd better get back to Harrod before he starts worrying about me."

Rags was alarmed. "You aren't letting him walk out of here?"

Adam said with cold deliberation, "No. I'm not letting him walk out of here."

Jose stood quietly. "Even me, Adam?"

"There's no choice," Adam said.

The perfume was seeping on the floor like blood.

Jose smiled. "Without me you will never find Francisca and the *dulce*."

A crash shattered the quietness. Praxiteles teetered to his feet. "It is the window," he screamed. "My show window."

Jose ran first, up the corridor from which the sound had come. The others were on his heels. But Praxiteles was between him and Adam, Rags was somewhere in the rear. Or skinning out the back way. Jose could outrun the old man and the big man. Only in passing did he note the jagged shop window. The vestibule door was open. He ducked through it, heard the whispered, "This way," and followed the fleet heels into the darkness.

The bullet spattered as he sprinted across the street. It was off side. Adam wouldn't want to kill him, not yet. Shooting was out of desperation; it would bring the police. Yet there'd be a sane story to tell them: thieves or hoodlums destroying El Greco's property.

Jose kept running because there was nothing else he could do. He didn't know whom he was following or where. He didn't hesitate to dart after the shadow into a burrow between two warehouses. He knew then they were on the riverbank. The darkness was absolute. A hand touched his, a small hand. He whispered, "Francisca!"

"We go this way," she whispered.

"I told you to wait across the border."

"It was not safe that you go to Señor Praxiteles alone. He is a very bad man."

The passage narrowed. He crept after her. "Where were you?"

"I listen. When I hear them say you cannot leave, I go quickly and I throw a big rock." Her whisper was fierce. "Always I have wanted to throw a rock through his fine window."

He laughed silently. Then he remembered. "The sweets! You have them?"

"No."

A stone dropped into the pit of his stomach. After all this—he groaned, "What did you do with them?"

"I give them to Jaime. My cousin. He will deliver them."

Somehow he believed it. They would be waiting at the Chenoweth. On the coffee table in Lou's room.

She had stopped moving. "When you go outside, you will slide down the bank into the river. It will be muddy but not very wet. You will run fast and climb up on the other side. Then you are safe."

"Let's get going," he decided.

Her words were softer than a breath. "You do not need me with you now. You will be safe."

He felt for her in the darkness. His hands fell roughly on the thin blouse covering her shoulders. "Get going," he commanded. "If you think I'm going to let you stay here, you're crazy. After all I've gone through to keep you safe. *Anda!*"

She wriggled through the small aperture. He followed, sliding after her down the rough embankment. Before they hit bottom, the cries came from the top of the bank nearer the bridge. "Stop! We will fire!"

"It is the police who demands you stop!"

He shouted to her, "Keep going. We've got to get across to the other side."

She was running ahead of him. Lights were being played over the river bed. The mud was thick, like gumbo. Adam wouldn't hold his fire, he'd have to stop them. But they were moving targets, zigzagging, crouching low. The first bullet whined past.

"Keep going," Jose shouted again.

They were across the dividing line. They plowed to the opposite bank. The Juárez police wouldn't fire on the North American side. It was Adam whose rage wouldn't permit him to cease.

She clambered the opposite bank like a mountain goat. He followed laboriously, scraping his hands, ripping the knees of his trousers. But he followed, and joined her at the top. He caught her hand and ran with her into the deep shadows of a protective building. "We made it," he panted. He caught her up in his arms and hugged her. "Baby," he exulted, "we made it."

LOU clutched her bathrobe around her as she opened the door of her suite. "For Pete's sake, what happened to you?"

They were a sorry mess to barge in on anyone at midnight. Muddy, bloody but unbowed. They'd walked the back streets to the hotel. Not daring to trust a cab. He held tight to Francisca's reluctant hand. "Fell in the river. Got a drink?" The box was on the table. In plain view, unwrapped. Cactus candy packed by Praxiteles & Company. Still holding on to Francisca, he reached for it.

Lou went to the bar, poured him a straight one. She watched him pick up the box. "Jaime brought it. Said to give it to you."

"Thanks." He took the drink. He re-

COLLIER'S

"I hate to tell you this, Miss Conover, but with business improving the way it is, and the work piling up, I'm going to have to let you go"

GLENN R. BERNHARDT

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leased Francisca but was careful to stand between her and the door. Even now she might bolt. "Better give the kid a glass of wine. She's had it rugged."

Lou poured a glass. "That's what a girl gets messing with you. Trouble."

"Where's Harrod?"

"Should I know?" She refilled his glass.

"I was hoping you would." He was ready to fall on his face without the drink. Francisca ought to be keeling over. He said, "How about letting us wash up, Lou? So we can rest on your fancy chairs."

"Go on. Sit down."

"My mother raised me better. You go first, baby," he said to Francisca. "Bath, shower, get clean."

"Shampoo?" She touched her head.

"Yeah, the works. Lend her a robe, Lou."

Lou said, "You and your ideas," but she went to her bedroom, fetched the terry robe.

Jose wheeled Francisca to the guest room, pointed to the door beyond. "Go on. Scrape off the mud." He closed the bedroom door on her. She couldn't skip out for a while now.

"Where did you find her?" Lou asked.

"At El Greco's. The old devil has some good stock." His fingernail was ripping at the cellophane of the candy box. "See if you can locate Harrod, Lou." She got on the phone. But she watched what he was doing. He lifted the lid from the shallow box. If he was expecting something fancy, this wasn't it. The rounds of cactus candy were packed neatly. He took one, bit it in two pieces, put it back in the box. It was nothing but candy. He started on the second piece.

"Hungry?" Lou wanted to know.

"Sweet tooth," he said with a grimace. The second piece was candy. He began on the third.

LOU replaced the phone. "Harrod isn't in. His wife says he's in Santa Fe. The office isn't that talkative. He's out." She gestured. "Sit down, Jo. Before you fall down. Dirt washes off."

He opened the evening paper, spread it on the couch and rested gingerly on the edge of it.

"And pass the candy."

"Uh-uh. This is mine." He'd bit into something. He ripped the sticky sweet away from it. Microfilm. A minute roll. He pushed it into his pocket, picked up another sweet. The knock came at the door before he could bite. "Don't answer it!"

"But, Jo—"

He caught her wrist. "You don't have visitors at this hour. Not unless they ring up from the desk." The knocking continued. "Ask who it is." Adam wouldn't dare cross the border. There was too much against him. He'd have to send someone after Jose.

Her voice was uneven. "Who is it? I'm in bed."

"It is the police." The voice was accented.

Jose dumped the candy into his pockets. He said under his breath, "You haven't seen me. Stick close to the phone." He grabbed up the empty box and retreated to the guest room. The door remained open a hairline crack.

"Just a minute," Lou was saying. She was refolding the newspaper, placing it on the table, before she crossed to open the door.

They were very polite. They were so sorry to disturb her. Through the crack he could observe them. Two purple-blue suits. And Señor Praxiteles. Yes, Praxiteles would dare come. He would know nothing but that he had delivered a package at the request of the *mas importante norteamericano,* Señor Adamson. Not for pay, *por favor,* señor. No one had ever pinned anything on the wily old man. No one but St. Peter ever would.

He was saying, "I am most sorry to disturb you, Miss Chenoweth."

Lou was ironic. "Police?" The purple suits faded back.

Praxiteles bowed his head slyly. "The plain-clothes police like in the United States, no? Special deputies, you will see." His sharp elbow jabbed the nearer one who rustled a dirty paper from his pocket. "At my request, for my protection . . ." Praxiteles murmured.

Lou said, "I must say I don't understand this at all." She ignored the dirty paper. "There are certain house rules about allowing anyone to come to the rooms without a call first from the desk. And it seems to me there are certain international rules about your police crossing the border."

Señor Praxiteles said boldly, "I have permission to call upon you. My police prevailed upon your clerk to make no announcement. I am seeking a girl who has been tempted to run away with an evil character."

Jose had to turn away from Lou's hauteur. Francisca was emerging from the bath. He crossed to her swiftly, spoke into her ear. "Stay in there. Lock the door. El Greco is here."

It wasn't fright that turned her face to stone; it was hatred.

"Do as I say," Jose ordered with fury. He returned to his peephole while Lou was concluding, "I fail to understand why you believe you'd find the runaway girl in my apartment?"

Señor Praxiteles bent down over the rug. "She is here." He was pointing to the footprints of mud. He folded his hands together piously. "You will tell her, her *abuelo* has come for her."

Lou couldn't go on with it. She didn't know enough. Jose opened the door just enough. He stood in the aperture.

El Greco was not surprised. "*Buenas noches,* Señor," he bowed. To Lou he said, "This is the man who has taken her away."

"Prove it," Jose said.

The old man spat at his men, "He has hidden her. You will find her here."

Jose filled the doorway. "You won't find her here. Unless you're looking for trouble."

No one moved toward him. The goons might be brave in a dark alley but not in the Hotel Chenoweth. Not on the wrong side of their border.

"What do you want with her anyway?" Jose laughed at the old one. "She gives you nothing but trouble."

"She is a thief! I want what she has stolen!"

"This?" The empty box was still in his hand. He pitched it at the old man's feet.

El Greco wasn't wearing the carpet slippers. For this foreign call he had taken the pains to change to black patent-leather Oxfords, networked with cracks, salvaged from some ash can long ago.

Jose knew Francisca could move without sound; he'd thought his angry command would keep her out of this. Until she slipped under his arm. She must have had the knife with her all this night. He caught her just in time. His arm swung her to safety, and his right hand immobilized her wrist.

"I will kill him! I will kill him!" she screamed.

Praxiteles shrank back between his two goons. He rubbed his scrawny neck at the spot the knife point had touched.

"Let me kill him! I am no thief!"

Jose held her as fast as one could an eel.

It could have been Ramirez who asked dubiously, "This is the girl you want?" Jose hoped not.

"Go get her," Praxiteles croaked malignantly.

"You can't have her," Jose stated. "The American side wants her. You'll have to wait until Captain Harrod gets here." He appealed to Lou, urgently: "Can't you run Harrod down?"

Lou swallowed. Again she picked up the phone. Her hand was shaking. She hung up at once. Her voice wouldn't sound. She finally forced it. "Harrod's just coming into the lobby."

Praxiteles said unctuously, "If Captain Harrod wishes this girl, I would not interfere." He began to bow himself toward the door. "I wish to make no trouble on the border. I am a peaceful man." His lidded eyes sought Jose. "You will not return my property to me?" He knew the answer. "I can wait, señor. I can wait," he threatened softly.

Jose said to the goons, "Go with him. It isn't safe for El Greco to wander around by himself." He emphasized, "On either side of the bridge."

They were in a bigger hurry than El Greco. They crowded the old one out of the door.

For a brief interval Jose was alone with Francisca and Lou—he holding the rigid girl, Lou slumped in the opposite chair.

Lou said, "You could have held them."

"What for? Harrod knows more than I do about the Greek. When he wants him, he'll take him." His voice was tired. "You'd better get out the brandy," he told her. "It isn't over yet."

The door was ajar. Harrod walked in, closed it. "What was El Greco doing here?"

"Does it matter? He's gone." He released Francisca now. She wouldn't run. Not until she was sure El Greco was across the border.

"You have the lists?"

Jose emptied his sticky pockets on the coffee table. "There's one. On film. You eat the rest of the stuff. There may be more. It's important?"

"Yes. We think so. The names of some troublemakers who have come over the bridge. And also some who are planning to come." Harrod began to bite into the remaining pieces. "Adam was a stationmaster."

"Adam?" Lou's voice caught.

"Drink the brandy," Jose said sharply. To Harrod: "Where is he?"

"Headed south. I talked to him before he left. He knew I couldn't force him to cross the bridge. We may be a long time getting him. But it doesn't matter. He's no use any more."

"Rags?"

"He'd already skipped. He's not important. He didn't know anything. Just did odd jobs for Adam."

"Adam?" Lou trembled again.

"Why, Harrod?" Jose cried. "Why did he do it?"

HARROD said heavily, "How do we know? How does any man know what motivates any other man? We keep our thoughts in secret places. Maybe he really believed his side was working for peace. Maybe by the time he found out different, he was in too deep. Or maybe he's never found out different." He bit on another roll of film. He spat it into his hand. He said, "Nice to have known you, Aragon. Any time you want to get into harness again, let me know."

"I don't want to," Jose returned quietly. "I hope to God it won't ever be necessary."

Harrod moved toward Lou. But he didn't say anything. The hand he lifted dropped. He went out.

Lou stirred at the closing door. She wore her years like a yoke. "You're staying here tonight?"

He nodded. "I'll sleep on the couch. Let the kid have the bedroom." He went to her.

As if it were a compulsion, she repeated the name. "Adam."

"He killed Beach."

She didn't say anything else. She went slowly into her own bedroom, closed the door.

Jose turned to the *sorbita.* "You can go to bed now."

She glared at him. "I am not a thief. You will not give me to this policeman. I will run away."

"I didn't say Harrod wanted you. I said you were wanted on this side. You are. I'm taking you home with me."

"Why?"

He wondered himself. "I'm going to send you to school."

"I do not think I want to go to school."

"Well, you're going," he snapped. "That'll fix it with immigration. And Lord knows you can do with some polishing."

She was lost in the bathrobe. She came over to him, looked up into his face. Hers was thunderous. "You will put me in school and you will bring that blond *asquerosa* into your house. You will call her sweet names. You will put your arms around her. You will—"

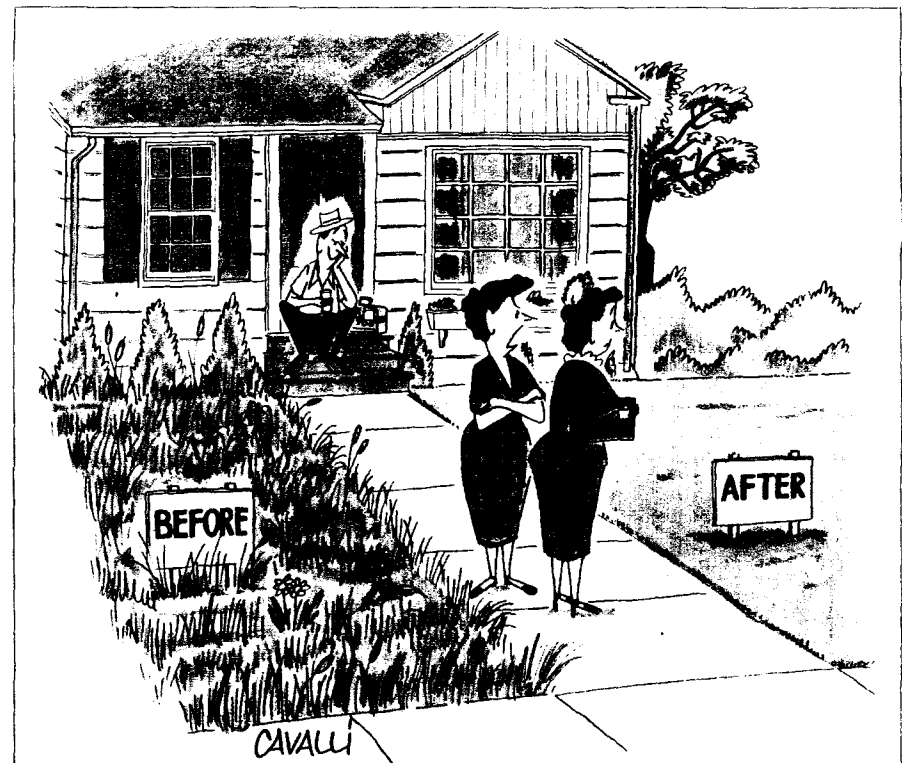
"Listen!" He took her by the shoulders, held her firmly. "I'll probably have three dozen blondes before you grow up. But they won't mean a thing. If I wait for you . . . you'll snap your fingers at me and grab yourself a young guy."

"No," she said. The silver hearts in her ears quivered.

"No?" He grinned. "I wouldn't bet on it. Now go to bed, *querida.*"

Reluctantly she went to the bedroom door. She turned there. "I am not a baby," she said.

He sighed and shook his head. "*Mañana,*" he told her. THE END



"It doesn't signify anything . . . it's just something he thought up to get out of mowing half the lawn"

COLLIER'S — DICK CAVALLI

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Into the Mysteries of the Brain

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

which has characterized previous test methods. Furthermore, by an ingenious system of automatic computation, the Isotron usually pinpoints the exact site of the tumor, thereby guiding the surgeon to the proper area of the brain for subsequent treatment.

A typical case involved a pretty young girl who displayed symptoms that indicated the possible presence of a brain growth. Previous diagnosis had proved inconclusive and she was understandably apprehensive. Once and for all, she wanted an unqualified decision.

She settled herself comfortably on a padded table in front of two cabinets studded with dozens of dials and switches and banked with six rows of lights. Rigged to the cabinets were two flexibly jointed tubes of stainless steel, about six feet long. A doctor picked up the girl's left arm and eased an injection of a red dye substance into one of her veins.

Putting the Machine to Work

Infused with the red dye there was a tiny amount of radioactive atoms which swarmed in the blood stream along with the dye. The doctor then adjusted the machine's two steel "arms" and gently placed their terminals against the girl's head. Another doctor turned several knobs on the machine panel. Almost immediately the tiers of lights began winking on and off in a quick, regular rhythm.

In the patient's circulatory system the radioactive dye coursed steadily, reaching the brain in some 30 seconds. Over the hum of the machine a tiny barrage of clicks could be heard, and in between the cabinets a twin-needle graph started tracing a jiggly pattern on two winding charts. Every few minutes the doctor changed the position of the tubes and replaced them against new sites on the skull.

Lying there with the shiny tubular arms nested in her thick hair, the girl looked as though she were getting a new kind of permanent in a beauty parlor, without the heat and discomfort.

After an hour and a half of surveying the skull, the doctor removed the tubes, switched off the machine, and ripped the two charts from their spindles. The girl sat up and waited while the doctors huddled over the charts to analyze the readings.

Thirty minutes later they had their verdict. "Our tests show no evidence of tumor —the reading is normal," one of the doctors announced. The girl sighed with relief.

Thus, with a single, brief test, the Isotron provided a conclusive diagnosis eliminating nerve-racking weeks that might have been wasted trying to track down misleading symptoms. In detecting positive cases the machine is just as precise.

Although the Isotron technique, known as the radiodye method, may seem simple to the patient, it is actually a highly complex procedure. The red dye substance (fluorescein) that was introduced into the girl's blood stream has a tendency to concentrate around tumorous tissue. When the fluorescein is compounded with a radioactive element, in this case an iodine isotope, the "hot" atoms, which emit volleys of particles or gamma rays, travel with the dye to the tumorous area.

Inside the two steel arms of the machine are a pair of sensitive Geiger-Müller tubes. When they are placed against the patient's head, the tubes trap the gamma rays streaming through the skull from the disintegrating atoms. The tubes transmit the frequency of the rays to a high-speed electronic counter which, in turn, is linked to a fine needle. The needle then graphs the count, or rate of atom-particle-flow, on the winding charts. When the doctor finds a spot on the skull that shows a high count, he rechecks several times because it indicates a concentration of the dye and thus a tumorous area. Then, by taking simultaneous fixes on opposite sides of the head he can get a differential reading to pin down the tumor's position.

To appreciate the significance of the Isotron as the latest and most promising weapon in the field of brain-tumor research, it might be well to take a look at the nature of cranial growths and the dangers they present. Ever since 3,000 years ago, when the Egyptians began opening skulls with crude flint chisels to let out "evil spirits" that were causing pain and pressure, brain tumor has been one of medical science's thorniest and most frustrating problems.

Unlike the infectious diseases which have been largely controlled by the development of antibiotic drugs (notably penicillin and streptomycin), brain tumor is not originated by germs of bacteria. It cannot be treated with vaccines or drugs, or serums. It can be cured only by surgical removal, or, in rare cases, by radium treatment.

A very few brain tumors are known to be a secondary result of tuberculosis, and some are caused by "floating" cancer cells which become detached from another part of the body and fasten themselves on the brain tissue. But how and why most brain tumors get started remains a mystery. Generally, they are classified as either malignant or benign. In the malignant, or cancerous form, the tumor cells actually infiltrate and eat into the healthy brain tissue; in the benign form they usually grow in an encapsuled lump, and push aside surrounding tissue.

But for all practical purposes, *any* growth in the brain can be considered malignant, because even a benign tumor builds up terrific pressure inside the skull. Like a sac of fluid, the brain is incompressible, and when a foreign growth invades the tissue something has to give. Unless the growth is removed, the result is 100 per cent fatal and the victim rarely lives more than two years after the onset of tumor symptoms.

So, the best defense against brain tumor is prompt and accurate detection. And that is why the Isotron looms so important in reducing the odds.

A doctor, even with special equipment and training, often finds it extremely difficult to ferret out the trouble spot. He can't probe the brain with his fingers as he would the abdomen, nor can he use a stethoscope or a blood test to reveal the culprit. Even a straight X-ray examination can tell him little. Many physicians can diagnose brain tumor correctly in only one case out of 10. The best they can do is to form reasonable grounds for suspecting tumor from a multitude of widely diversified symptoms.

Since the brain controls every organ of the body, directly or indirectly, pressure on, or disorder of, a certain portion of the brain will necessarily affect a certain part or function of the body. By the same token, organic disorders throughout the body will affect certain areas of the brain.

Symptoms Puzzle the Doctors

Quite often, brain disease is confused with heart trouble, kidney and liver ailments, syphilis and epilepsy. Vomiting, headaches, speech lapse, fatigue, blurred vision, muscle spasms, partial paralysis of a leg—all may be symptoms of a brain tumor. An acute, unnatural sense of smell may indicate tumor-pressure on the olfactory center in the brain. However, the doctor can't always be sure whether the trouble is directly attributable to the brain or to the affected organs themselves.

Another difficulty hampering diagnosis is the fact that certain tumors develop in "silent" areas of the brain. As a result, the patient may arrive almost at the point of death with practically *no* symptoms at all.

On top of all that, many symptoms may be *psychogenic*, that is, they may originate in the overwrought mind of a patient. Emotional upheavals frequently produce these "false" symptoms. This is a fact now well recognized by the medical profession and it further complicates the diagnostician's job.

When a doctor has exhausted all ordinary tests, but remains undecided, he tries to get an answer with an electroencephalograph examination. This is the famous "brain wave" machine which records the tiny electrical impulses emanating from the brain. Deviations in the pattern of impulses usually indicate brain disorder, but the findings for tumor are only about 60 per cent accu-

COLLIER'S

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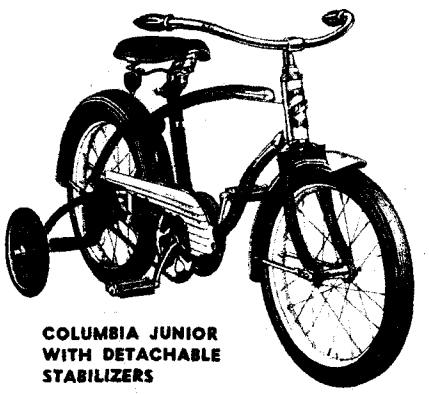

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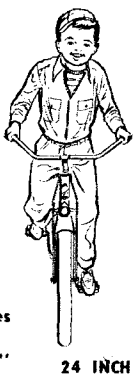

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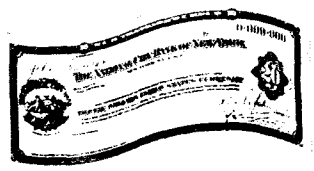

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rate. Also, the machine can seldom localize the exact site of the growth.

If the "brain wave" test fails, a patient may have to submit to ventriculography, which is as complicated as the name sounds. The patient is placed on an operating table under anesthesia. Two small holes are drilled through the back of the skull and a six-inch needle is inserted through the perforations into the hemispheres of the brain. The cerebrospinal fluid is drawn off and replaced with an injection of air which fills out the hollow spaces or ventricles left by removal of the fluid.

While the air is sealed up inside, the skull X-ray pictures are taken and then studied. If the normal outline of the air-filled ventricles shows a depression or irregularity, it is likely that a tumor is present. However, it takes an experienced, expert eye to interpret the pictures. Although ventriculography is the most accurate test (except for the Isotron) it is a ticklish operation. All patients suffer severe headaches following the ordeal and a number have died from it. In sharp contrast, the Isotron test is as easy and painless as reading a newspaper.

In 1948, Dr. G. E. Moore, a young surgeon at the University of Minnesota's Medical School, came up with a brilliant deduction that became a basis for the development of the Isotron technique. It had long been known that fluorescein was attracted to tumorous tissue. The reason being that tumors are active, vascular growths; that is, they are richly supplied with blood vessels and capillaries in which the dye accumulates; furthermore, there is a theory that as the tumor cells spread they provoke a leakage in the capillaries causing the dye to ooze out and form an "inky" blotch around the tumorous area.

If this is the case, Moore reasoned, why not "tag" the dye with radioactive atoms, then count the powerful particle-emanations shooting out through bone and tissue. Naturally, a concentration of the dye would produce more gamma rays and there seemed to be no reason why a Geiger counter couldn't be used to pinpoint this area and thus locate any growth.

A Small Measure of Success

During the next few months Moore tried his theory on 15 persons, using a simple Geiger counter, the same device used by geologists to locate uranium deposits. He got about 60 per cent accuracy, and he was able to localize some tumors, but it wasn't enough to convince the medical world that this technique was any better than existing methods. However, it did convince the research doctors at Northwestern, headed by Dr. Loyal Davis, that his "atomic" theory was worth developing.

Working with electronic engineers of the Nuclear Instrument and Chemical Corporation in Chicago, the doctors refined Moore's idea and used it in developing an intricate device that was the prototype of the present Isotron. It was equipped with a single Geiger-Müller tube, which was rigged to a high-speed recorder and a graph. Then, supplied with radioactive elements from the chain-reacting pile at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, they experimented with dye solutions until they came up with a compound called diiodofluorescein which was 1/1,000th part radioactivated.

Earlier tests had shown that the human body could withstand up to 1/1,000th parts atomic radiation without harm. Later studies proved that the radiodye passed out of the body without any damage to the tissues.

All the earlier experiments were carried on at the Veterans' Hospital at Hines, Illinois, where patients volunteered for the new "atomic" test. As they progressed, the doctors selected 32 different sites on the skull as check points for a thorough reading. As the tests continued, the machine's findings were substantiated and the evidence of its efficiency mounted.

In one case, a young veteran had been clinically diagnosed by old methods as having brain tumor. All the signs pointed to it—headaches, inability to concentrate, dizzy spells. The machine said, "No."

The physicians refused to take the verdict. The boy's symptoms increased and an operation was performed. What was supposed to be a tumor turned out to be merely a mass of dilated blood vessels and the machine's accuracy was vindicated.

The machine did have a few failures—nine to be exact—but the causes in each case were investigated and analyzed, and the technique was corrected. Some of the failures resulted from the fact that the radiodye also concentrated around hematomas—masses of blood and tissue caused by concussion. But with these cases, two or three weeks later when the blood had been absorbed the machine traced a normal, satisfactory reading.

While the machine was piling up proof of the radiodye method's reliability, a bigger, more ingenious instrument was in process of construction. Instead of a single Geiger tube, the new Isotron would have two; thereby it would be able to chart the 32 skull sites twice as quickly as the smaller prototype. In addition, the two tubes would be co-ordinated to plot the precise position of a tumor in much the same way that radar finders "fix" unseen aircraft.

Completed last February at a cost of $12,000, the present Isotron is a marvel of electronic craftsmanship. Its remarkable "brain," laced with thousands of winding circuits and powered by more than 100 vacuum tubes, has the incredible ability to count up to 200,000 separate items per second. For all of its complicated innards and intricate controls the machine weighs only half a ton, and is constructed so that it can be transported as a single, mobile unit.

A brilliant thirty-three-year-old electronic engineer, Richard Weissman, is primarily responsible for the construction of the Isotron.

While Dr. Davis and his associates, John Martin, Moses Ashkenazy, George V. LeRoy, John A. D. Cooper and Theodore Fields, are rightfully proud of the Isotron's achievements in the brain-tumor field, they are already looking forward to adapting the machine to combat other stubborn diseases. With modifications, they believe the machine will be able to explore the elusive secrets of such afflictions as heart disease and all forms of cancer, including the mysterious leukemia, commonly known as cancer of the blood.

To aid their research, the Atomic Energy Commission has on tap scores of radioactive elements artificially produced by the government's uranium and plutonium piles. Properly harnessed, these elements can be combined with almost any substance and introduced into the body. The "decaying" atoms, accurately traced by the Isotron's perceptive tubes and recorder, should reveal the obscure and delicate processes of chemical change, gland secretion and blood-cell circulation and absorption.

Many scientists believe that artificial radioactivity is medicine's most useful research tool since the invention of the microscope. The possibilities are so vast that doctors get as excited as schoolboys about the future of atomic medicine.

The Future of the Isotron

The medical profession is notoriously wary and slow about accepting new discoveries and claims without concrete substantiation. However, there is little doubt that the Isotron will receive the unqualified support of brain specialists throughout the country. The clinical evidence, garnered over the past year, is unimpeachable. The reputable, impartial neurologists who have witnessed the machine's performance are convinced that it is a solid and highly important contribution to tumor research.

Just a few days ago, before a meeting of the top men in the American Neurological Association, Dr. Davis and Dr. Martin delivered a report on the findings at Northwestern.

At present, the Isotron at Northwestern is the only one of its kind in the nation. However, with the research report now made available, it is likely that several leading hospitals will have similar instruments in operation before the end of the year. Supplied with the technical know-how, any nuclear laboratory in the country can build the Isotron for the price of a de luxe speedboat, small investment for the big medical dividends it pays; and the simpler, single-tube version can be constructed for about $1,500.

Neurological authorities predict that inside of two or three years every hospital and clinic worthy of the name will have an Isotron as part of their standard diagnostic equipment. Eventually, brain-tumor diagnosis may become as commonplace as X-ray examinations for tuberculosis.

The machine's prompt and decisive action, along with increasingly effective techniques in brain surgery, brings promise that soon, in many cases, the tragic words "too late" will be changed to "chances of recovery, excellent." THE END

COLLIER'S "Come in and have a look, Mom. I've just cleaned up my room" REAMER KELLER

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Phipps to the Rescue

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

"—timid little tot," she concluded. "Yes, Phipps?"

"You rang, madam."

"Oh, yes. I want to confer with you in your executive capacity, Brother Phipps. What with one thing and another, it has suddenly been borne in upon me that if I don't get a quick restorative, I shall expire. Have you ever written the memoirs of a silent film star?"

"No, madam."

"It is a task that taxes the physique to the uttermost."

"No doubt, madam."

"So will you bring me a fairly strong highball?"

"Yes, madam."

"You really ought to go around with a keg of brandy attached to your neck, like Saint Bernard dogs in the Alps. No delay that way. No time lag."

"No, madam."

NOW Jane, who had been sitting with her feet on the desk, put them down. She swiveled around in her chair and fixed her bright blue gaze on the butler. This was the first opportunity she had had since her arrival for a private and undisturbed talk with him, and it seemed to her that they had much to discuss.

"You're very curt and monosyllabic, Phipps. Your manner is aloof. It is as though you felt in my presence a certain constraint and embarrassment. Do you?"

"Yes, madam."

"I'm not surprised. It's your conscience that makes you feel that way. I know your secret, Phipps."

"Yes, madam."

"I recognized you the moment I saw you, of course. Yours is a face that impresses itself on the mental retina. And now I suppose you're wondering what I propose to do about it?"

"Yes, madam."

Jane smiled. She had a delightful smile which lighted up her whole face as if some inner lamp had been switched on, and Phipps, seeing it, was conscious for the first time since three o'clock on the previous afternoon of a lessening of the weight that pressed upon his heavy soul.

"Not a thing," said Jane. "My lips are sealed. The awful truth is safe with me. So be of good cheer, Phipps, and unleash that merry laugh of yours, of which I hear such good reports."

Phipps did not laugh, for laughter is not permitted to English butlers by the rules of their guild, but he allowed his lips to twitch slightly and gazed at this noble woman with something approaching adoration, an emotion which he had never expected to feel for a member of the jury which three years before had sent him up the river for what the press of New York was unanimous in describing as a well-earned sentence. It was a moment or two before he was able to clothe his feelings in words.

"I am sure I am extremely grateful to you for your kindness, madam. You relieve my apprehensions. I am most anxious not to lose my position here."

"Why? You could get a job anywhere. Walk into any house in Beverly Hills, and they'll lay down the red carpet for you."

"Yes, madam, but there are reasons why I do not wish to leave Mrs. Cork's service."

"What reasons?"

"Personal reasons, madam."

"I see. Well, I won't give you away."

"Thank you very much, madam."

"I am only sorry that I have occasioned you alarm and despondency. It must have given you a nasty jolt when you opened that front door yesterday and I walked in."

"Yes, madam."

"You must have felt like Macbeth seeing Banquo's ghost."

"My emotions were somewhat similar, madam."

Jane lighted a cigarette.

"Rather odd that you should have remembered me. But I suppose, in the position you were in when we met, you'd nothing much to do except study the faces of the jury."

"No, madam. It passes the time."

"Too bad we had to send you up."

"Yes, madam."

"But we couldn't go against the evidence."

"No, madam. But might I beg you to lower your voice, madam. Walls have ears."

"Walls have what?"

"Ears, madam."

"Oh, ears? That's right. They have, haven't they? What was it like in Sing Sing?" whispered Jane.

"Not very agreeable, madam," whispered Phipps.

"No, I imagine not," whispered Jane. "Oh, hello, Smedley."

Smedley Cork, his siesta concluded, had appeared in the French window.

Phipps left the room, followed by the austere and disapproving look which impecunious elderly gentlemen give a butler who has refused to lend them a hundred dollars, and Smedley took a seat on the sofa.

"I want to talk to you, Jane," he said.

"And so you shall, pal. What's on your mind? My Lord, Smedley," said Jane with the candor of a friend of twenty-five years standing, "you've aged terribly since I saw you last. I was shocked when I got here and observed what a museum piece you had become. Your hair's as gray as a badger."

"I'm thinking of having it touched up."

"It won't do any good. There's only one real cure for gray hair. It was perfected by a Frenchman. He called it the guillotine. I suppose it's living with Adela that's done it. I can't imagine anything more calculated to produce silver threads among the gold than constant association with my sister."

Her words were music to Smedley's ears. He basked in her sympathy. Good old Jane, he told himself, had always been sympathetic. So much so that once or twice only that instinct for self-preservation which saves Nature's bachelors in their hour of need had prevented him from marrying her. Occasionally, in black moods, he regretted this. Then the black mood would pass. The mere thought of being married appalled Smedley.

"It's a dog's life," he agreed. "She oppresses me, Jane. I'd be better off in Alcatraz. At least I wouldn't have to drink yoghurt there."

"Does Adela make you drink yoghurt?"

"Every day."

"Inhuman. Of course, it's good for you."

Smedley held up a protesting hand. "Just as a favor," he begged, "don't mention those Bulgarian peasants."

"Which Bulgarian peasants?"

"The ones it makes rosy."

"Does yoghurt make Bulgarian peasants rosy?"

"So Phipps says."

A DEEP chuckle escaped Jane Shannon. "Phipps! If my lips weren't sealed, I could tell you something about Phipps. Ever hear of still waters?"

"What about them?"

"They run deep. That's Phipps. What a man! I suppose you look on him as just the ordinary sort of stage butler. Let me tell you that Brother Phipps has quite another side to him. However, as I say, my lips are sealed, so it's no use you trying to institute a probe."

Smedley was perplexed. "How do you know anything about Phipps? You only got here yesterday. Had you met him before?"

"I had, and in curious circumstances. But don't ask questions."

"I don't want to ask questions. I'm not interested in Phipps. I'm off Phipps for life. He has hurt and disappointed me."

"You don't say! What was the trouble?"

"I asked him for a small loan just now, and would you believe it," said Smedley, with honest indignation, "he refused. Turned me down flat. 'No, sir,' he said. And the fellow's probably rolling in money. Thank God for people like you, Jane. You wouldn't do that sort of thing. You're bighearted. You're a pal, as true as steel. Could you lend me a hundred dollars, Jane?"

Jane blinked. Well though she knew Smedley, she had not seen it coming.

"A hundred dollars?"

"I need it sorely."

"Are you planning to go on a toot?"

SMEDLEY cried out passionately, "Yes. I am. The toot of a lifetime if I can raise the necessary funds. Do you realize that I haven't had a night out for five years? It's as much as I can do to get the price of a pack of cigarettes out of Adela. I'm just a worm in a gilded cage. So you will let me have that hundred, won't you, Jane?"

A look of gentle pity had come into Jane's blue eyes. Her heart ached for this tortured soul.

"If I had a hundred dollars, my poor broken blossom," she said, "I'd give it to you like a shot. I think a toot is just what you need, to bring the roses back to your cheeks. But I'm as fiscally crippled as you are. You don't suppose I'd be here, ghostwriting the story of Adela's unspeakably dull life, if I had cash in the bank, do you?"

She patted his shoulder commiseratingly. "I'm afraid I've spoiled your day. I'm sorry. What a lot of succotash people talk about poverty making you spiritual," she proceeded. "All it's ever done to me is make me envious of the lucky stiffs who've got the stuff, like that boy who used to work with me on the Superba-Llewellyn lot. Did I tell you about him? Got fired, went back to New York, and first thing you know he wins one of those big radio jack pots. Twenty-four thousand bucks, the papers said it was. Would that sort of thing ever happen to me? No, sir, not in a million years."

"Nor to me. But—"

Smedley paused. He looked cautiously over his shoulder. Then he looked cautiously over his other shoulder. Finally he turned and looked cautiously behind him.

"But what?" said Jane, mystified by these maneuvers.

Smedley lowered his voice to a conspiratorial whisper.

"I'll tell you something, Jane."

"Well, tell it louder. I can't hear a word."

"It isn't a thing you can shout from the housetops," said Smedley, still conspiratorial. "If Adela got to hear of it, phut would go any chance I have of becoming a rich man."

"You haven't any chance of becoming a rich man."

"That," said Smedley, "is where you're wrong. I have, if things pan out as I hope they will. Jane, do you know who this house used to belong to?"

"Of course I do. It's a landmark. Carmen Flores."

"Exactly, and Adela bought it furnished from her estate. All her belongings are still here, just as they were the day when she was killed in that plane crash. Get that. All her belongings."

"So what?"

Smedley glanced over his shoulder again. He lowered his voice again. If in repose he had looked like a Roman emperor, he now looked like a Roman emperor talking over a prospective murder with his second vice-president in charge of assassinations.

"Carmen Flores kept a diary."

"Did she?"

"So everyone says. I'm looking for it."

"Why? Are you thinking of writing her biography?"

"And if I find it, I'll be on velvet. Think, Jane. Reflect. You know what she was

Women have their troubles

when the hot weather arrives

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like. Always having violent affairs with all sorts of important characters—stars, studio bosses and what have you—and no doubt writing it up in her tablets at her leisure. Why, finding that diary would be like finding a deposit of uranium."

"You mean that some of the men up top would pay highly to suppress the little brochure?"

"Practically all the men up top."

Jane regarded him tenderly. She had always been devoted to Smedley, though far from blind to the numerous defects in his spiritual make-up. If there was a lazier man in the world than Smedley Cork, she had never met him. If there was one more refreshingly free from principles of any kind, she had still to make his acquaintance. He was selfish, idle and practically everything else that he ought not to be. Nevertheless, she loved him. She had loved him twenty years ago when he was a young man with money and one chin. She loved him now when he was a portly senior with no money and two chins. Women do these things.

"In other words," she said, "you are hoping to cash in on a little blackmail."

"It isn't blackmail," said Smedley quite indignantly. "It's a perfectly ordinary, straightforward business transaction. They want the diary, I have it."

"But you haven't."

"Well, if I had, I mean."

Jane laughed indulgently. "You'll never make your fortune, Smedley, honestly or dishonestly. Now, I shall. I don't know how, but somehow. And when I do, I'm going to marry you."

Smedley quivered.

"Don't say such things, even in fun."

"I'm not being funny. I've given the matter a good deal of thought these last twenty years, and when I got here and saw what was left of you after living with Adela all this time I made up my mind there was only one thing for me to do, and that was to make a quick buck or two and lead you to the altar and spend the rest of my life looking after you. Because if ever a man needed looking after, my God, it's you. And it beats me what you're making such a fuss about. You used to be crazy about me."

"I was young and foolish."

"And now you're old and foolish, but all the same you're the only man I've ever wanted."

"Now, Jane. Please. Listen."

"I haven't time to listen. I'm lunching with my literary agent at the Beverly Wilshire. He's in Hollywood for a couple of days. I might contrive to touch him for a hundred. In which case, I'll come back and lay it at your feet, my king."

SMEDLEY, a correct and fastidious dresser, who even in captivity affected Palm Beach suits of impeccable cut and crease, cast a disapproving glance at the slacks.

"You aren't going to the Beverly Wilshire dressed like that?"

"I certainly am. And don't forget what I said about marrying you. Buy your trousseau. Order the wedding trousers. Go off into a corner somewhere and start practicing saying, 'I do,' against the moment when the minister taps you on the chest and says, 'Do you, Smedley, take this Jane?' because you're in for it, my lad."

She passed through the French window on her way to the garage where her jalopy was.

Smedley Cork leaned limply against the back of the sofa, grateful for its firm support. Warm though the morning was, he shivered, as only a confirmed bachelor gazing into the naked face of matrimony can shiver. . . .

Joe Davenport was giving Kay Shannon lunch at the Purple Chicken down Greenwich Village way. He would much have preferred to take her to the Colony, but Kay held austere views on the subject of young men wasting their substance in riotous living, even if they had recently won radio jack pots. Like her Uncle Smedley, she felt that there was no percentage in it. What Joe's stomach, which had high standards, considered a pretty revolting meal had drawn to its close, and only the last hurdle, the coffee, remained to be surmounted.

The waiter brought the coffee, breathed down the back of Joe's neck and withdrew, and Joe, who had been speaking of the lethal qualities of the management's spaghetti, abandoned the topic and turned to the one always uppermost in his mind on the occasions when he lunched with Kay.

"So much for the spaghetti theme," he said. "I will return to it later, if you wish. For the moment there are weightier matters on the agenda. Don't look now," said Joe, "but will you marry me?"

Kay was leaning forward, her chin cupped in her hands and her eyes fixed on him with that grave, intent glance which always made him feel as if some hidden hand had introduced an egg beater into his soul and started rotating it. It was this gravity of hers that had attracted him so strongly from the first. There was, he had begun to feel just before he met her, too much female smiling in this world, particularly in the cheesecake zone of Hollywood, in which until a short while before he had had his being. It had sometimes seemed to him that his life, till Kay came into it, had become an inferno of flashing teeth and merry squeals.

"Marry you?"

"That's right."

"You do get the oddest ideas," said Kay.

She glanced over her shoulder. The Purple Chicken is one of those uninhibited Greenwich Village restaurants where the social amenities are not rigorously observed, and in the far corner a man who might have been a surrealist sculptor and a girl who looked as if she did beadwork had begun to quarrel as loudly and cozily as if they had been at home. Turning back, she caught Joe's eye, and he frowned rebukingly.

"Don't pay any attention to those two," he urged. "Our marriage wouldn't be like that. They probably aren't married, anyway."

"He seems to be talking to her like a husband."

"Ours would be an unbroken round of bliss. Never a harsh word. Never a cross-eyed look. Your lightest wish would be law."

"It sounds wonderful."

"Well, will you?"

"No."

"You said that last time."

"And I say it this time."

"You're really turning me down again?"

"I am."

"In spite of the fact that you are bursting with my meat?"

"I had spaghetti."

"It makes no difference. The moral obligation of a lady bursting with a gentleman's spaghetti to do the square thing by the gentleman is equally strong."

THE sculptor and the beadworker had paid their check and left. Freed of their distracting influence, Joe felt better able to concentrate on the matter in hand.

"It really is extraordinary," he said, "this way you've got of saying no every time I offer you a good man's love. Not that it matters, of course, because you're bound to marry me eventually, if only for my money."

"How much have you got?"

"A thousand dollars."

"Is that all?"

"What do you mean, is that all? I know of many a poor man who would be glad of a thousand dollars. Many a poor woman, too. Your Aunt Jane, for one."

"I was going to say, is that all you have left out of that jack pot?"

"Oh, well, money slips away. That has been my constant trouble as a bachelor, just as it has been Jane's constant trouble as a spinster. . . . Have you heard from Jane lately?"

"No."

"I had a telegram from her this morning."

"What was she telegraphing about?"

"She has some big scheme on."

"What scheme?"

"She didn't say. The communication was rather mystic. She just spoke of her big scheme."

"I'll bet it's crazy."

"I'll bet it isn't. Jane crazy? The Old Master? As shrewd a woman as ever ate Corned Beef Hash Betty Grable at a studio commissary. Jane's a woman with ideas. But to return to what I was saying. As a bachelor I have found it difficult to keep the cash from melting away. It will be different when I am married and settled down."

"I'm not going to marry you, Joe," Kay told him.

"Why not?" he demanded. "Don't you like me?"

"You're nice to lunch with."

"Nice is surely a weak adjective."

The waiter was hovering in a meaning manner, and Joe, reading his thoughts, asked him for the check. He looked across the table at Kay and felt, not for the first time, that life was very strange. You never knew what it was cooking up for you. When, as he was leaving Hollywood, Jane Shannon had told him to get in touch with her niece Kay in New York, where she was working in a magazine office, he had done so, he remembered, purely to oblige good old Jane. A young man who never lacked for feminine society, he had anticipated small pleasure or profit from adding one more to the list of telephone numbers in his little red book. But Jane had told him to get in touch, so he had got in touch. And from that simple, kindly act had resulted all these emotional earthquakes which were upsetting him so deplorably.

"Jane ought to have warned me what I was coming up against," said Joe. "Talk about La Belle Dame sans Merci."

"Keats!" said Kay, surprised. "Well-read young man, this. I must try to get his autograph. I didn't know you went in for poetry."

"All the time. Whenever I have a spare half hour, you will generally find me curled up with Keats's latest. 'O, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms, alone and palely loitering?' I tell you," said Joe, "if that knight were to walk into this restaurant at this moment, beefing about la belle dame sans merci having him in thrall, I would slap him on the back and tell him I knew just how he felt."

"Though, of course, he was a lot worse off than you are."

"How do you make that out?"

"He didn't have a little red book of telephone numbers."

THOUGH most of his friends would have said that such a thing was impossible, Joe blushed.

"What do you know about my little red book?"

"You left it on the table once when you went to speak to someone. I glanced idly through it. Who are they all?"

"Chunks of my dead past."

"Mm."

"Don't say mm. Those girls mean nothing to me. Ghosts, that's what they are. Just so much flotsam and jetsam left stranded by the tide on the beach of memory. Bring any one of them to me on a plate with water cress around her, and I wouldn't so much as touch her hand. Nobody but you exists for me now. Don't you believe me?"

"No."

"That word again."

The waiter brought the check, and Joe paid it absently. Kay was looking at him again in that odd, speculative way of hers.

"It isn't the little red book that worries me," she said. "If you're a reformed Casanova, that's fine. Shall I tell you the real reason why I won't marry you, Joe?"

"I wish you would. Clear up all this mystery."

"I'll only be saying what you know already."

"That's all right. Just so long as you talk about me."

Kay took a sip of coffee, found that it had become cold and put the cup down. The restaurant had emptied, the waiters retired to some secret lair of their own. She could speak without being overheard.

"Well, then, it's because you're not what

BUTCH

"Our plan was to mingle wit' th' crowd an' pick pockets. When do we get started?"

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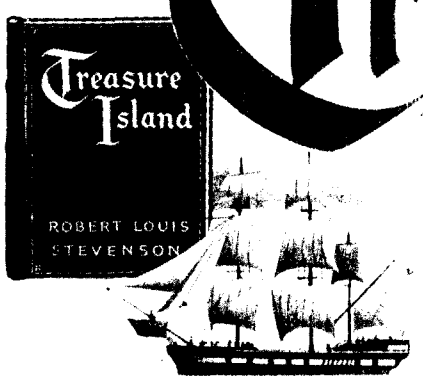

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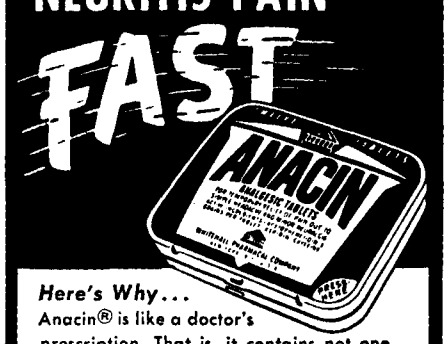

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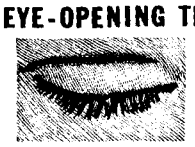

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the French call an *homme sérieux*. If you know what that means."

"I don't."

"I'll try to explain. Let's just run through your case history. I had it from Jane. She said that when you and she were in New York, before you both went to Hollywood, you were doing quite well as a writer."

"For the pulps."

"Well, what's wrong with that? Half the best-known writers today started on the pulps. But they stuck to it and worked."

"I don't like the way you said that."

"Then you got a job with Superba-Llewellyn and went to Hollywood. Then you got fired."

"It happens to everybody."

KAY said, "Yes, but most people when they get fired don't ask for a personal interview with the boss of the studio and in the course of conversation throw a richly bound dictionary at his head. What made you do that?"

"It seemed a good idea at the time. There never was a man who needed a dictionary more. He had incurred my displeasure. Did Jane tell you about it?"

"Yes."

"Jane talks too much."

"So you got yourself black-listed. Not very balanced behavior, do you think?"

Joe patted her hand indulgently.

"Women don't understand these things," he said. "There comes a time in the life of every man placed in juxtaposition with Ivor Llewellyn when he is compelled to throw dictionaries at his head. It's why they publish dictionaries."

"Well, all right. I still think it was unbalanced, but if you say so, all right. We now come to the matter of that radio jack pot. When you get a lot of money by a miracle, winning a radio jack pot—"

Joe, though saddened by the turn the conversation had taken, was obliged to chuckle. "I always get a hearty laugh out of that," he said. "I'm sitting in my squalid apartment one rainy evening, feeling extremely dubious as to the whereabouts of my next meal, when the telephone tinkles and a hearty character from a radio station asks me to listen to a Mysterious Voice on a record and see if I can identify it. And whose mysterious voice is it? None other than that of Mr. Ivor Llewellyn, which had been ringing in my ears ever since I hit him with the dictionary. Having identified it, I am informed by the hearty character that I have won the big jack pot and scooped in wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. It just shows that nothing is put into this world without a purpose, not even Ivor Llewellyn. But I interrupt you."

"You do."

"I'm sorry. Carry on. You were saying—"

"I was saying that the first thing you do when by a miracle you get a lot of money is to stop writing and just loaf."

"You wrong me."

"Have you written a single story since you won that money?"

"No. But I've not been loafing. I've been looking about me, crouching for the spring."

"I see. Well," said Kay, getting up, "I must be going. And I still stick to it that you're not an *homme sérieux*."

A feeling of desolation swept over Joe. It had been there in a modified form all the time, but it was only now that he actually seemed to realize that in a few days he would be separated from this girl by three thousand miles of mountain and desert and prairie. And if ever there was a job that called for uninterrupted personal supervision, it was this job of breaking down Kay Shannon's sales resistance.

"Oh, don't go yet," he said.

"I must. I've a hundred things to do. My vacation starts tomorrow."

"You never told me that."

"I suppose it slipped my mind."

"Where are you going?"

"Hollywood. What's the matter?"

"Nothing's the matter."

"You barked like a seal."

"I always bark like a seal at about this hour. So you're going to Hollywood?"

"Well, Beverly Hills. I'm going to stay with my aunt."

"Jane?"

"No, this is another one. Jane's sister. Much higher in the social scale than Jane. She's one of the old aristocracy of Hollywood. Adela Shannon."

"What, *the* Adela Shannon? The silent film star?"

"That's the one."

"I've heard Jane speak of her. Jane didn't seem to like her much."

"I don't like her much myself."

"Then why are you going to stay with her?"

"Oh, I don't know. One must go somewhere. She invited me."

"Where does she live?"

"Up in the mountains at the top of Alamo Drive. What used to be the Carmen Flores place. You probably know it."

"She owns that palace, does she? She must have plenty of money."

"She has. She married a millionaire."

"You'll be doing the same thing yourself, if I find my niche and really get going. Well, expect an early phone call from me."

"Expect a what?"

Joe laughed. "Did you think to escape me by running off to Hollywood? Girl, you have been living in a fool's paradise. I'm going there myself in a couple of days."

"What! But you're black-listed in Hollywood."

"Oh, I'm not going to work there. No doubt they will come begging me to, but I shall draw myself up and say, 'Not after what has occurred.' And I shall say it stiffly. No, I'm going to confer with Jane about this scheme of hers. Rightly or wrongly, she seems to think that my co-operation is needed to make it a success. She was very emphatic that I must drop everything and come running. It's a pity we won't be able to travel together, but there are one or two things I have to do before I can leave the metropolis. However, you will be hearing from me in due season. In fact, you'll be seeing me."

"You aren't thinking of strolling in on Aunt Adela?"

"I might. She can't eat me."

"I don't know. She's not a vegetarian."

"Well, we will see, we will see. And as regards the matter which we have been discussing, we will leave things as they are for the time being. I shall continue to love you, of course."

"Thanks."

"Not at all," said Joe. "A pleasure. It'll be something to do."

HOLLYWOOD, said Jane Shannon, is not the place it used to be. Hollywood —said Jane—once a combination of Santa Claus, Diamond Jim Brady and Good King Wenceslas, has turned into a Scrooge. The dear old days are dead and the spirit of cheerful giving a thing of the past.

She was sharing a pot of coffee with Joe Davenport in the main dining room of the Beverly Wilshire hotel, and her resonant voice rang through it like rolling thunder. Listening to her, Joe felt as if he were a section of the voting public being harangued by a senator of more than ordinary lung power.

"Why, look," said Jane. "There was a time when only a person of exceptional ability and determination could keep from getting signed up by a studio. Top-level executives used to chase you along the Strip, pleading pitifully with you to accept a contract. 'Come and write for us,' they begged, and when you told them you weren't a writer, they said, 'Well, come and be a technical adviser.' And when you said you didn't want to be a technical adviser, they said, 'Then come and be a vocal instructor.' So you said, 'Oh, all right, I'll be a writer. I shall want fifteen hundred a week.' 'Or two thousand?' they said. 'It's a rounder figure. Simplifies bookkeeping.' And you said, 'Oh, very well, two thousand. But don't expect me to do any work.' And they said, 'Of course not, of course not. What an idea! We just want to have you around the place.' But all that is over. Now? Ha! Nowadays, if they sign you up at all, it's just to have the fun of firing you."

Joe felt like someone who has thoughtlessly punched a hole in a dam. Overcoming the dazed sensation of being a twig tossed along on foaming waters, he found himself able to guess at the cause of his companion's emotion.

"Don't tell me they've handed you the black spot, Jane."

"That's what they've done. Driven me out into the snow. And I always thought they looked on me as the Little Mother around the place. A sort of studio mascot."

"When did this happen?"

"Last week. I dance into my office with my hat on the side of my head, singing I'm to be Queen of the May, Mother, I'm to be Queen of the May, and there on the desk the brusheroo in its little blue envelope. A most unpleasant shock."

Joe nodded understandingly.

"It's this economy wave."

"False economy."

"I suppose Hollywood's in a pretty bad way these days?"

"Down to its last billion."

"One might have expected that something like that would happen when they let me go. A suicidal policy. What are you going to do?"

"For the moment I'm staying with my sister Adela. I'm ghostwriting the story of her life. By the way, Kay clocked in a day or two ago. Did you see anything of her in New York?"

HE LAUGHED one of those mirthless laughs. "Did I see anything of her in New York! The answer to your question is in the affirmative. My misguided old friend, you little knew what you were letting me in for when you told me to go and say hello to that girl. Lowered morale. Depression and debility. Night sweats and loss of appetite. I love her, Jane."

"You do?"

"I do."

"Well, I don't know that I blame you. She's an attractive young squirt."

"I would prefer that you did not allude to her as a squirt. An angel, if you like. A seraph, if you wish. But not a squirt."

"Just as you say. And how's it all coming along? Does she respond? Are you her dream man?"

"To use a favorite word of her own, no."

"She won't marry you?"

"That's her story."

"Ask her again."

"I have asked her again. How do you think I fill in the time? I've asked her twelve times. No, sorry, fourteen. I overlooked a couple of small ones. The score would be fifteen if I had been able to get her on the phone just now, but she was out. Jane, who would a Mrs. Cork be?"

"My sister Adela. She married a well-to-do millionaire of that name. Why?"

"I was just wondering. We exchanged a word or two over the phone. Well, that's how matters stand. I keep proposing to her, and she steadfastly continues to be a black frost in my garden of dreams. So now you know why I look pale and wan."

"You look like a particularly healthy tomato. And you're crazy if you pay any attention to a girl when she says no. I'm in love with a man who's been saying no for the last twenty years. But do I despair? Not by a jugful. I keep after him, and I think I'm softening him up. What are you goggling like that for?"

Joe hesitated.

"Well, I'm sort of surprised."

"Why?"

"I somehow didn't associate you with the tender passion. Or, rather," said Joe, catching his companion's eye, which had begun to look menacing, "it astonished me that anyone could resist you for twenty years."

"That's better."

"I think you'll get him. Persevere, Jane."

"And now, for Heaven's sake, let's change the subject and get down to business. We

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can't waste the whole day talking about love. You got my telegram?"

"That's why I'm here."

"And my letter, giving you full details of this scheme of mine?"

"I never got any letter."

"And I'll tell you why. I've just remembered. I forgot to mail it. But I can supply you with all the facts now. My boy, we're on the eve of making a stupendous fortune. We've got a gold mine."

"Proceed, Jane," Joe urged. "You interest me strangely."

Jane tapped his chest with an impressive finger. "Has it ever occurred to you, Joe, that all these years you and I have been in this writing game on the wrong end?"

"How do you mean, the wrong end?"

"The loser's end. The sap's end. We've been perfect suckers. Where is it getting us, toiling for the pulps and being wage slaves in Hollywood? Nowhere."

"So—?"

"So we're going to be literary agents."

"Eh?"

"I should say authors' representatives. It sounds better. We're going to loll back and let the other fellows do the work and take our ten per cent like gentlemen."

"What has given you that idea?"

"It came to me like a flash the other afternoon when I was lunching with my personal Jesse James, who has been putting in a few days in Hollywood. I had noticed from the first that the man seemed nervous and depressed, and just after I had touched him for a couple of hundred dollars during the fish course he suddenly buried his face in his hands with a low groan and said that this was the finish. It couldn't go on, he said. He had to retire, he said.

"He said he had reached a point where he never wanted to see an author again. He said authors did something to him. He said he supposed Providence had had some sort of idea at the back of its mind when it put authors into the world, but he had never been able to figure out what it was, and he pined for a quiet evening of his life in some remote spot like the Virgin Islands, where he could reasonably hope to be free from them. So I arranged with him to give me first refusal of the good will and effects, or whatever they're called. But we've got to act like lightning, because a week from now, if we haven't clinched the deal, he will go elsewhere. And therefore now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party."

Joe found himself a good deal infected by her enthusiasm. The thought of becoming an authors' representative had not presented itself to him before, but he could see now that it was just the sort of thing he had been subconsciously looking for when studying the market. Like all writers, he had long held the view that of all the soft snaps in this modern civilization of ours that of the authors' representative was the softest.

GIVEN the modest intelligence necessary for putting a typescript in an envelope and licking the gum, a man could scarcely fail in that branch of industry. Whoever went around in patched clothes with holes in his shoes and had to skip a meal from time to time, it was not the authors' representative.

He had begun to weave an opalescent daydream in which Kay, learning that he had become one of that rich little band who represent authors, flung herself weeping on his chest, remorseful that she had ever wronged him by failing to classify him as what the French call an *homme sérieux*, when Jane continued her remarks.

"He's asking twenty thousand," Jane said.

Joe's daydream broke into fragments. He gave a soft gurgle, and when he spoke, it was in a low, grating voice.

"Twenty thousand?"

"That's all. He started by talking some wild visionary stuff about thirty, but I soon put a stop to that."

"You expect to get twenty thousand dollars?"

"Why not?"

"Which bank are you going to burgle?" Joe shrank back in his chair. Jane Shannon was raising her voice again.

"What do you mean, which bank am I going to burgle? I'm looking to you to put up the capital. Aren't you putrescent with money?"

"I've a thousand dollars, if you—"

"A thousand? What's become of that radio jack pot?"

"Gone with the wind."

"You dissolute young rat."

"High cost of living, taxes and so on. And a thing you're overlooking, Jane, is that these radio jack pots aren't solid cash. Don't be misled by what you read in the papers. Most of mine was canned soup. Would this man of yours settle for eight thousand cans of mixed soups? Maybe he's fond of soup. I could give him tomato, asparagus, green pea, chicken gumbo—"

An old gentleman who was drinking something through a straw at a table at the other end of the room leaped convulsively and nearly swallowed the straw. This was because Jane was raising her voice still higher.

"So one more dream turns blue," said Jane. "Can you direct me to a good old-women's home?"

Her anguish touched Joe. His was a resilient nature, and already he had begun to recover from the gloom into which he had been plunged.

"Don't be a defeatist, Jane. Why shouldn't we raise the money somewhere?"

"Where?"

"There used to be a place called Perelli's down at Santa Monica where one could engage in games of chance. I presume it still exists. I might take my thousand and look in there tonight."

"Don't be a fool."

"Perhaps you're right. Well, why shouldn't we float a loan in some quarter? Hollywood must be full of rich sportsmen who would like a flutter."

"I've never met them."

"What about Mrs. Cork?"

"Adela? The slowest woman with a dollar west of Dodge City. No, this is the end. Doom, desolation and despair. Well, see you in the bread line," said Jane and moved ponderously to the door, a female Napoleon retreating from Moscow.

For some minutes after she had left him, Joe sat musing on the capriciousness of Fate, which lures you on with golden promises and then turns around and lets you have it on the base of the skull with the stuffed eelskin. But his, as has been said, was a resilient nature, and it was not long before there began to glimmer through the cloud rack a small but distinct silver lining. It might be that he would have to postpone becoming a millionaire for a while, but money is not everything and the world, he reminded himself, though admittedly gray in spots, still contained the girl he loved. And by chartering a taxi and going to the top of Alamo Drive he could feast his eyes on the house where she was in residence. With a little luck he might even catch a glimpse of her.

TWENTY minutes later, he was gazing out of the window of a taxi at a broad gateway and a tree-lined strip of concrete drive which led to a house unfortunately invisible from where he sat. He felt like some pilgrim visiting a shrine, and mingled with his reverence was the earthier feeling that when Mrs. Adela Cork had taken a millionaire for a husband, she had picked a good one. The grounds, he could see, were spacious and expensive, and when there suddenly appeared, crossing the drive with a tray of cocktails, what was plainly an imported English butler, any doubt that he might have had as to this being one of the Stately Homes of Hollywood was dispelled.

It was probably the sight of those cocktails that suggested to him that it was about time to be getting back and making arrangements for dinner. The California evening had mellowed to twilight, and his stomach, always inclined to the policy of Do It Now, was sending up peremptory messages to the front office.

Reluctantly, for he regretted the necessity of yielding to his lower nature, he was about to notify the charioteer that the homeward journey might commence, when along the drive and out of the gate came toddling a large, stout, elderly gentleman who looked like a Roman emperor who has been doing himself too well on the starchy foods, and so impressive was his exterior that it immediately occurred to Joe that here, first crack out of the box, he had found the very man of whom he was in search, one of those big shots who feed sums like twenty thousand dollars to the birds.

For to Joe, meeting him here, it was obvious who this was. It could be none other than the plutocrat Cork, the surtax-paying mate of Kay's Aunt Adela. You had only to cast an eye on the man to see that he had the stuff in sackfuls. It is difficult to explain exactly, but there is something about these very rich men which marks them off from the common herd. They look different. The way they walk is different. They say, "Hey, taxi!" differently.

This was what the sinfully wealthy Cork was now saying, and for a moment Joe was puzzled that such a Midas should be hailing taxis. Then he saw that the explanation was quite simple. Something—trivial, one hoped—must have gone temporarily wrong with one of the four expensive cars he probably kept in his garage.

Joe's lightning mind perceived that here was a heaven-sent opportunity of fraternizing with this gilt-edged security and starting a beautiful friendship.

"I am going to Beverly Hills, sir," he said, full of charm, poking his head out of the window. "Could I give you a lift, sir?"

"Very kind of you, sir."

"Not at all, sir."

"Thank you, sir."

"Don't give it a thought, sir. Hop in, sir, hop in."

The taxi rolled off down the mountainside, and Joe Davenport braced himself to be fascinating.

(To be continued next week)

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JACK DONOVAN

A man who's handy round the house
Is loved by his admiring spouse;
If he can fix a leaky tap
Without a watery mishap,
Or cut the glass and then install
A window with no fuss at all,
Or build a shelf to store supplies,
His wife will praise him to the skies;
And when they're visiting their friends,
He'll find her bragging never ends.

He'll also find, the silly jerk,
He does an awful lot of work.

—FRANK R. CANNING

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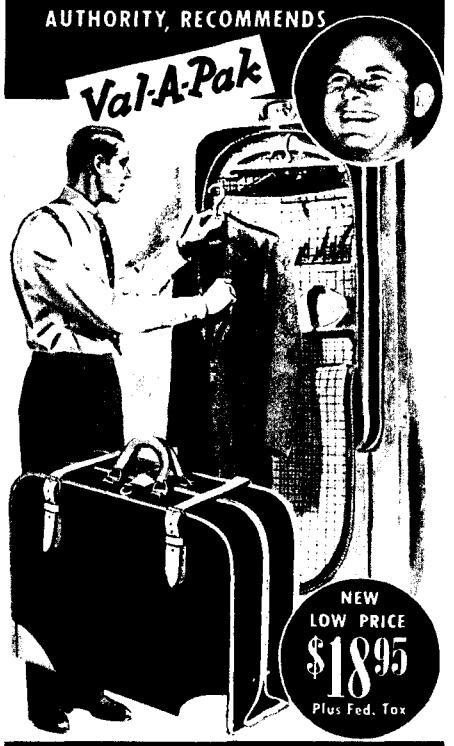

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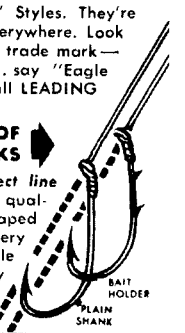

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HARRY DEVLIN

Where the Great Have Walked

NOW THAT JOHNNY MARAGON has been gently reprimanded for perjury with a soft stretch in jail, we venture to hope that there will be no more such characters hanging around the White House. This, we realize, is a chancy hope. For Maragon is a pal of Major General Harry Vaughan, who is a pal of President Harry Truman, who in turn is a man who sets a heap of store by the solemn vows of cronyism.

We have no call to find fault with the President's or the general's choice of friends. We just wish that they would be friendly with friends like Maragon in some place besides the White House. We feel we have a right to express that wish; since we're among the millions who contribute to the upkeep of Mr. Truman's rent-free dwelling and office space.

Great men have lived in the dignified residence at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, and great events of history have taken shape there. All the residents haven't been great, of course. Some of them, in fact, have borne the responsibility of rather unsavory actions by their subordinates. But when the scandals of the Harding Administration were exposed, for example, the highly placed men involved were prosecuted vigorously on order of President Calvin Coolidge.

The doings of Mr. Truman's friends—at least those doings which have been disclosed so far—may seem petty in comparison to Teapot Dome. But they have all been condoned and soft-pedaled by the White House. John Maragon, a petty smuggler and small-time punk, was allowed to make himself at home in the Executive Mansion. He used to drop in, use General Vaughan's phone, and otherwise conduct his unofficial business from the executive offices.

At the same time General Vaughan was throwing his weight around among the influence peddlers. As military aide to the President (with the auxiliary title of Co-ordinator of Veterans Affairs) he tried to expedite a race track's application for scarce building materials at a time of critical shortage in veterans' housing. He suggested a list of personages, headed by the President's lady and Mr. Vinson, now Chief Justice of the United States, to whom one of Maragon's clients sent those famous gifts of deep freezers. These and other acts of questionable discretion have never earned the general one word of public rebuke from his pal, the President.

We find such goings on disturbing symptoms of the irresponsibility and lax political morality which result from a party's being too long in power. An overextended tenure of any party puts the President of the United States in an increasingly difficult position. By the nature of his job he is both head of the government and head of the party in power. As a statesman he must act in the best interests of the whole country. As a politician he must exert a growing effort to win and keep votes and patronage for his party the longer that party is top dog.

These two requirements often conflict. The way the conflict is resolved depends greatly on a President's instincts and training. We think it fair to say that Mr. Truman, by inclination and experience, is primarily a politician. His training in statesmanship had been brief and spotty when he came to the White House. His training in politics has been long and thorough.

He was schooled at the city- and county-machine level. There it is customary to "take care of the boys" and to make your own party look good at the opposition's expense, no matter how much covering up has to be done in the process. This schooling, when applied to the high office of President, has produced in Mr. Truman an attitude which seems to say, in effect: I am the President; I shall have what friends I please and reward them as I see fit, and no one is to question my actions.

This attitude may be the result of a Presidential misreading of the "popular mandate" that the voters gave Mr. Truman in 1948. That mandate was obviously an endorsement of the program that he sold so successfully through his campaign speeches. But nowhere in the course of his campaigning did he ask a vote of confidence for cronyism. And we don't think his supporters gave him another four-year lease on the White House just so that his two-star boyhood buddy and the latter's perjured friend could keep on playing the big shot. The White House should be the headquarters of statesmanship, not a roosting place for hitchhiking politicians.

We miss the touching humility with which Mr. Truman accepted the country's leadership when it was first thrust upon him. We should be happy to see a little evidence of it now, and a little less of the cockiness that has given us Johnny Maragon and Harry Vaughan.

Surprise

WE'VE BEEN LOOKING at a picture that we cut out of a newspaper a while back. It shows two pretty ladies parading with placards near the Capitol in Washington. The only remarkable thing about this otherwise routine picture was that they were "picketing" for a cause that already was won.

One of their placards read: "Congress . . . 35,000,000 Housewives Thank You for Margarine Tax Repeal." The other said: "Congress —a Blessing on Both Your Houses."

Every session of Congress gets its share of petitions, parades and picketing. But we don't remember when anyone had the courtesy to say a public "thank you" for services rendered. We were impressed by what might be called the reverse gallantry of these two housewives, and we hope that a lot of legislators were, too—even some of the boys from the butter states.

And so, since we were editorially on the side of margarine tax repeal, we add our belated thanks to those of the pretty pickets. Their gracious gesture is still another reason why we like to see women active in politics.

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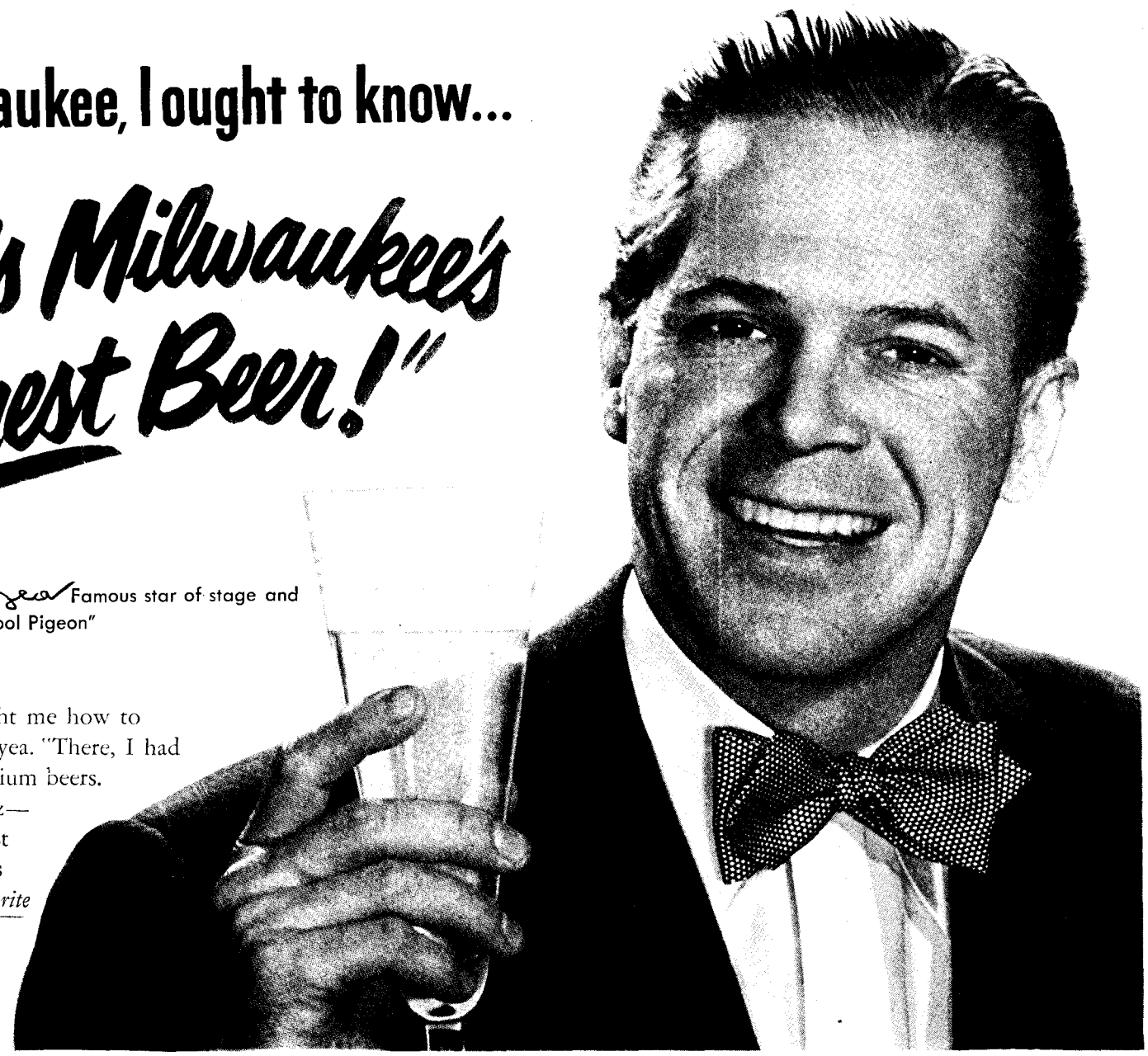

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